

80. P. o. angl. ~~251^{im}~~ 253

Oliphant.

80. P. o. angl. ~~257~~ 253

Oliphant.

LA
MUSA MADRIGALESCA;
OR
A COLLECTION OF
MADRIGALS, BALLETS, ROUNDELAYS,
ETC.,
CHIEFLY OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE;
WITH
REMARKS AND ANNOTATIONS.

BY
THOMAS OLIPHANT, Esq.,
HONORARY SECRETARY TO THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

“ Go, silly book, to subtle world,
“ And show thy simple face ;
“ And forward pass, and do not turn
“ Again to my disgrace.”
Thos. Churchyard, A.D. 1578.

LONDON:
CALKIN AND BUDD,
BOOKSELLERS TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY,
118, PALL MALL.

1837.



PRINTED BY RICHARD AND JOHN E. TAYLOR,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, 20 *copies*.

THE DEVON AND EXETER MADRIGAL SOCIETY, 2 *copies*.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY OF BRISTOL.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Barnard, K.C.B.

G. M. Barnard, Esq., 2 *copies*.

Rev. Dr. Burney.

F. Barnwell, Esq.

J. Barwise, Esq.

E. Bâtes, Esq.

C. Baumer, Esq.

J. D. Bayley, Esq.

R. Bayley, Esq.

Miss A. Bayley.

E. G. Boldero, Esq.

—, Bleeck, Esq.

J. Bond, Esq.

J. Bishop, Esq.

Mrs. M. Blackstone.

G. W. Budd, Esq.

Sir George Clerk, Bart.

E. Collins, Esq., 3 *copies*.

J. Capel, Esq.

C. Comerford, Esq.

J. D. Corfe, Esq.

G. Cooper, Esq.

Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.

J. M. Carrow, Esq.

J. T. Cooper, Esq.

Jos. Calkin, Esq.

J. Drummond, Esq.

Mrs. Drummond.

Jos. Dillon, Esq.

F. D. Dyster, Esq.

T. Daniel, Esq.

G. H. Dinwiddie, Esq.

Colonel Ellis, 2 *copies*.

Hon. M. Fortescue.

T. Fitzherbert, Esq.

—, Fawell, Esq.

E. Fitzwilliam, Esq.

T. Francis, Esq.

T. Gladstone, Esq.

Riversdale Grenfell, Esq., 2 *copies*.

Mrs. W. Greig.

J. Gage, Esq., F.R.S.

Colonel Hogg, 2 *copies*.

Lieut.-Col. Hornby.

Miss Hackett.

Gwynne Holford, Esq.

Mrs. Henry.

Miss A. Henry.

J. Hurlock, Esq.

E. Hawkins, Esq.

W. Hawes, Esq.
 Rev. W. J. Hall.
 T. C. Harrison, Esq.
 R. Hay, Esq.
 Miss Hay.
 W. B. Higgins, Esq.
 G. Hogarth, Esq.
 E. J. Hopkins, Esq.
 J. Hamilton, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 J. Howell, Esq.

J. D. Jones, Esq.

J. King, Esq.
 Miss King.
 Miss C. King.
 Miss J. King.
 G. King, Esq.
 Miss A. King.
 Miss E. King.
 Miss Kennedy.

Rev. H. Legge.
 A. Lodge, Esq.
 Miss Leete.
 G. Lewis, Esq.
 A. Lethbridge, Esq.
 E. Logan, Esq., W.S.
 B. Lancaster, Esq., 2 *copies*.

Hon. A. Macdonald.
 J. W. Morgan, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 Rev. J. S. Masters.
 W. J. Maxwell, Esq.
 G. Macilwain, Esq.
 E. Mackintosh, Esq., 2 *copies*.

Mrs. Oliphant, 4 *copies*.
 L. Oliphant, Esq., 2 *copies*.

Mrs. Potter.
 R. Paterson, Esq.
 J. Parry, Esq.

Cip. Potter, Esq.
 K. J. Pye, Esq.
 C. S. Packer, Esq.
 R. L. Pearsall, Esq.

Sir J. L. Rogers, Bart., 6 *copies*.
 W. Reader, Esq.
 M. J. Rippingham, Esq.
 T. W. Rankin, Esq.

The Lord Saltoun, 2 *copies*.
 The Lord Segrave.
 C. Stirling, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 P. J. Salomons, Esq.
 —. South, Esq.
 J. P. Street, Esq.
 H. Sikes, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 H. Sanford, Esq.
 R. Salter, Esq.
 Messrs. R. Stuart and Co.
 Miss Shepley, 2 *copies*.
 Miss S. Shepley, 2 *copies*.

The Viscount Templetown.
 W. Tudor, Esq.
 Miss Thomson.
 R. Taylor, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 E. Taylor, Esq.
 D. Thomson, Esq.

Sir Giffin Wilson, 10 *copies*.
 Major Wood.
 J. Wetenhall, Esq.
 T. Welsh, Esq.
 W. Wilson, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 Mrs. Wilson, 2 *copies*.
 Miss Wilson.
 Miss A. Wilson.
 W. Wilson, Jun., Esq., 2 *copies*.
 Mrs. Wilson, 2 *copies*.
 J. Wilson, Esq., 2 *copies*.
 Mrs. Wilson, 2 *copies*.

TO
SIR JOHN LEMAN ROGERS, BART.,
OF BLACHFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON,
PRESIDENT OF
THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

"I was aye telling you

"Auld sangs would ding* the new."

(*Scottish Ballad of "Luckie Nancie".*)

My dear Sir John,

WHEN I look back upon the few years that have elapsed since first I had the pleasure of "conferring our notes together" at the meetings of the Madrigal Society, I am almost surprised to find how soon our predictions with regard to the superior merits of "auld sangs" over new have been verified.

At our private meetings, few except members could have an opportunity of hearing Madrigals;

* Beat.

but no sooner were they for the first time properly performed before a public audience at the Concerts of the Vocal Society, than their perfection as specimens of musical art, and their truth in regard to a just expression of nature, were immediately felt and acknowledged.

Thinking that it would add to the interest which is gradually attaching to this kind of music, I have been induced to make a collection of the words or (to use an old expression) ditties, which were wont to be sung, not only by the “ Citizens of famous London town,” but by the gay and gallant Essex, the valiant Sidney, the most noble Baron Hunsdon, the rare and accomplished Lady Pembroke, the beauteous Lady Arabella Stuart, the most virtuous Lady Periam, and even by royalty itself.

I should be wanting in gratitude did I not express my sincere thanks to you and my other friends, whose names are in the annexed list, for the kind interest they have taken in these my small labours. The constant occupation has

beguiled many an hour that might have been much less advantageously spent, and banished many a thought of a far less agreeable nature.

Having a peculiar aversion to laudatory dedications, I shall eschew any further individual compliment; more especially as I just happen to recollect an old couplet which runs thus;

“He that commends a man before his face,

“Will scant speak well of him behind his back.”

which charge Heaven forbid that I should incur!

Allow me therefore to conclude with the wish that this little book were more worthy of the honour of being inscribed to you, by

Yours, my dear Sir John,

Ever faithfully,

THOMAS OLIPHANT.

London, Nov. 1, 1837.

beginning many on how they might have been
much less advantageously spent, and dismissed
away a thought of a far less agreeable nature.

Having a peculiar aversion to levelling de-
scriptions, I shall express any further individual
comment: more especially as I just happen to
recollect an old couple which runs thus;

"The first commandment is thou shalt love thyself,
- Will you speak well of him behind his back."

which change is even further than I should wish.

Allow me therefore to conclude with the wish
that this little book may have a worthy of the
honour of being inscribed to you by *your friend*

Yours, my dear Sir, John

For J. J. J. J. J.

THOMAS ORPHEANT

London, Nov. 1. 1837

Printed by J. J. J. J. J.

PREFACE.

“Is there any thing new whereof it may be said, See this is new?
“It hath already been of old time which was before us.”—*Eccles. i. 10.*

To the often-quoted assertion of the wise man, “there is nothing new under the sun,” many a one will be disposed to make answer, “*That* I deny,” as did Sterne to the text* of his own sermon.

Now it is not my purpose here to ascertain whether Solomon was acquainted with the power of steam, or whether David’s harp had pedals, or whether his chief musician taught Solfaing according to the Hexachord. I am only desirous of maintaining the truth of *my* text, upon one point, viz. that human nature was as well understood; that human feelings of every kind; joy, grief, fear, hope, love, hate, &c.; all the every-day thoughts and actions of mankind, were as well (if not better) expressed in poetry and

* “It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of
“feasting.”

prose, centuries ago, than in the year of grace 1837.

In proof of this I need not go back to the golden days of Greece and Rome. It is quite sufficient to refer to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to the writings of Shakspeare; which last in themselves are an epitome of all that has ever been thought, expressed, or written, by the inward soul, the outward tongue, or pen of man.

Education at that period, although not so generally diffused as at present, must have been of a far more solid and sensible kind; for in spite of the Schoolmaster being abroad, as is the cant phrase, we now look in vain for the mental stores from which the writers of the olden time drew so largely, and for that nervous and classical language with which they clothed their ideas.

From what I have just said, my readers must not suppose that this collection is to contain very splendid specimens of old English poetry. Some of the pieces inserted are mere translations of Italian Sonnets, &c. which came into vogue in this country about the year 1580, but which will be found generally far inferior to the genuine productions of the English muse; so much so indeed, that I should have printed very few of that sort, had it not been, that from the

beauty of their music, many of them are well known and frequently performed at public concerts, as well as in private societies, for whose use chiefly this book is intended.

Yet nevertheless, amongst much that some people may consider childish nonsense, there will be found stanzas of which a first-rate poet might well be proud; ideas and allusions which could only have proceeded from the mind of a scholar: there will be found descriptions of natural objects, country sports, dancing, singing, &c. to interest the outward observer; while for the benefit of such as love to analyze the inward feelings of the breast, there are strains in a more serious mood.

Moreover, there are ditties of shepherds and shepherdesses, suited to the cases of all, from the fickle coquette who plays with hearts like nine-pins, down to the lovesick serving-maid, who cries her eyes out over the sweet tale of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy;" or laments, *in propria personâ*, the faithlessness of an inconstant swain. I have ventured to intersperse these ditties with observations, some original, but mostly consisting of passages from other works tending to illustrate the different subjects under consideration. To Burton I am indebted (as other compilers have been before me) for many

a hint or quaint comparison. Much that is said will, I fear, seem trifling; yet to such as in this utilitarian age, sometimes condescend to open a book for the sake of relaxation from severer studies, I am not without hope that my humble volume may prove an amusing companion.

At all events, I consider myself fully entitled to "honour in my generation," which, according to Ecclesiasticus, chap. xliv. 5. is the meed due to "such as found out musical tunes and recited ditties in writing:" for I do assure thee, gentle reader, this is but a small part of my labours in that way: verily, I have (to use the words of the same writer) found "much study a weariness to the flesh;" in recompense whereof,

"My friend, if that thou dost regard

"Such songs to reade or heare;

"Doubt not to buy this prettie book;

"The price is not so dear."

A Handful of Pleasant Ditties, 1584.

Having in a former publication given the different meanings assigned to the word Madrigal, I have merely to add, that there is a town in Spain of that name, thirty miles from Valladolid, but cannot say if any thing is thence to be deduced. My own opinion is, that if we *must* have a derivation, there can

be none better than *mandra*, a fold for cattle; whence *mandriale*, the keeper of a fold; which word in old Italian Dictionaries is said to be an obsolete term in regard to music; whence *Madriale* and *Madrigale*. In fact it is a pastoral kind of verse corresponding in derivation to the *bucolicks* of the Latin Poets.

To those, however, who wish to know the meaning of *Madrigal*, not considered as a mere word, I do not say, (as the late Dr. Abernethy used to advise his patients,) “Buy my book;” but buy John Wilbye’s *Down in a Valley, or Sweet honey-sucking bees*; and you will understand what a Madrigal is, much better than from any explanation of mine.

Not being able to ascertain the authors of many of the following ditties, I have arranged them under the titles of the composers of the music, except in the case of Collections, such as *The Triumphs of Oriana, Musica Transalpina, &c.*, which form separate heads.

NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL COMPOSERS, &c.

	Page.		Page.
Alison, Richard.....	225	Melismata	251
Amner, John.....	321	Miscellaneous Composers...	321
		Morley, Thomas	63
Bateson, Thomas	212	Mundy, John	318
Bennet, John	198	Musica Transalpina	38
Bull, Dr. John	320		
Byrd, William	1	Oliphant's Translations, &c.	327
Cavendish, Michael	323	Pammelia	230
		Purcell, Henry	324
Deuteromelia.....	242		
Dowland, John	147	Ravenscroft, Thomas	256
Este, Michael	203	Tomkins, Thomas.....	319
		Triumphs of Oriana	106
Farmer, John	312	Tye, Dr. Christopher	322
Ford, Thomas	316		
		Vautor, Thomas	302
Gibbons, Orlando	272		
		Ward, John	280
Hilton, John.....	294	Watson's Selection	58
		Weelkes, Thomas	115
Kirbye, George	309	Wilbye, John	174
Lichfield, Henry	321	Youll, Henry	306

CONTENTS.

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
A boat, a boat	3	Jenkins	332
A feigned friend	4	Byrd	25
A la strada	5	Gastoldi	83
A satyr once	4	Ward.....	309
A shepherd in a shade	4	Dowland	172
A sparrowhawk proud	6	Weelkes	143
About the May-pole	5	Morley	76
Adieu, sweet Amarillis	4	Wilbye	185
Ah ! dear heart.....	5	Gibbons.....	302
Ah me ! can every rumour	3	Wilbye	180
Ah me ! my mistress scorns.....	3	Bateson.....	237
Ah me ! my wonted joys	4	Weelkes	110
Ah me ! quoth Venus	5	Linley	376
Ah me ! when to the air	5	Lichfield	370
Ah me ! where is my true love ?	4	Anerio	385
Ah ! sweet, alas !	5	Kirbye	352
Al suon d' una sampogna	5	Gastoldi.....	76
Alas ! tarry	3	Weelkes.....	153
All at once well met.....	5	Weelkes.....	115
All creatures now	5	Bennet	101
All in to service	3	From <i>Pammelia</i>	271
All ye that joy	5	Nanini	55
All ye who music love	4	Donato	388
All ye whom love	4	Dowland	159

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Ambitious love	5	Byrd	8
April is in	4	Morley	65
Arise, get up	3	Morley	63
As fair as morn	3	Wilbye	197
As Flora slept	3	Hilton	329
As I beheld	5	Byrd	9
As I was walking	4	From <i>Pammelia</i> ...	262
As it fell on a holiday	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	282
As matchless beauty	4	Wilbye	203
At sound of her sweet voice.....	5	Quintiani	44
Awake, awake	4	Ravenscroft	286
Awake, sweet love	4	Dowland	165
Awake, sweet Muse	5	Beale	378
Away with those	4	Dowland	166
Banbury ale	4	From <i>Pammelia</i> ...	265
Beauty is a lovely sweet	3	Bateson	234
Behold a wonder	1	Dowland	174
Blow, shepherds	3	Morley	58
Blush, my rude present	6	Vautor	342
Brown is my love	5	Ferabosco	45
But yet it seems	3	Alison	256
By a fountain	1	Dowland ...	178
By the moon	4	Ravenscroft	290
Camilla fair	5	Bateson	252
Can I live	5	Converso	396
Candide perle	6	Bicci	49
Cease now thy mourning	4	Farmer	359
Cease, restless thoughts	3	Youll	347
Change me, O Heav'n	4	Wilbye	201
Cherry ripe			258
Chi la galliarda	4	Donato	388
Chi salira	4	De Wert	31
Clorinda false, adieu !	4	Morley	67
Cold winter's ice	5	Weelkes	132

CONTENTS.

xv

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Come again	4	Dowland	162
Come, blessed bird	6	Johnson	106
Come, clap thy hands	5	Weelkes	129
Come, drink to me	4	Byrd (<i>Pammelia</i>)...	268
Come, heavy sleep	4	Dowland	164
Come hither, Tom	4	Cranford	333
Come, let's begin	3	Weelkes	144
Come, lovers, follow me	4	Morley	69
Come, Malkyn	4	{ Ravenscroft and Bennet	296
Come, sable night	6	Ward	324
Come, shepherds, follow me	4	Bennet	215
Come, shepherd swains.....	3	Wilbye	195
Come, woful Orpheus	5	Byrd	23
Compel the hawk	5	Byrd	18
Constant Penelope	5	Byrd	11
Crowned with flowers	5	Byrd	29
Cruel, behold	6	Wilbye	192
Cupid in a bed of roses.....	6	Bateson	253
Cynthia, thy song	5	Croce	42
Dainty fine bird.....	{ 5 6	{ Gibbons	300
		{ Vautor	
Dainty fine sweet nymph	5	Morley	75
Dainty white pearl	6	Bicci	49
Damon to Cynthia fair.....	6	Marenzio	386
Dare you haunt.....	4	Ravenscroft	288
Dear pity	3	Wilbye	181
Death hath deprived me	6	Weelkes	154
Delay breeds danger	5	Giovanelli	98
Dice la mia bellissima	6	Marenzio	50
Die, hapless man	5	Wilbye	186
Die not, fond man	6	Ward	322
Do you not know	3	Morley	61
Donò Cynthia	6	Marenzio	386

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Down in a flow'ry vale	4	Festa	381
Down in a valley	5	Wilbye	207
Draw on, sweet night	6	Wilbye	211
Duo begl'occhi	5	Pizzoni	382
Ev'ry bush new springing.....	5	Cavendish	373
Faint not, lovers	3	Hilton	327
Fair are the words	5	Vautor	339
Fair is the rose	5	Gibbons.....	303
Fair Oriana	5	Hilton	102
Fair Phillis I saw	4	Farmer	360
Fair shepherds' Queen	4	Marenzio	52
Farewell, false love	5	Byrd	6
Farewell, mine own sweet	4	From <i>Pammelia</i>	266
Farewell, my joy	5	Weelkes	130
Farewell, my love.....	4	Kirbye	350
Farewell, unkind	1	Dowland	179
Fine knacks for ladies	4	Dowland	170
Fire, fire.....	5	Morley	83
Flora gave me	5	Wilbye	190
Flow not so fast	1	Dowland	177
Flow, O my tears	4	Bennet	220
Fly if thou wilt	5	Eremita.....	43
Fly, love	5	Morley	87
Fly not so fast	3	Ward.....	308
Fond love is blind	6	Bateson.....	255
Frail man, despise.....	4	Bull	369
Gitene, canzonette	4	Anerio	85
Give me my heart.....	5	Weelkes	120
Go, crystal tears	4	Dowland	158
Go, wailing accents	3	Ward.....	307
Go, ye my canzonets	2	Morley	85
Good Simon	3	Howes	338

CONTENTS.

xvii

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Ha! ha! ha!	3	Weelkes	150
Happy, O happy	4	Wilbye	204
Happy streams	4	Wilbye	200
Hard by a crystal fountain	6	Croce and Morley ..	105
Hark! and give ear	5	Belli	99
Hark! every shepherd	4	Bayley	379
Hark! Hallelujah	6	Morley	95
Hark! hark! I hear.....	5	Weelkes	136
Hark! jolly shepherds	4	Morley	72
Have I found her.....	5	Bateson.....	251
Hence! dull care	5	Gastoldi	389
Hence! stars.....	5	Este	100
Her hair's the net	6	Bateson.....	254
Here lies a woman	3	Hilton	331
Hey ho! chil go to plough	4	Mundy	366
Hey ho! to the greenwood	3	From <i>Pammelia</i>	259
His golden locks	4	Dowland	163
Ho! who comes here?.....	4	Morley	74
Hold out, my heart	3	Morley	57
Hope of my heart.....	5	Ward.....	316
How long wilt thou	4	Ward.....	313
How merrily looks	3	Nelham	334
How merrily we live.....	3	Este	231
I always beg	5	Wilbye	187
I bei ligustri	3	Weelkes	113
I follow, lo!	5	Morley	93
I have intreated	6	Ward.....	323
I heard a wither'd maid	3	Hilton	326
I joy me not	5	Byrd.....	2
I live, and yet	3	Wilbye	198
I sung sometime	5	Wilbye	189
I wander up and down.....	4	Bennet	214
I was full near my fall	6	Ferabosco	39

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
I weigh not fortuneFirst part ..	5	Gibbons.....	299
I tremble not.....Second part			
I see ambitionThird part .			
I feign not friendshipFourth part			
I will go die	6	Marenzio	37
I will no more	4	Morley	70
If any so wise is	3	Child.....	337
If floods of tears	4	{ Bateson and Dow- land	250
If it be love	3	Hilton	330
If the deep sighs	6	Ward.....	321
If women could be fair.....	5	Byrd	10
In dew of roses.....	4	Morley	66
In fields abroad.....	5	Byrd	5
In flower of April.....	5	Ferabosco	47
In hope a king	3	Alison	256
In pride of May	5	Weelkes	123
In the merry month	3	Este	224
In these delightful	4	Purcell	375
In vain, my tongue	4	Este	227
Io morirò d'amore	6	Marenzio	37
It is my well beloved's voice	6	Kirbye and Tomkins	356
It was the frog	4	From <i>Melismata</i>	284
Jack boy, ho! boy	4	From <i>Pammelia</i> ...	264
Jocky, thy hornpipe's dull	3	Weelkes	145
Lady, the birds	5	Weelkes	137
Lady, when I behold	{ 4 6 }	Wilbye	183
Lady, your eye	5	Weelkes	127
Lady, your words	5	Wilbye	188
Let not dull sluggish sleep	4	Byrd	24
Let's have a peal	{ 4 9 }	From <i>Pammelia</i>	269
Like two proud armies.....	6	Weelkes	138

CONTENTS.

xix

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Lo! country sport	4	Weelkes ..	112
Lo! here my heart	4	Kirbye	348
Lo! ladies.....	5	Giovanelli	96
Lo! where with	5	Morley	91
Love for such	4	Piers	295
Love is a dainty	4	Ward.....	312
Love is a fit of pleasure	6	Byrd	21
Love's folk in green	5	Morley	89
Love not me	4	Wilbye	202
Love took his bow	5	Morley	90
Love would discharge	{ 3	Bateson.....	235
	5	Byrd	
Lure, falconers, lure	4	Bennet	287
Mars in a fury	6	Weelkes.....	141
Martin said to his man	4	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	280
Me, me, and none but me	1	Dowland	175
Mourn now, my soul	5	Kirbye	354
My hope a council	4	Este	226
My lady still	5	Ferretti	97
My mind to me.....	5	Byrd	1
My mistress after	3	Bateson.....	245
My mistress is	4	Bennet	294
My nymph, the dear.....	5	Morley	92
My prime of youth	5	Este	228
My true love hath.....	3	Ward.....	305
Ne'er let a man.....	4	Lawes	335
Nel più fiorit' Aprile.....	6	Marenzio	47
No din of rolling drum.....	6	Striggio	393
Non dubitar	5	Gastoldi	84
Now each creature	4	Farmer	357
Now every tree	4	Weelkes	108
Now God be with	3	From <i>Pammelia</i>	260
Now is my Cloris	5	Weelkes	131
Now is the month.....	5	Morley	77

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Now let us make	5	Weelkes	133
Now, O now	4	Dowland	156
Now springs each plant	5	Quintiani	48
Now thanked be	6	From <i>Pammelia</i> ...	272
Now tune the viol.....	4	Caimo	394
O care, thou wilt	5	Weelkes	135
O come again	3	Este	223
O divine love	6	Ward.....	320
O fly not, love	5	Bateson.....	242
O heavy heart	3	Alison	256
O lady dear	5	Marenzio	392
O merry world	{ 4 5	{ Marenzio Vautor	{ 51
O metaphysical tobacco	5	Este	233
O mistress mine		Oliphant	397
O my love	4	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	279
O my thoughts	4	Ward.....	310
O say, dear life	3	Ward.....	306
O sing unto	5	Wesley	380
O sleep, fond fancy	{ 4 3	{ Bennet Morley	{ 219
O stay, fair cruel	4	Este	225
O stay, sweet love.....	4	Farmer	362
O sweet woods	4	Dowland	169
O that the learned	5	Gibbons.....	298
Occhi lucente.....	5	Marenzio	392
Of all the birds	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	276
Oft have I tender'd	6	Ward.....	319
Oft have I vow'd	5	Wilbye	206
On the plains.....	5	Weelkes	118
Once I thought	3	Youll.....	345
One woman scarce	3	Bateson.....	246
Our bonny-boots	5	Morley	88
Our country swains	4	Weelkes	111

CONTENTS.

xxi

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Phillis, farewell.....	{ 4 6 }	Bateson.....	240
Phillis, go take	5	Weelkes	122
Phillis the bright	5	Ward.....	315
Pleasure is a wanton.....	3	Bateson.....	248
Poich' il mio largo pianto.....	4	Orlando di Lasso ...	68
Praise blindness, eyes	4	Dowland	168
Quando io miro.....	5	Bianciardi.....	183
Quando la vaga Flori	4	Anerio	86
Quando ritrovo	4	Festa	381
Questi ch' indizio fan	4	Faignient	30
Rest awhile	4	Dowland	160
Rest now, Amphion	4	Bennet	222
Retire, my soul	5	Byrd	27
Retire, my thoughts	6	Weelkes	114
Retire, my troubled soul	6	Ward.....	318
Round a round a	4	Ravenscroft	289
Round about	4	Bennet	291
Say, dainty dames.....	5	Weelkes	121
Say, dear	3	Morley	62
Say, gentle nymphs	4	Morley	73
Say, love, if ever	1	Dowland	176
See, mine own sweet	3	Morley	56
See those sweet eyes.....	5	Byrd	13
Sei tanto graziosa	5	Ferretti	32
She that will eat	3	Hilton	336
Shepherds and nymphs	6	Vautor	343
Siat' avertiti	5	Ferretti	383
Sigh not, fond shepherd	5	Ferretti	383
Since first I saw	4	Ford	364
Since my tears	4	Morley	68
Since neither tunes	4	Bennet	221
Since Robin Hood.....	3	Weelkes	155

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Sing after, fellows.....	4	From <i>Pammelia</i>	270
Singing alone	5	Morley	79
Sing, shepherds	5	Weelkes	125
Sing we and chaunt it	5	Morley	78
Sing we at pleasure	5	Weelkes	124
Sing we now merrily	10	From <i>Pammelia</i>	273
Sister, awake	5	Bateson.....	244
Sleep, mine only jewel	5	Felis	33
Sleep now, my muse.....	4	Kirbye	351
Sleep, wayward thoughts.....	4	Dowland	161
Slow, slow, fresh fount.....	3	Youll.....	344
Sly thief.....	5	Este	229
Smile not, fair Amarillis	5	Pizzoni	382
So far, dear life.....	5	Erenita.....	41
So gracious is	{ 5 4	{ Ferretti Bennet }	32
So light is love	3	Wilbye	196
So much to give	4	Este	232
So saith my fair.....	6	Marenzio	50
Softly, O, softly.....	6	Wilbye	213
Sola soletta	5	Converso	53
Soon as the hungry lion	4	Farmer	361
Sound out my voice	{ 5 5 4	{ Palestrina Kirbye Este }	34
Stay, Corydon	6	Wilbye	212
Stay, heart.....	6	Morley	94
Stay, limpid stream	5	Marenzio	395
Stay, one moment.....	4	Oliphant	384
Strange were the life	5	Bateson.....	241
Strike it up, neighbour.....	3	Weelkes	151
Sweet are the thoughts	5	Pizzoni	374
Sweet are the thoughts	4	Amner	371
Sweetheart, arise	5	Weelkes	119
Sweet honey-sucking bees	5	Wilbye	205
Sweet love, if thou	6	Wilbye	191

CONTENTS.

xxiii

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Sweet Philomel	5	Ward.....	314
Sweet Philomela	4	Hawes	377
Sweet pity, wake	4	Ward.....	311
Sweet Suffolk owl	5	Vautor	340
Take here my heart	5	Weelkes	134
The Andelusian merchant	6	Weelkes	142
The ape, the monkey	3	Weelkes	149
The eagle's force	3	Byrd	26
The fates, alas !	6	Marenzio	54
The gods have heard.....	3	Weelkes	147
The great bells of Osney	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	278
The greedy hawk	3	Byrd	17
The hunt is up	4	Bennet	285
The lady Oriana	6	Wilbye	104
The match that 's made	5	Byrd	7
The nightingale in silent	4	Bateson.....	247
The nightingale so pleasant	5	Orlando di Lasso	35
	5	Ferabosco	
	3	Byrd	
The nightingale so soon	3	Bateson.....	236
The nightingale, the organ	3	Weelkes	152
The nymphs in green	5	Morley	89
The old dog	3	From <i>Pammelia</i> ...	261
The shepherds' daughters.....	3	Youll	346
The silver swan	5	Gibbons.....	297
The spring is past	5	Este	228
The sturdy rock	3	Alison	257
The white delightsome swan	5	Vecchi	40
The white hen	4	From <i>Pammelia</i>	263
The wine that I.....	5	Ferabosco	46
Then sayd the Chief Priest	4	Tye	372
There is a garden	3	Alison	258
There is a jewel.....	3	Wilbye	198
There is a lady	4	Ford	365
There 's not a grove	6	Ward.....	321

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
There were three ravens	4	From <i>Melismata</i> ...	283
These that be certain	4	{ Faignient } { Ferabosco }	30
This love is but	3	Morley	64
This sweet and merry	{ 4 } { 6 }	Byrd	22
Thirsis, O let	3	Morley	59
Thirsis, sleepest thou	4	Bennet	216
Thirsis, thine absence	4	Farmer	363
Tho' Amarillis dance	5	Byrd	4
Tho' me you disdain	3	Hilton	328
Tho' my carriage	3	Weelkes	148
Tho' wit bids will	3	Alison	256
Those sweet delightful	5	{ Weelkes } { Bateson..... }	113
Thou art but young	6	Wilbye	193
Thou art not fair	5	Vautor	341
Three blind mice	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	277
Three times a day	6	Weelkes	140
Thule, the period	6	Weelkes	142
Thus bonny-boots	5	Holmes	103
Thus saith my Cloris	4	Wilbye	184
Thus saith my Galatea	5	Morley	81
Time's eldest son	2	Dowland	167
Time standeth still	1	Dowland	173
To Portsmouth	4	From <i>Pammelia</i>	267
To shorten winter's sadness	5	Weelkes	116
Tomorrow is	3	Weelkes	146
Toss the pot	4	Ravenscroft	293
Trudge away quickly	4	Ravenscroft	292
Trust not too much	5	Gibbons	304
Two nymphs	5	Marenzio	391
Unquiet thoughts	4	Dowland	157
Up then, Melpomene	6	Kirbye	353
Upon a bank	5	Ward.....	317

CONTENTS.

XXV

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
Upon a summer's day	3	Byrd	19
Vaghi ninfe	5	Gastoldi.....	82
Vezzosette ninfe	5	Gastoldi.....	75
Viver lieto voglio	5	Gastoldi.....	389
We be soldiers three.....	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	274
We be three poor mariners	3	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> .	275
We shepherds sing	5	Weelkes	128
Wedded to will	5	Byrd	28
Weep forth your tears	6	Ward.....	325
Weep no more		Tomkins	368
Weep, weep, mine eyes.....	{ 3	Wilbye	208
	4	Bennet	220
Welcome, sweet pleasure	5	Weelkes	126
Were I a king	5	Mundy	367
What can I do?.....	4	Kirbye	349
What is our life?	5	Gibbons.....	301
What needeth all	4	Wilbye	182
What pleasures have.....	5	Byrd	3
What saith my dainty darling	5	Morley	80
What thing more cruel.....	5	Este	229
When all alone	5	Converso	53
When April deck'd	6	Marenzio	387
When as I glance	4	Bennet	218
When Cloris heard	4	Wilbye	199
When first by force	5	Byrd	14
When I was otherwise	5	Byrd	15
When lo ! by break	{ 2	Morley	86
	4	Anerio	
When Oriana walk'd.....	6	Bateson.....	107
When Thoralis delights	6	Weelkes	139
When to the gloomy woods.....	4	Bateson.....	249
When younglings first	3	Byrd	16
Where art thou	3	Morley	60
Where most my thoughts.....	6	Wilbye	210

	Voices.	Composers.	No.
While that the sun	4	Byrd	12
Whilst youthful sports	5	Weelkes	117
White as lilies	4	Dowland	171
Whither so fast	4	Bateson	239
Who made thee, Hob	6	Byrd	20
Who liveth so merry	4	From <i>Deuteromelia</i> ..	281
Who prostrate lie	5	Bateson	243
Who will ascend	4	De Wert	31
Why are you, ladies	5	Weelkes	136
Why dost thou shoot	6	Wilbye	194
Why should I love	5	Kirbye	355
Why weeps, alas !	5	Morley	84
With sad sorrow	5	Marenzio	390
Within a greenwood	5	Ferretti	36
Within an harbour	4	Morley	71
Ye restless cares	5	Este	230
Ye restless thoughts	{ 3 4	{ Wilbye Bennet	{ 217
Ye sylvan nymphs	5	Ward	314
Ye that do live	5	Wilbye	209
You that wont	5	Morley	82
You 'll never leave	4	Farmer	358
Young Cupid hath	{ 3 4	{ Este Weelkes	{ 109
Your shining eyes	3	Bateson	238
Zeffiro torna	4	Marenzio	38
Zephyrus brings the time	{ 6 5	{ Converso Ferabosco	{ 38



LA MUSA MADRIGALESCA.

WILLIAM BYRD.

WILLIAM BYRD is supposed to have been born about the year 1545, and died in 1623. Although better known as a composer of ecclesiastical than of secular music, several of his works are extant, by which he appears to have been equally skilful in both kinds: nevertheless his fame would hardly have reached beyond the walls of our Cathedrals, but for the circumstance of his being the reputed composer of the celebrated Canon *Non nobis, Domine*, of tavern dinner notoriety. I say *reputed*, for I do not find any satisfactory authority on the subject. Dr. Pepusch, in his Treatise on Harmony, A.D. 1730, distinctly calls it “the famous Canon by William Byrd”; that is, however, no positive proof, any more than the assertions of those who state that it appears under Byrd’s name in Hilton’s Catches, Rounds, &c., published in 1652, for I can aver (having that work at present before me) that no name is there prefixed to the canon in question. Now, had it been written by a man of such celebrity, it is by no means likely that Hilton (a composer himself long before Byrd’s death,) would have been ignorant of the fact; or knowing it, that he would have omitted to prefix the composer’s name, in

the same manner as he has done to almost all the other Rounds, &c. in the collection, and to one by Byrd amongst the number.

Again, it appears in J. Playford's Introduction to Music, a work contemporary with that of Hilton, (the first edition bearing date 1655,) *there likewise sine nomine*; but it seems evidently to have been in estimation, for in the frontispiece, Playford is represented with a sheet of paper in his hand, whereon are engraved the music and words of *Non nobis, Domine*. Had Playford been a composer of celebrity, this fact alone would be a much stronger proof of authorship in his favour than any that appears in favour of Byrd, for an adjunct of this kind to a picture almost invariably has reference to some work or action of the person portrayed.

Dr. Tudway in the Manuscript collection of music made for the Earl of Oxford A.D. 1715, and now in the British Museum, attributes it to Thomas Morley, but as several errors occur in that work, little reliance can be placed on its authority. It may, however, be worthy of notice, that in Morley's Introduction to Music, page 157, a point or passage is given to the scholar as a *Canto fermo* whereon to maintain a fugue, which passage is as near as may be the first six bars of *Non nobis, Domine*.

Some have given it to Palestrina, who flourished about the year 1570, and it has been said that a copy is preserved with great care in the Vatican Library. If so, why do not some of our countrymen at Rome set that matter at rest, by ascertaining the fact?

Having thus endeavoured to show that there is no decided proof of its being the composition of Byrd, I am sorry that I cannot throw any further light on the subject: I know not when it was first used as a grace after meat, nor am I aware that it possesses any qualities as a canon that entitle it to rank higher than many others written at the same period.

Byrd was a pupil of Tallis, and until the year 1588, appears to have confined himself to the composition of sacred

songs, motetts, &c. to Latin words; but when about that time, an importation of lighter strains arrived from Italy, he found it advisable to follow, although cautiously, the prevailing fashion.

His first miscellaneous collection bears the following title :

“ Psalmes, Sonnets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie,
 “ (thirty-five in number,) made into music of five parts,
 “ whereof some of them going abroad among divers, in un-
 “ true copies, are here truly corrected; and the other being
 “ songs very rare and newly composed, are here published
 “ for the recreation of all such as delight in musicke, by
 “ *William Byrd*, one of the Gentlemen of the Queen’s Ma-
 “ jestie’s Honorable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East,
 “ the Assign of W. Byrd, and are to be sold at the dwelling-
 “ house of the said T. East, by Paul’s Wharfe.—1588.”

In the next page are the following “ Reasons briefly set
 “ down by th’ Auctor, to persuade every one to learn to
 “ sing.

“ 1st. It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learn-
 “ ed, where there is a good Master, and an apt Scoller.

“ 2nd. The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature,
 “ and good to preserve the health of man.

“ 3rd. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and
 “ doth open the pipes.

“ 4th. It is a singular good remedie for a stutting and
 “ stammerring in the speech.

“ 5th. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronun-
 “ ciation, and to make a good Orator.

“ 6th. It is the only way to know where Nature hath be-
 “ stowed a good voyce; which gift is so rare, as there is
 “ not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that
 “ excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express
 “ nature.

“ 7th. There is not any musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of men ; where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

“ 8th. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith ; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that ende.

“ *Omnis Spiritus laudet Dominum.*

“ Since singing is so good a thing,
“ I wish all men would learn to sing.”

“ *Dedication.*

“ To the Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight,
“ Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wisheth long
“ life, and the same to be most healthie and happie.*

“ The often desires of many of my good friends, Right
“ Honorable, and the considerations of many untrue incor-
“ rected coppies of divers of my songs spred abroad, have
“ beene the two causes chiefly moving my consent, at length
“ to put in print the fruits of my small skill and labours in
“ musicke. Then the dutie, honor, and service due from me
“ unto your Lordship, together with the remembrance of
“ your judgment and love of that art, did move and em-

* Sir C. Hatton was descended of a family more ancient than great, in Northamptonshire ; and being a tall handsome young man, and of a goodly countenance, he came into such favour with the Queen, that first she made him one of her Gentlemen Pensioners ; afterwards for his modest pleasant behaviour, she made him one of the Gentlemen of Her Privy Chamber ; then she made him Captain of the Guard, Sub-chamberlain. and one of the Privy Council ; and lastly, Lord Chancellor of England, and one of the Order of St. George. He was a man of a goodly disposition, and of a great pity to the poor ; one very liberal towards all good scholars, whereupon he was chosen Chancellor of Oxford ; and one that performing so weighty a calling as the Chancellorship of England, kept himself always with an upright conscience.—*History of the Life and Reign of that famous Princess Elizabeth, by Thomas Browne, 1629.*

“ bolden me to present this *first printed work of mine in*
 “ *English* to pass under your Lordship’s favour and pro-
 “ tection ; unworthie I confess the view or patronage of so
 “ worthie a personage. Yet remembering that small things
 “ sometimes do great service, and that repose is best tasted
 “ by bodies fore-wearied ; I hoped that (by this occasion)
 “ these poor songs of mine might haply yield some sweet-
 “ ness, repose, and recreation unto your Lordship’s mind,
 “ after your daily pains and cares taken in the high affairs of
 “ the commonwealth. Most humbly beseeching your Lord-
 “ ship, that if my boldness herein be faulty, my dutiful good
 “ will and good meaning may excuse it ; which if I may so
 “ fortunately perceive, it shall encourage me to suffer some
 “ other things of more depth and skill to follow these, which
 “ being not yet finished, are of divers expected and desired.
 “ Incessantly beseeching our Lord to make your years hap-
 “ py, and your end blessed ; I wish there were any thing in
 “ me worthy of your Lordship to be commanded.

“ Most humbly your Lordship’s ever to command,

“ WILLIAM BYRD.”

I always fancy that the character of an author can be understood from his dedication or preface. There is such a kindly feeling of good fellowship expressed by Byrd towards his reader in the following address, that I feel certain he must have been a delightful person.

“ *The Epistle to the Reader.*

“ Benign Reader, here is offered unto thy courteous ac-
 “ ceptation, musicke of sundrie sorts, and to content divers
 “ humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are Psalms ;
 “ if to be merrie, here are sonets ; if to lament for thy
 “ sinnes, here are songs of sadnesse and pietie. If thou
 “ delight in musicke of great compasse, here are divers
 “ songs, which being originally made for instruments to
 “ express the harmonie, and one voyce to pronounce the

“dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to sing
 “the same. If thou desire songs of small compasse, and
 “fit for the reach of most voyces, here are most in num-
 “ber of that sort. Whatsoever pains I have taken herein,
 “I shall think to be well employed if the same be well ac-
 “cepted, musicke thereby the better loved, and the more
 “exercised. In the expressing of these songs either by
 “voyces or instruments, if there happen to be any jar or
 “dissonance, blame not the printer, who I do assure thee
 “through his great pains and diligence, doth here deliver
 “to thee a perfect and true coppie. If in the composition
 “of these songs there be any fault by me committed, I
 “desire the skilful, either with curtesie to let the same be
 “concealed, or in friendlie sort to be thereof admonished;
 “and at the next impression he shall find the error re-
 “formed; remembering alwaies, that it is more easie to
 “find a fault than to amend it. If thou find anything here
 “worthy of liking and commendation, give praise unto
 “God, from whom as from a most pure and plentiful
 “fountain, all good gifts of science do flow; whose name
 “be glorified for ever.

“The most assured friend to all
 that love or learn musicke,
 “WILLIAM BYRD.”

I.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such perfect joy therein I find;
 That it excels all other bliss
 Which God or Nature hath assign'd.
 Tho' much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbears to crave.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
A conscience clear my chief defence :
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so, as well as I.

II.

I joy me not in earthly bliss ;
I force* not Cræsus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I know not what it is ;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, nor force of love.

The court and cart I like nor loath,
Extremes are counted worst of all :
The golden mean between them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.
This is my choice ; for why ? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

This and the foregoing number, of each of which I have only given two stanzas, are printed in full as one poem by Dr. Percy and Ritson, and attributed (on the authority of an ancient Manuscript in the Bodleian Library,) to Sir Edward Dyer, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney. The author seems to be of opinion with Solomon, that "Better is an handful with quietness, than both hands full, with travail and vexation of spirit."—*Eccles.* ii. 6.

* Envy.

III.

What pleasures have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice ;
And fickle fortune scorning,
Sing sweet in summer morning ?

Their dealings plain and rightful
Are void of all deceit ;
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel, and wait
On favorites presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
All night they take their rest,
More quiet than he who sendeth
His ships unto the west ;
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw ;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law.
Where conscience judgeth plainly
They spend no money vainly.

O happy ! who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold ;

With clothing which sufficeth
 To keep him from the cold.
 Tho' poor and plain his diet,
 Yet merry it is and quiet.

*Reprinted in England's Helicon A.D. 1600,
 Author's name not prefixed.*

In a similar strain singeth W. Warner :

“ Well wot I, sooth they say, who say—
 “ More quiet nights and days
 “ The shepherd sleeps, and wakes, than he
 “ Whose cattle he doth graze.”

England's Parnassus, 1600.

It is a perfect miracle how this world goes on, since none but Shepherds and Herdmen wild appear entitled to happiness in it.

“ O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint !”

They alone escape the general malediction of Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy. “ As for particular professions (says he) there is no content or security in any. On what course will you pitch, how resolve? To be a Divine? 'tis contemptible in the world's esteem. To be a Lawyer? 'tis to be a wrangler. To be a Physician? 'tis to be loathed. A Philosopher? a madman. An Alchymist? a beggar. A Poet? an hungry Jack. A Musician? a player. A Schoolmaster? a drudge. An Husbandman? an emmet. A Merchant? his gains are uncertain. A Mechanician? base. A Chirurgeon? fulsome. A Tradesman? a liar. A Taylor? a thief. A Serving-man? a slave. A Soldier? a butcher. A Smith or Metal-man? the pot is never from his nose.”

What a prospect for a young man entering upon life !

IV.

Tho' Amarillis dance in green
 Like fairy Queen ;
 And sing full clear
 Corinna can, with smiling cheer ;
 Yet since their eyes make my heart sore,
 Hey ho ! Chil* love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,
 And I so wood†,
 That all the day
 I sit and watch a herdmaid gay ;
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore :
 Hey ho ! Chil love no more.

Ah ! wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
 And cause of woes ;
 Your sweet desire
 Breeds flames in ice, and frost in fire :
 Ye scorn to see me weep so sore ;
 Hey ho ! Chil love no more.

Love ye who list ; I force him not ;
 Sith God it wot,
 The more I wail,
 The less my sighs and tears prevail.
 What shall I do, but say therefore
 Hey ho ! Chil love no more.

This is also reprinted in England's Helicon, A.D. 1600, without a name. For a specimen of a poem entirely in the Somersetshire dialect, see No. 296.

* I'll love.—Somersetshire dialect.

† Mad, silly.

The word *cheer* in the first stanza is from the old French *chere*, or Italian *cera*, the outward expression of the face.

“ All fancy-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I force him not, in the fourth stanza means *I care not for*, or *envy him not his situation*. *Force* is frequently used in this sense by old writers ; as in the Earl of Surrey's Poems,

“ The shipman *forces* not the gulph,”

and in Tottel's songs and sonnets,

“ For Corin was her only joy,
“ Who *forc'd* her not a pin.”

V.

In fields abroad, where trumpets shrill do sound ;
Where glaives and shields do give and take rude knocks ;
Where bodies dead do overspread the ground,
And friends to foes are common butchers' blocks ;
A gallant shot well managing his piece,
In my conceit deserves a golden fleece.

Amid the seas a gallant ship set out,
Wherein nor men nor yet munition lacks ;
In greatest winds that spareth not a clout,
But cuts the waves in spite of weather's wracks ;
Would force a swain that comes of coward's kind,
To change himself and be of noble mind.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,
Whose neighs and plays are princely to behold,
Whose courage stout, whose eyes all fiery red,
Whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold :

Doth well deserve to be no meaner thing,
Than Persian Knight, whose horse made him a King.

Glaive, a sword, is from the French. *La puissance du glaive*, signifies the power of life and death. The word is still in use :

“ But Clinton’s *glaive* frae rust to save
“ He hung it to the wa’ man.”

R. Burns.

The Persian Knight is of course Darius, whose horse neighed before those of the other competitors, in consequence of some clever manœuvre on the part of his groom, and thereby gained him the crown.

VI.

Farewell, false Love ! the oracle of lies,
A mortal foe and enemy to rest ;
An envious boy, from whom all cares arise,
A monster vile with cruel rage opprest :
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects contrary unto reason.

A poison’d serpent covered o’er with flow’rs,
Mother of sighs, and murd’rer of repose ;
A sea of sorrows, whence are drawn such show’rs
As moisture lend to ev’ry grief that grows :
A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,
A gilded hook, that holds a poison’d bait.

A fortress foil’d, which reason did defend,
A Syren song, a fever of the mind ;

A maze wherein affection finds no end,
 A raging cloud that runs before the wind :
 A substance like the shadow of the sun,
 A goal of grief for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,
 A path that leads to peril and mishap ;
 A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
 An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap :
 A deep distrust of that which certain seems,
 A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

What a "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens," is poor Dan Cupid here represented ! But to descend from poetry, what think you of a few comparisons in plain prose ? "A disease, phrenzy, madness, hell : a vehement perturbation of the mind : a monster of nature, wit, and art : *Magnus Dæmon, mel fellium, blanda percussio*, (I will not weaken the Latin similes by a translation.) It subverts kingdoms, overthrows cities, towns, families : mars, corrupts, and makes a massacre of men : thunder and lightning, wars, fires, plagues, have not done more mischief to mankind ; yet they suffer themselves to be led like an ox to the slaughter."—*Burton's Anat. of Melancholy*.

I find this Madrigal in "The Garland of Goodwill," (no date) by Thomas Delonè. Some of his works were published in 1586. He is mentioned by Kempe the Comedian in his *Nine Days' Wonder*, 1600, as "the great ballad maker Thomas Deloney," and Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, calls him "the balleting silk-weaver."

VII.

The match that's made for just and true respects,
 With evenness both of years and parentage;
 Of force must bring forth many good effects.

Pari jugo dulcis tractus.

For where chaste love and liking set the plant,
 And concord waters with a right good will;
 Of no good thing can there be any want.

Pari jugo, &c.

Sure is the knot that chastity hath tied,
 Sweet is the music unity doth make,
 Sure is the store that plenty doth provide.

Pari jugo, &c.

Where chastness fails, there concord will decay;
 Where concord fleets, there plenty will decrease;
 Where plenty wants, there love will wear away.

Pari jugo, &c.

I, *Chastity*, restrain all strange desires;
 I, *Concord*, keep the course of sound consent;
 I, *Plenty*, spare, and spend, as cause requires.

Pari jugo, &c.

Make much of us, all ye that married be;
 Speak well of us, all ye that mind to be;
 The time may come, to want and wish all three.

Pari jugo, &c.

A pretty picture of the "Domus et placens Uxor."—

"Thrice happy they, and more than that,
 "Whom bond of love so firmly ties;

“That without brawls till death them part,
 “’T is undissolved and never dies.”

Horace.

Of this happy sort must have been one Rubenius Celer, who had it engraved on his tomb that he had lived with his dear wife Ennea for forty-three years and eight months, yet never fell out. A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking-glass to represent her husband’s face: if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he look sad, she should participate in his sorrow; and so continue in mutual love through life, till the time arrives when the ancient and faithful dame can address her gudeman in those most touching lines of the immortal Burns,

“John Anderson my Joe, John; we’ve climb’d the hill the-
 gither,

“And mony a canty day, John, we’ve had wi’ ane anither:

“Now we maun totter down, John,—yet hand in hand we’ll
 go;

“And sleep thegither at the foot—John Anderson my
 Joe.”

Shall we look at the reverse of the picture? “If a couple” (says Burton,) “be unequally matched, what agreement can there be, what friendship? Instead of mutual love and kind appellations; they call names, and fling stools at one another’s heads.” “Better dwell with a lion than keep house with such a wife.” (*Eccles.*)

VIII.

Ambitious love hath forc’d me to aspire
 To those rare beauties which adorn thy face;
 Thy modest life yet bridles my desire,
 Whose severe law doth promise me no grace.

But what—may love live under any law?

No, no! his power exceedeth man's conceit:
Of which the Gods themselves do stand in awe,
For on his frown a thousand torments wait.
Proceed then in this desp'rate enterprise,
With good advice, and follow love thy guide,
That leads thee to thy wish'd for paradise.
Thy climbing thoughts this comfort take withall,
That if it be thy foul disgrace to slide,
The brave attempt shall yet excuse the fall.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," says the old adage: but if every effort should prove unavailing, it is some consolation to think that "the brave attempt shall yet excuse the fall." A stanza by the Marquis of Montrose in his beautiful song, "My dear and only love," breathes a similar sentiment of chivalrous feeling:

"He either fears his fate too much,
"Or his deserts are small;
"Who dares not put it to the test,
"To gain—or lose it all."

IX.

As I beheld, I saw a herdman wild
With his sheephook a picture fine deface,
Which he sometime his fancy to beguild
Had carv'd on bark of beech in secret place:
And with despite of most afflicted mind,
Thro' deep despair of heart, for love dismay'd;
He pull'd even from the tree the carved rind,
And weeping sore, these woful words he said:

Ah ! Phillida, would God thy picture fair
 I could as lightly blot out of my breast ;
 Then should not I thus rage, and wildly tear
 The thing which I sometime did like the best.
 But all in vain ! it booteth not, God wot,
 What printed is on heart, on tree to blot.

*Also in England's Helicon, A.D. 1600,
 Author's name not prefixed.*

I think I have met with these lines in the works of some old English author, but cannot recollect where.

The following stanza is from the pen of Mr. Bernard, a very elegant French writer about the middle of last century :

“ Sur une écorce légère,
 “ Amans, tracez votre ardeur ;
 “ Le beau nom de ma bergere,
 “ N'est gravé que dans mon cœur.”

X.

If women could be fair, and never fond ;
 Or that their beauty might continue still ;
 I would not marvel that they made men bond
 By service long to purchase their goodwill :
 But when I see how frail these creatures are,
 I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they change,
 How leaving best, the worst they choose out still ;
 And how like *haggards* wild about they range,
 And scorning reason, follow after will.

Who would not shake such *bussards* from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for our sport, we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please;
And train them on to yield by subtle oath
The sweet consent that gives such humour ease:
And then we say, when we their follies try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

Vere, Earl of Oxford.

A true poet generally takes his similes from familiar objects or occurrences. Hawking being a favourite sport of the gallants in Elizabeth's time, nothing can be more natural than the comparison between their mistresses and their birds. A *Haggard* is a species of hawk, as also a *Bussard*; the former very wild, the latter stupid, and difficult to be taught.

When not in pursuit of their game, the hawk's perch was the fist of the falconer.

These stanzas are to be met with in MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, upon which authority I have prefixed the name of the noble author: at the end are these words, *Finis quod Earll of Oxenforde*. He died about 1604.

XI.

Cōstānt|Pēnĕlō|pē sēnds|tō thēe|cārelĕss Ů|lŷssēs|,
Wŕite nōt ā|gāin, bŭt|cōmeswēet|māte thŷ|sēlf tō rē|vīve mē|.
Trōy wĕ dō|mŭch ēn|vŷ, wē|dēsōlāte|lōst lādĭes|ōf Grēece|;
Nōt Priā|mŭs, nōr|yēt āll|Trōy cān|ūs rĕcōm|pēnse māke|.
Ō thāt|hē, whēn|fīrst hē|tōok shĭppĭng|tō Lăcĕ|dăēmōn|,
Thāt ā|dŭltĕr Ī|mēan, hād|bēen o'ēr|whĕlmĕd wĭth|wātĕrs|;

Thēn hăd Ī | nōt laīn | nōw ăll ă | lōne thūs | qūivĕrīng | fōr cōld |,
 Nōr ūsĕd | thīs cōm | plāint, nōr | yĕt hāve | thoūght thĕ dăy | sō
 lōng |.

This will of course be at once recognised as a translation of Ovid's Epistle *Penelope to Ulysses*, and in addition to the curiosity of the hexameter lines the version is so delightfully literal, that I cannot help giving the original, for the benefit of those who have not lately been at school.

- “ Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse,
 “ Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.
 “ Troja jacet certe, Danaïs invisa puellis ;
 “ Vix Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.
 “ O utinam ! tunc, cum Lacedæmona classe petebat,
 “ Obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis.
 “ Non ego deserto jacuissem frigida lecto,
 “ Nec quererer tardos ire relictæ dies.”

I have been unable to discover the Translator, but let him be who he will, he is a worthy disciple of Mr. Richard Stanyhurst and Mr. Abraham Fraunce, those great masters of the English Hexameter, which Nashe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, characterizes as “ that
 “ drunken staggering kind of verse, which is all up hill and
 “ down hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beech-field,
 “ and goes like a horse plunging thro' the mire in the deep
 “ of winter, now soust up to the saddle, and straight aloft
 “ on his tip-toes.”

The lovers of the pure Hexameter will, however, be happy to hear that even in this degenerate age it is not quite extinct ; for I am credibly informed by a very worthy friend, that in reply to his customary question on entering the Chapter Coffee-house, “ *What soups have you ready ?* ” the following line flowed from the lips of a poetical waiter :

“ Bārlēy-brōth | ānd grā | vȳ, pēa | soūp, mōck | tūrtlĕ ānd |
 gīblĕt.”

Any other sort? quoth Mr. S.

“ Yēs, Sīr, | wē’ve mūtton | brōth, ōx|tāil, ānd | mūlligā|
 “ tāwnēy,”

quoth the *garçon*. So ! thought Mr. S., I have had *Chapter* and *verse* at all events, in answer to my question. The waiter was rewarded with an extra halfpenny beyond his usual perquisite !

The next publication by Byrd is entitled,

“ Songs of sundrie natures, some of gravitie, and others
 “ of mirth, fit for all companies and voyces*. Lately made
 “ and composed into musick of three, four, five and six
 “ parts; and published for the delight of all such as take
 “ pleasure in the exercise of that art.—Imprinted at London
 “ by Thomas Este, the Assignee of William Byrd, and are
 “ to bee sold at the house of the sayd T. Este, beeing in
 “ Aldersgate Streete, at the signe of the Blacke Horse.—
 “ 1589.”

“ *Dedication.*

“ To the Right Honorable my very good lord, Sir Henry
 “ Carye, Baron of Hunsdon, Knight of the most noble
 “ Order of the Garter, Lord Chamberlen to the Queens
 “ most excellent Majestie, Lord Warden of the East
 “ Marches towardes Scotland, Governour of Barwycke and
 “ the Castle of Norham, Captain of the Gentlemen Pen-
 “ cioners, Justice in Oyer over all hir Majesties Forests and
 “ Chases on this side the river of Trent, and one of hir
 “ Majesties most Honorable Privie Councill, W. Byrd
 “ wisheth increase of honour, with all true felicitie.

“ Having observed, Right Honorable, that since the
 “ publishing in print of my last labours in Musicke, divers
 “ persons of great honour and worship have more esteemed
 “ and delighted in the exercise of that art than before ; and

* Forty-seven in number.

“ being persuaded that the same hath the rather encreased
 “ through their good acceptation of my former endeavours;
 “ it hath especially moved and encouraged me to take fur-
 “ ther paines to gratifie their courteous dispositions there-
 “ unto; knowing that the varietie, and choice of songs is
 “ both a praise of the art, and a pleasure to the delighted
 “ therein. And finding no person to whom the dedication
 “ thereof so fitly and properly belonged, as unto your Lord-
 “ ship, by whom through the honorable office which you
 “ exercise about her Majesties person, both myself (for my
 “ place of service), and all other hir Majesties musitions
 “ are to be commanded, and under your high authority to
 “ be protected. And for many favors to me showed, being
 “ most deeply bound unto your honour; having not in me
 “ any other powre of serviseable thankfulnessse than in notes
 “ and tunes of musicke: I most humbly beseech your Lord-
 “ ship to take into your honorable protection these my poor
 “ travelles in that art, accepting them as servants ready to
 “ give your Lordship delight, after you have been fore-
 “ wearied in affayres of great importance. Beseeching
 “ Almighty God to give you a long, healthie and happie
 “ lyfe, with a blessed end, I humbly take my leave,

“ Your Lordship’s most bounden,

“ WILLIAM BYRD.”

“ *To the Curteous Reader.*”

“ Finding that my last impression of Musicke (most
 “ gentle reader) through thy curtesie and favour, hath had
 “ good passage and utterance; and that since the publish-
 “ ing thereof, the exercise and love of that art hath ex-
 “ ceedingly encreased; I have been encouraged thereby
 “ to take further paines therein, and to make thee pertaker
 “ thereof, because I would show myself grateful to thee
 “ for thy love, and desirous to delight thee with varietie,

“ whereof in my opinion no science is more plentifully
 “ adorned than Musicke; for which purpose I do now
 “ publish for thee, songs of three, four, five and six parts,
 “ to serve for all companies and voyces; whereof some are
 “ easie and plaine to sing, others more hard and difficult,
 “ but all such as any young practicioner in singing, with a
 “ little foresight may easily perform. If I find thy curtesie
 “ to extend as well to these my present travells, as it hath
 “ done to my former endeavours, I will make myself in-
 “ debted to thee during my life, of whatsoever is in me, to
 “ yield thy delight in musicke any satisfaction,

“ The most affectionate friend to all

that love or learn musicke,

“ WILLIAM BYRD.”

XII.

While that the sun with his beams hot,
 Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain;
 Philon the shepherd late forgot,
 Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
 In shadow of a green oak tree,
 Upon his pipe this song play'd he;
 Untrue love, adieu love,
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love!

So long as I was in your sight,
 I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
 And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd,
 Burning in flames beyond all measure:
 Three days endured your love to me,
 And it was lost in other three.

Untrue love, &c.

Another shepherd you did see,
 To whom your heart was soon enchain'd ;
 Full soon your love was leapt from me,
 Full soon my place he had obtain'd :
 Then came a third your love to win,
 And we were out, and he was in.

Untrue love, &c.

Sure you have made me passing glad,
 That you your mind so soon remov'd ;
 Before that I the leisure had,
 To choose you for my best belov'd ;
 For all my love was past and done,
 Two days before it had begun.

Untrue love, &c.

*Author's name not given in England's
 Helicon, A.D. 1600.*

Verily three days is a short period of time to elapse between being "off with the old love, and on with the new," but 't is a thing which has been usually practised. Tatius says of ladies, "præsentes maximè amant;" and in the old Poem of the *Nut-brown Maid* is a further corroboration :

" For let a man do what he can,
 " Their favor to attain ;
 " Yet if a new do them pursue,
 " Their first true lover then
 " Laboureth for nought, for from their thought
 " He is a banish'd man."

XIII.

See those sweet eyes, those more than sweetest eyes ;
 Eyes whom the stars exceed not in their grace ;
 See love at gaze, love that would fain devise,
 But cannot speak, to plead his wondrous case.

The remainder of this sonnet, beginning "Love would discharge the duty of his heart," being set to music by Thomas Bateson, will be found amongst his Madrigals, *vide* No. 235.

Ladies' eyes have been compared to the stars, the sun, and I may almost say to every luminous thing under the sun, even down to a tallow candle, for I recollect a story of the Ettrick shepherd in which he said somebody's "eyne" "were glauncin just like twa caunels." A Latin author quoted by Burton calls them "Love's fowlers, the shoeing horns, the hooks of love, the guides, touchstones, judges ; that in a moment cure madmen, and make sound folks mad."

XIV.

When first by force of fatal destiny,
 From Carthage Town the Trojan Knight did sail ;
 Queen Dido fair, with woful weeping eye,
 His strange depart did grievously bewail :
 And when nor sighs nor tears could ease her smart,
 With sword full sharp she pierc'd her tender heart !

There is an old black letter ballad called *Æneas wandering Prince of Troy*, in which poor Dido's catastrophe is given in a similar matter of fact style.

"Come death, quoth she, and end my smart ;
 "And with these words she pierc'd her heart."

Its author however, as Dr. Percy observes, deals out poetical justice much more impartially than Virgil, for he makes the Queen's ghost to appear, with a multitude of ugly fiends, and carry off Æneas; and no man knew his dying day!

XV.

When I was otherwise than now I am,
 I loved more, but skilled not so much;
 Fair words and smiles could have contented then,
 My simple age and ignorance was such:
 But at the length, experience made me wonder
 That hearts and tongues did lodge so far asunder.

As watermen which on the Thames do row,
 Look to the east, but west keep on their way;
 My sovereign sweet her count'nance settled so,
 To feed my hope, while she her snares might lay:
 And when she saw that I was *in her danger*,
 Good God, how soon she proved then a ranger!

The simile of the waterman appears to me quite original, and at the same time is so natural that one is surprised at not having been struck with it, while on a voyage from London to Westminster.

To be *in her danger*, means to be in her power, or caught in her toils. As in the following quotation (I think from Chaucer, but my memory does not serve me at the moment,)

“Narcissus was a Bachelère
 “That love had caught in his *dangère*.”

and in Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, Portia addressing Antonio says, “You stand within his *danger*, do you not?”

XVI.

When younglings first on Cupid fix their sight,
 And see him naked, blindfold, and a boy;
 Tho' bow and shafts and firebrand be his might,
 Yet ween they he can work them no annoy.
 And therefore with his purple wings they play
 For glorious seemeth Love, tho' light as feather;
 And when they've done, they ween to scape away,
 For blind men, say they, shoot they know not whither;
 But when by proof they find that he did see,
 And that his wound did rather dim their sight;
 They wonder more how such a lad as he
 Should be of such surprising power and might.

"The reason why Love was always painted *young* (as
 "Phornutus and others will) is because young men are
 "most apt to love; *soft, fair* and *fat*, because such folks
 "are soonest taken; *naked*, because all true affection is
 "simple and open: he smiles because merry and given to
 "delights; hath a quiver to show his power; is blind, be-
 "cause he sees not where he strikes, &c.

"Petrarch hath a tale of a young gallant that loved a
 "wench with one eye, and for that cause by his parents
 "was sent to travel into far countries: after some years he
 "returned, and meeting the maid, asked her how and by
 "what chance she lost her eye? no, said she, I have lost
 "none; but you have found yours; signifying thereby that
 "all lovers are blind."—*Burton's Anat. of Melancholy*.

Shakspeare thus accounts for Cupid's blindness:

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
 "And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."

XVII.

The greedy Hawk with sudden sight of *lure*,
 Doth stoop in hope to have her wished prey ;
 So many men do *stoop* to sights unsure,
 And courteous speech doth keep them at the *bay*.
 Let them beware lest friendly looks be like
 The lure whereat the soaring Hawk doth *strike*.

A simile taken from the favourite sport of hawking. The *lure* was a figure in imitation of a fowl, made of feathers and leather, which the falconer threw into the air, all the while *luring* or enticing the hawk with his voice, in order to make it *stoop* and *strike* at its prey.

In Grange's Garden (Golden Aphroditis), A.D. 1577, are the following lines :

“ With lure I play the Faulkner kind,
 “ I hallow and I whoop ;
 “ I shake my fist, I whistle shrill,
 “ But nought will make her stoop ;
 “ Whereby, tho' sore against my will,
 “ I find the proverb true,
 “ Unmanned Hawks forsake the lure,
 “ Which maketh me to rue.”

Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is made to say,
 “ My falcon (meaning Catherine) now is sharp and passing empty,
 “ And till she *stoop*, she must not be full gorged,
 “ For then she never looks upon her *lure*.”—Act iv. Sc. i.

The expression *to keep at bay* more properly belongs to hunting. When deer after being hard run turn against the hounds, they are said *to bay*.

XVIII.

Compel the hawk to sit that is *unmann'd*,
 Or make the hound untaught, to draw the deer;
 Or bring the free against his will in band,
 Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear;
 Your time is lost, and you are *ne'er the near*.
 So Love nè learns by force the knot to knit,
 He serves but those that feel sweet fancy's fit.

Legend of Jane Shore, by Thos. Churchyard, 1559.

An *unmann'd* hawk is one not sufficiently taught to endure company, and which for that reason will not sit quietly on the falconer's fist. In illustration of this I must again quote part of Petruchio's soliloquy as referred to above.

"Another way I have to *man* my haggard *
 "To make her come, and know her keeper's call."

The waywardness of Love is thus well described by a Spanish writer, George of Montemayor, 1583. (Translated by Barth. Yong.)

"Love's not a thing, that any may procure it;
 "Love's not a thing that may be bought for treasure;
 "Love's not a thing that comes when any lure it,
 "Love's not a thing that may be found at pleasure."

The phrase *ne'er the near* (*i. e.* never the nearer) occurs again in Nos. CXI. and CXXXI; also in Shakspeare's play of Richard the Second:

"Better far off than near, be *ne'er the near*."

The country-folks in Devonshire still say, "'Tis *ne'er the near*" (meaning *it is of no use*) to do this or that.

* Vide No. X.

XIX.

Upon a summer's day, Love went to swim,
 And cast himself into a sea of tears ;
 The clouds call'd in their light, and Heav'n wax'd dim,
 And sighs did raise a tempest causing fears.
 The naked boy could not so wield his arms,
 But that the waves were masters of his might ;
 And threat'ned him to work far greater harms,
 If he devised not to 'scape by flight :
 Then for a boat his quiver stood in stead,
 His bow unbent did serve him for a mast ;
 Whereby to sail his cloth of vail he spread,
 His shafts for oars on either board he cast.
 From shipwreck safe the wag got thus to shore,
 And sware to bathe in lovers' tears no more.

XX.

A Dialogue between two Shepherds.

Who made thee, Hob, forsake the plough,
 And fall in love?
 Sweet beauty, which hath power to bow
 The Gods above.
 What dost thou serve? A shepherdess ;
 One such as hath no peer I guess.
 What is her name, who bears thy heart
 Within her breast?
 Silvana fair of high desert,
 Whom I love best.

O Hob, I fear she looks too high ;
 Yet love I must, or else I die !

This is like the style of Spenser, but I do not find it in his works.

XXI.

Love is a fit of pleasure,
 Bred out of idle brains ;
 His fancies have no measure,
 No more than have his pains :
 His vain affections like the weather,
*Precise or fond**, we wot not whether.

The last work by Byrd was published in the reign of James the First, and is entitled

“ Psalmes, Songs, and Sonnets†, some solemne, others joy-
 “ full, framed to the life of the words, fit for voyces or viols,
 “ of three, four, five, and six parts; composed by W. Byrd,
 “ one of the Gentlemen of his Majesties Honorable Chap-
 “ pell, 1611.—Printed by Thos. Snodham, the assigne of
 “ W. Barley.

“ *Dedication.*

“ To the Right Honorable Francis, Earle of Cumber-
 “ land, Baron Clifford, Lord Broomfleet, Atton, Vescio,
 “ Vipont, and Lord of Westmorland,

“ May it please Your Lordship,

“ The natural inclination and love to the art of Musicke
 “ wherein I have spent the better part of mine age, have
 “ been so powerful in me, that even in my old years which

* Steady or uncertain.

† Thirty-two in number.

“are desirous of rest, I cannot contain myself from taking
 “some pains therein, especially when I cast mine eyes
 “upon such worthy lovers and patrons of that faculty as
 “your Lordship hath always been and is; and yet to in-
 “vite me thereunto, neither your Lordship’s patronage in
 “general, nor your many honorable favours to me in par-
 “ticular, have been so potent inducers, as the desire I had
 “to present your Lordship with a fit emblem to your mind,
 “*Musicke*. Perhaps these my poor labours will not give it
 “answerable to your honorable mind, which is a harmony
 “of many excellent virtues; yet therein they will give you
 “occasion to add one virtue to the rest, when you shall be
 “pleased to accept favorably of them, for doing their en-
 “deavour. These are like to be my last travails in this kind,
 “and your Lordship my last Patron; who in that respect

“..... ut esse Phœbi dulcius lumen solet

“Jamjam cadentis;

“must esteem the more of them, and of their author, who
 “will always remain,

“Your Lordship’s in all true affection at command,

“WILLIAM BYRD.”

“To all true lovers of musicke, William Byrd wisheth
 “all true happiness both temporal and eternal.

“Being excited by your kind acceptance of my former
 “travails in musicke, I am thereby much encouraged to
 “commend to you these my last labours, for mine *ultimum*
 “*vale*: wherein I hope you shall find musicke to content
 “every humour, either melancholy, merry, or mixt of
 “both.

“Only this I desire, that you will be but as careful to
 “hear them well expressed, as I have been both in the com-
 “posing and correcting of them. Otherwise the best song
 “that ever was made will seem harsh and unpleasant; for
 “that the well expressing of them, either by voices or in-

“struments is the life of our labours, which is seldom or
 “never well performed at the first singing or playing. Be-
 “sides a song that is well and artificially made cannot be
 “well perceived or understood at the first hearing, but the
 “oftener you shall hear it, the better cause of liking you
 “will discover; and commonly that song is best esteemed
 “with which our ears are most acquainted. As I have
 “done my best endeavour to give you content, so I be-
 “seech you satisfy my desire in hearing them well ex-
 “pressed; and then I doubt not for art and air, both of
 “skilful and ignorant, they will deserve liking. “Vale,

“Thine, WILLIAM BYRD.”

XXII.

This sweet and merry month of May,
 While nature wantons in her prime;
 And birds do sing, and beasts do play
 For pleasure of the joyful time:
 I choose the first for holiday,
 And greet Eliza with a rhyme.
 O beauteous Queen of *second Troy**,
 Take well in worth a simple toy.

This rhyme was doubtless written in praise of Queen Elizabeth. The music is for *four* and *six* voices, composed *after the Italian vein*, at the request of Thomas Watson, who printed it in his set of Italian Madrigals Englished, A.D. 1590; and who, I have no doubt, was the writer of

* *London*. In a pageant by Sir W. Dixie, Lord Mayor 1585, one of the characters representing London is made to say,

“*New Troy* I hight, whom Lud my Lord sirnamed.”

the words, as I find the two following lines by him in the collection called England's Helicon, 1600.

“O beauteous Queen of second Troy,
“Accept of our unfeigned joy.”

The expression *take well in worth*, means, take in good part or kindly; as though the poet would have said, It is my best, what more can I offer?

XXIII.

Come woful Orpheus, with thy charming lyre,
And tune my voice unto thy skilful wire;
Some strange chromatic notes do you devise,
That best with mournful accents sympathise:
Of sourest *sharps* and uncouth *flats* make choice,
And I'll thereto compassionate my voice.

What a delightful property it is of music that it can mitigate our sharpest griefs, as well as enhance our greatest pleasures!

“Send me,” (said some unfortunate King who had been defeated by Belisarius,) “a loaf of bread lest I perish with hunger, a sponge to dry up my tears, and a musical instrument to console me under my affliction.”—*Histoire de la Musique by Bonnet*, 1715.

He whose soul is not attuned to dulcet harmony, is according to Shakspeare a most dangerous character. (*Vide Merchant of Venice*, Act v.)

“The man that hath no music in himself,
“Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
“Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
“The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
“And his affections dark as Erebus:
“Let no such man be trusted.”

XXIV.

Let not dull sluggish sleep
 Close up thy waking eye ;
 Until with judgment deep
 Thy daily deeds thou try.
 He that one sin in conscience keeps,
 When he to quiet goes ;
 More vent'rous is than one who sleeps
 Midst twenty mortal foes.

I could envy the author of such beautiful lines. They have much the appearance of a paraphrase from the sacred writings.

XXV.

A feigned friend by proof I find,
 To be a greater foe
 Than he that with a spiteful mind
 Doth seek my overthrow :
 For of the one I can beware,
 With craft the other breeds my care.
 Such men are like the hidden rocks,
 Which in the seas do lie ;
 Against the which each ship that knocks
 Is drowned suddenly.
 No greater fraud, nor more unjust
 Than false deceit, hid under trust.

A similar description of a *feigned friend* is given by G. Turberville in his Sonnets, 1570.

“ Not he so much annoys, that says, I am thy foe ;
 “ As he that bears a hateful heart, and is a friend to show :

“Of th’ one we may beware, and fly his open hate,
 “But th’ other bites before he barks, a hard avoided mate.”

And likewise in *Belvidere*, a collection of Poetry by J. Bodenham, 1600.

“No foe so fell, or cunning to escape,
 “As is a friend clad in a foeman’s shape;
 “An open foe a man may soon prevent,
 “But a false friend murders in blandishment.”

XXVI.

The eagle’s force subdues each bird that flies :
 What metal can resist the flaming fire ?
 Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
 And melt the ice, and make the frost retire ?
 Who can withstand a puissant King’s desire ?
 The hardest stones are pierced thro’ with tools,
 The wisest are with Princes made but fools.

This is part of a Poem entitled *The Legend of Jane Shore*, by Thomas Churchyard, A.D. 1559, in a work called *The Mirror for Magistrates*, a fact which it appears difficult to reconcile with the statement of Sir J. Harrington, who in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, calls it “a special verse of King Henry “the Eighth, when he conceived love for Anna Boleyn, “and that his (Sir J. Harrington’s) father, who was of the “household, gave him good assurance of the same.” He is moreover of opinion, “that if there be no better reason “than the rhyme, it were sufficient to think that no other “than such a King could write such a sonnet.”

XXVII.

Retire, my soul, consider thine estate ;
And justly sum thy lavish sin's account :
Time's dear expense, and costly pleasure's rate ;
How follies grow, how vanities amount.
Write all these down in pale Death's reck'ning tables,
Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables.

“ Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance
“ and full of trouble.”—*Job*. “ No one is pleased with his
“ fortune (quoth Burton); a pound of sorrow is familiarly
“ mixed with a drachm of content: our whole life is an
“ Irish sea, wherein there is nought to be expected but
“ tempestuous storms, and troublesome waves. Betwixt
“ hope and fear, suspicion and anger, betwixt falling in and
“ falling out, we bangle away our best days, befool out our
“ time; we lead a contentious, tumultuous, melancholy,
“ miserable life; insomuch that if we could foretel what was
“ to come, and it were put to our choice, we should ra-
“ ther refuse than accept of this painful life. In a word,
“ the world is a maze, a labarynth of errors, a desert, a
“ wilderness, a den of thieves, cheaters, &c., full of filthy
“ puddles, horrid rocks, precipitiums; an ocean of adver-
“ sity, wherein adversities and calamities overtake and fol-
“ low one another as the sea waves, and if we scape Scylla,
“ we fall foul of Charybdis: and you may as soon separate
“ weight from lead, heat from fire, brightness from the sun;
“ as misery, discontent, care, calamity and danger from a
“ man.”—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

XXVIII.

Wedded to will is witless,
 And seldom he is skilful
 That bears the name of wise and yet is wilful.
 To govern he is fitless
 That deals not by election,
 But by his fond affection.
 O that it might be treason
 For men to rule by will, and not by reason !

I suspect, if the absence of *reason* in matters pertaining
 to government were an indictable offence, many rulers of
 all grades woul feel a little nervous at the idea of an occa-
 sional bill of pains and penalties.

XXIX.

Crowned with flow'rs I saw fair Amarillis
 By Thirsis sit hard by a fount of chrystal ;
 And with her hand more white than snow or lilies,
 On sand she wrote, *My faith shall be immortal.*
 When suddenly a storm of wind and weather
 Blew all her faith and sand away together.

I cannot find the original of this epigram, (for it is but
 a translation.) Something of the kind is in the *Diana* of
 George de Montemayor, a Spanish writer, A.D. 1580, thus
 rendered by Sir Philip Sydney :

" On sandy bank of late
 " I saw this woman sit ;
 " Where, *Sooner die than change my state*
 " She with her finger writ."

The point, however, is not concluded as in Byrd's version. The Spanish writer may have taken his idea from an Italian Madrigal of a still earlier date (about 1550), which runs thus:

“ Sedendo su l'arena d'un bel rio,
 “ Giovane bell' e di vagghezz' ornata
 “ Scrisse col dito, et scriverla vid' io,
 “ *Inanzi saro morta, che mutata.*”

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

BOOK I.

Under the above title was published in 1588, a collection of “ Madrigales* translated, of four five and six parts, “ chosen out of divers excellent authors; with the first and “ second part of La Verginella, made by Maister Byrd upon “ two stanzas of Ariosto, and brought to speak English with “ the rest. Published by N. Yonge in favour of such as “ take pleasure in music of voices.—Imprinted at London “ by Thomas East, the assigne of William Byrd, 1588.

“ To the Right Honorable Gilbert, Lord Talbot, sonne
 “ and heire to the Right Noble and Puissant George Earl
 “ of Shrewsbury, Washford and Waterford, Earl Marshall
 “ of England, Lord Talbot, Furnival, Verdune, Lovetoft,
 “ and Strange of Blackmeere, one of Her Majesty's most
 “ Honorable Privy Council, Justice of the Forests and
 “ Chases by north the river of Trent, and Knight of the
 “ Most Honorable Order of the Garter, Nicholas Yonge
 “ wisheth increase of honour with all happiness.

“ Right Honorable, since I first began to keep house in

* Fifty-seven in number.

“ this city, it hath been no small comfort unto me, that a
“ great number of gentlemen and merchants of good ac-
“ count (as well of this realm as of foreign nations) have
“ taken in good part such entertainment of pleasure as my
“ poor ability was able to afford them, both by the exercise
“ of Music daily used in my house, and by furnishing them
“ with books of that kind yearly sent me out of Italy, and
“ other places; which being for the most part Italian songs,
“ are for sweetness of air very well liked of all, but most in
“ account with them that understand the language. As
“ for the rest, they do either not sing them at all, or at
“ the least, with little delight. And albeit there be some
“ English songs lately set forth by a great master of music,
“ which for skill and sweetness may content the most cu-
“ rious; yet because they are not many in number, men
“ delighted with variety have wished more of the same sort:
“ for whose cause chiefly I endeavoured to get into my
“ hands all such English songs as were praiseworthy, and
“ amongst others, I had the hap to find in the hands of
“ some of my good friends, certain Italian Madrigals trans-
“ lated most of them five years ago by a gentleman for his
“ private delight, (as not long before certain Napolitans*
“ had been Englished by a very honorable personage, and
“ now a Councelor of State, whereof I have seen some, but
“ never possessed any.) And finding the same to be sin-
“ gularly well liked, not only of those for whose cause I
“ gathered them, but of many skilful gentlemen, and other
“ great musicians, who affirmed the accent of the words to
“ be well maintained, the descant not hindered, (tho’ some
“ few notes altered) and in every place the due decorum
“ kept: I was so bold (being well acquainted with that
“ gentleman,) as to entreat the rest, who willingly gave me
“ such as he had, (for of some he kept no copies) and also
“ some others lately done at the request of his particular
“ friends. Now, when the same were seen to arise to a

* That is, Neapolitan Canzonetts or Ballets.

“just number, sufficient to furnish a great set of books,
“divers of my friends aforesaid, required with great in-
“stance to have them printed, whereunto I was as willing
“as the rest, but could never obtain the gentleman’s con-
“sent, though I sought it by a great many means; for his
“answer was ever, that those trifles being but an idle man’s
“exercise, of an idle subject, written only for private re-
“creation, would blush to be seen otherwise than by twi-
“light, much more to be brought into the common view
“of all men. Wherefore I kept them (or the most of them)
“for a long time by me, not presuming to put my sickle in
“another man’s corn, till such time as I heard, that the
“same being dispersed into many men’s hands, were by
“some persons altogether unknown to the owner like to
“be published in print, which made me adventure to set
“this work in hand, he being neither privy nor present,
“nor so near this place as by any reasonable means I could
“give him notice: wherein tho’ he may take a just offence
“that I have laid open his labours without his licence, yet,
“since they were in hazard to come abroad by strangers,
“lame and imperfect by means of false copies, I hope that
“this which I have done to avoid a greater ill, shall deserve
“a more favorable excuse. But seeking yet a stronger
“string to my bow, I thought good in all humble and du-
“tiful sort to offer myself and my bold attempt to the de-
“fence and protection of your lordship; to whose honor-
“able hands I present the same, assuring myself that so
“great is the love and affection which he beareth to your
“Lordship, the view of your name in the front of the books,
“will take away all displeasure and unkindness from me.
“And although this may be thought a greater boldness
“than the first, yet I hope these songs being hitherto well
“esteemed of all, shall be so regarded of your Lordship, as
“I for them, and they for themselves shall not be thought
“unworthy of your honorable defence.

“With which hope, I humbly commit your Lordship to

“ the protection of the Almighty, wishing to the same that
“ increase of honour which your true virtue, derived from
“ so noble and renowned ancestors, doth worthily deserve.

“ From London the 1st October, 1588.

“ Your Lordship’s most humble at commandment,

“ N. YONGE.”

This epistle dedicatory is interesting, inasmuch as it marks the period when Madrigals came into fashion in this country. As I have before observed in my little History of Madrigals, *the Songs lately set forth by a great Maister*, I take to be William Byrd’s *Psalmes, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety* published in the same year, 1588, as I know of no other light compositions by English Masters previous to that period which “for skill and sweetness
“ would content the most curious.”

We may infer that Mr. Nicholas Yonge was a teacher of music, who had established a sort of harmonic Club at his domicile in the city, but we have no clue to the name of the gentleman from whom he obtained the translations in the Musica Transalpina.

It is perhaps as well for the author’s fame as a poet that it should remain undiscovered. As a faithful translator he is unrivalled, if I may judge from such of the Italian originals as I have been able to discover, for any version so cruelly literal I never beheld. He must have had *more qualms* about sticking to his text than those downright matter-of-fact men Sternhold and Hopkins,

“ When they translated David’s Psalms,
“ To make the heart full glad.”

XXX.

These that be certain signs of my tormenting,
 No sighs be they, nor any sigh so showeth:
Those have their truce sometime, *these* no relenting;
 Not so exhales the heat that in me gloweth:
 Fierce love that burns my heart makes all this venting,
 While with his wings the raging fire he bloweth;
 Say, love, with what device thou canst for ever
 Keep it in flames, and yet consume it never?

Music by Noe Faignient and A. Ferabosco, 1575.

In confirmation of what I have said above, I subjoin the original Italian:

“Questi ch’ indizio fan del mio tormento,
 “Sospir non sono, ne i sospir son tali:
 “Quelli han triegua tal hor, io mai non sento
 “Ch’ il petto mio men la sua pen’ eshali;
 “Amor che m’ ard’ il cor fa questo vento,
 “Mentre dibatt’ intorno al foco l’ ali.
 “Amor, con che miracolo lo fai,
 “Ch’ in foco il tengh’, e nol consumi mai?”

XXXI.

Who will ascend to Heav’n, and there obtain me
 My wits forlorn, and silly sense decayed?
 For since I took my wound that sore did pain me,
 From your fair eyes, my sp’rits are all dismayed.
 Nor of so great a loss do I complain me,
 If it increase not, but in bounds be stayed:
 Yet if I still grow worse, I shall be lotted
 To wander thro’ the world, fond and assotted.

Music by G. de Wert, Antwerp, 1570.

Original Italian.

“ Chi salirà per me, Madonn', in Cielo,
 “ A riportarm' il mio perduto ingegno?
 “ Che poi ch' usci di bei vostr' occh' il telo,
 “ Ch' il cor mi fisse ognor perdendo vegno:
 “ Ne di tanta jattura mi querelo
 “ Pur che non cresca, ma stia a questo segno,
 “ Ch' io dubito se più se va scemando,
 “ Che stolto me n' andrò pe' l' mond' errando.”

 XXXII.

So gracious is thy sweet self,
 So fair, so framed;
 That whoso sees thee
 Without a heart inflamed,
 Either he lives not,
 Or loves delight he knows not.

Music by Giov. Ferretti, Venice, 1575.

This most uncouth rhyme has also been set for four voices by John Bennet, 1599.

Original Italian.

“ Sei tanto graziosa, e tanto bella,
 “ Che chi ti mira, e non ti don' il core,
 “ O non è vivo, o non conosc' amore.”

 XXXIII.

Sleep, mine only jewel;
 Much more thou didst delight me,
 Than my belov'd too cruel,
 That hid her face to spite me.

Thou bring'st her home full nigh me
While she so fast did fly me.

By thy means I beheld those eyes so shining,
Long time absented ; that look so mild appeased :
Thus is my grief declining.

Thou in thy dreams dost make desire well pleased.
Sleep, if thou be like death, as thou art feigned,
A happy life by such a death were gained.

Music by Stefano Felis, Venice, 1570.

Mortis imago has been a favourite term for sleep amongst all poets. With the exception of the concluding lines, the above even in its Italian dress is but poor stuff. I shall therefore content myself with quoting them.

“ Se tu simile, O sonn', a morte sei,
“ Io pur beato in tal morte vivrei.”

XXXIV.

Sound out, my voice, with pleasant tunes recording
The new delight that love to me inspireth ;
Pleas'd and content with that my mind desireth,
Thanked be love such heav'nly joys affording.

She that my complaints with rigour long rejected,
Binding my heart with these her golden tresses*,
In recompense of all my long distresses,
Said with a sigh, Thy love hath me infected.

Music by Palestrina, 1570.

These words are also set by G. Kirbye, 1597, and by M. Este, 1606.

* Vide No. CCLIV.

XXXV.

The Nightingale so pleasant and so gay,
In greenwood groves delights to make his dwelling ;
In fields to fly chanting his roundelay,
At liberty against the cage rebelling :
But my poor heart with sorrow overswelling,
Through bondage vile binding my freedom short,
No pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
Nor of his song receiveth no comfort.

*Music by Alfonso Ferabosco, 1588,
and Orlando di Lasso, 1570.*

According to Peacham, there was a virtuous contention between W. Byrd and Ferabosco, who of the two should best set these words ; in which according to his (Peacham's) opinion, Ferabosco succeeded so well that "it could not be bettered for sweetness of ayre and depth of judgment." Byrd's set was published in his songs of sundry natures, A.D. 1589. The above is translated from the French, but I have not fallen in with the original.

XXXVI.

Within a greenwood sweet of myrtle savour,
When as the earth was with fair flow'rs revested,
I saw a shepherd with his Nymph that rested.
Thus spake the Nymph with sugar'd words of favour,
Say, sweet love, to thy love, tell me my darling,
Where is thy heart bestow'd, where is thy liking ?

The shepherd answer'd then with a deep sighing,
 All full of sweetness and of sorrow mixed ;
 On thee, dainty dear life, my heart is fixed.
 With that the gentle Nymph, all sweetly smiling,
 With soft words of delight and flatt'ring gloses,
 Full kindly kiss'd his cheek with lips of roses.

Music by Giov. Ferretti, 1580.

Morley's Madrigal "Within an arbour," or *Beside a fountain* as it is originally printed, appears to be from the same original with this, of which I am only able to give the first words, "In un boschetto."

XXXVII.

I will go die for pure love ;
 Except rage and disdain come to recure love :
 Since in reward of all my faithful serving,
 My lady gives disgrace for well deserving,
 And in my flame *sans* measure,
 Takes her disport and pleasure ;
 Unless some frost assuage this heat, and cure love ;
 I will go die for pure love.

Music by Luca Marenzio, A.D. 1560.

Original Italian.

"Io morirò d'amore ;
 "S' al mio scampo non vien sdegno e furore ;
 "Poiche Madonn' alla mia vera fede,
 "Solo de finto amor vuol dar mercede,
 "E perche del mio fuoco
 "Prende solazzo e gioco :
 "Se qualche gel non temprà tant' ardore,
 "Io morirò d'amore."

The determined *will* in the first line reminds one of the difference between *shall* and *will* as exemplified in the well-known exclamation of the drowning man, "I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save me."

XXXVIII.

Zephyrus brings the time that sweetly scenteth,
 With flow'rs and herbs ; and winter's frost exileth.
 Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
 Flora her garlands red and white compileth.
 The fields rejoice, the frowning sky relenteth,
 Jove to behold his dearest daughter smileth ;
 The air, the sea, the earth to joy consenteth,
 Each creature now to love him reconcileth.
Music by Gir. Converso, and A. Ferabosco, 1580.

A translation of the following sonnet of Petrarch :

" Zeffiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
 " E i fiori e l' herbe sua dolce famiglia ;
 " E garrir Progne, e pianger Philomena,
 " E primavera candida e vermiglia.
 " Ridon' i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena,
 " Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia :
 " L' aura, l' acqu' e la terra è d' amor piena,
 " Ogn' animal d' amor si riconsiglia."

Dr. Nott, in his edition of the Earl of Surrey's works, thinks that Petrarch in the above sonnet speaks the language of pedantry rather than of nature, when he talks of Progne chattering and Philomela weeping. He (Dr. N.) infinitely prefers a stanza of his noble author on the same subject.

" The sweet season that bud and bloom forth brings,
 " With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale :
 " The nightingale with feather new she sings,
 " The turtle to her mate hath told her tale."

Another translation of this Madrigal is adapted to the Music of Luca Marenzio, and will be found in Watson's collection.

XXXIX.

I was full near my fall, and hardly 'scaped,
 Thro' fond desire that headlong me transported :
 And with the darts and with the nets I sported,
 That Love himself for me devised and shaped :
 And if my reason but a while had stayed*
 To rule my heart misled and unadvised ;
 To my mishap I had no doubt essayed
 What death it is, to live by love surprised.
 But as the bird, that in due time espying
 The secret snare and deadly bush enlmed,
 Quick to the Heav'n doth mount with song and pleasure :
 Trains of false looks and faithless words defying,
 Mounting the hill so hard for to be climbed,
 I sing for joy of liberty the treasure.

Music by A. Ferabosco, 1580.

One of the sports of fowling in former days was to catch the feathery tribe with birdlime smeared over ears of corn or small twigs, and is thus described in "The Gentleman's Recreation," published about 1674: "Having got your
 "limed straws ready, go into the field adjacent to your
 "house, and carry a bag of chaff and thresht ears, and
 "scatter these together twenty yards wide ; (it is best in a

* *i. e.* If my reason had delayed to rule, &c.

“snow,) then take the limed ears, and stick them up and
 “down with the ears leaning, or at the end touching the
 “ground; then retire from the place, and traverse the
 “grounds all round about; the birds hereupon being dis-
 “turbed in their other haunts fly hither, and pecking at
 “the ears of corn, finding that they stick upon them, they
 “straightway mount up from the earth, and in their flight
 “the bird-limed straws lap under their wings, and falling
 “are not able to disengage themselves from the straws, and
 “so are certainly taken.”

I have not met with the Italian original of this Madrigal;
 the first words are “Fui vicino al cader.”

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

BOOK II.

“The Second Book of Madrigalles*, to five and six voices,
 “translated out of sundry Italian authors, and newly pub-
 “lished by Nicholas Yonge. At London, printed by
 “Thomas Este, 1597.

“To the Right Worshipful and true lover of Musicke,
 “Sir Henry Lennard, Knight.

“No one science draweth nearer to the essence of God
 “than this of Musicke; for as God is altogether unity, so
 “is musicke proportionably an harmonical unity. No man
 “favours men of that quality beyond yourself: to no man am
 “I more deeply beholden than to your good self. Lo then,
 “in all these respects, and without all further ceremony, I
 “here present to your good judgment this second book of
 “Musica Transalpina, which (as well upon the gracious
 “acceptance of my first one) as also the encouragement of
 “sundry civil gentlemen and merchants of good sort, I have

* Twenty-four in Number.

“carefully culled out of the compositions of the best authors in Italy. Perhaps they speak not English so well as they sing Italian, and alas ! how could they, being as yet but late sojourners in England ? Howbeit I humbly desire yourself principally, and in your name, all others for whose delight they were intended ; to supply their defects with friendly interpretation. And so, humbly bowing myself, I rest, at your devotion wholly and ever.

“NICHOLAS YONGE.”

Although there is nothing in the above dedication to show that the Madrigals in this book were translated by the same individual who furnished those contained in Mr. Yonge's first work, such is most probably the case. The style of versification at all events is very similar.

XL.

The white delightsome swan sweet singing dieth ;
 And I lamenting
 Feel both sense and life relenting.
 Strange and unlike proceeding, that he should die distressed,
 And I die most blessed.
 Death which in all thy wronging
 Fill'st me with gladness, and with sweet love longing ;
 If in thy pangs no greater grief do seize me,
 A thousand deaths a day would not displease me.

Music by Orazio Vecchi, 1580.

XLI.

So far, dear life, from thy bright beams absented,
 In grief I live tormented ;

But no disgrace of fortune, or star most hateful,
 Can blot out of my breast thy name so grateful.
 For in my heart is carved
 Thy lovely shape, and there thy love preserved.
 Still I see thee, and still attend the morning,
 To see the sun our hemisphere adorning.
 O if that blissful hour may once relieve me,
 Kill me forthwith, good Love ; it shall not grieve me.

Music by Giulio Eremita, 1580.

XLII.

Cynthia, thy song and chaunting
 So strange a flame in gentle hearts awaketh ;
 That every cold desire wanton love maketh
 Sounds to thy praise and vaunting
 Of Syrens most commended,
 That with delightful tunes for praise contended.
 For when thou sweetly soundest,
 Thou neither kill'st nor woundest :
 But dost revive a number
 Of bodies buried in perpetual slumber.

Music by Giov. Croce, 1590.

This Madrigal is quite unintelligible, and sets all the rules of common sense and grammar at defiance ; and yet the music is so beautiful, and every one is so accustomed to sing it to these words, that perhaps the original version would not afford so much pleasure. Nothing can be more exquisite than the universal hush with which the conclusion dies away, at the words “ buried in perpetual slumber.”

XLIII.

Fly, if thou wilt be flying,
 Foe to my heart so wrathful :
 Which more and more grows faithful.
 Desire pursues thee crying,
 To tell thee of his torment and my dying.
 But if my heart's desire be not with grief confounded,
 I hope by love to see thee caught or wounded.

Music by Giulio Eremita, 1580.

XLIV.

At sound of her sweet voice and words betraying,
 My hope advanc'd that fair desire had founded ;
 But as brave Thebes was built by harps' sweet playing,
 And fell by sound of warlike trump confounded ;
 So that spiteful tongue with rage inflamed,
 Sounding th'alarm unto my heart amazed,
 Of that proud hope the which to fall was framed,
 Left not one rampire to the ground unrazed.

Music by L. Quintiani, 1570.

There is a story told of some one who on all occasions was very fond of relating an anecdote about a gun, which if he could not exactly introduce with reference to the current conversation, he used to preface by exclaiming, "Hark !
 "did not you hear the report of a gun ?" He little cared, of course, what answer was made, but continued, "By the way, talking of a gun, I recollect a story," &c.

In like manner, talking of the walls of brave Thebes being raised by harps' sweet playing, I beg to observe that neither the skill of Amphion, who caused the stones to follow

him, nor that of Orpheus, who not only moved inanimate nature, but even *played so well that he moved Old Nick*, is at all extraordinary ; as will be seen by the following instances of the power of music, which the narrators without doubt, had they been now alive, would have attested before the Lord Mayor: their veracity I take to be unquestionable.

The river Eleusina (says no less a man than Aristotle) is so merrily disposed, that it will dance to a fiddle, bubbling at the sound of music, and will grow very muddy; but as soon as the music ceaseth, it ceaseth its motion, returning to its former calmness and clearness.

John Playford, the author of "An Introduction to the Skill of Music, published in 1655," states therein, that when he was travelling near Royston, he met on the road a herd of about twenty stags following a bagpipe and a violin, which while the music played went forward, when it ceased stood still; and in this manner were they brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.

Bonnet, the Editor of the French *Histoire de la Musique*, being in Holland in 1688, went to see a villa of Milord Portland, and was struck with the sight of a very handsome gallery in his great stable. "At first," says he, "I concluded it was for the grooms to lie in, but the master of the house told me that it was to give a concert to the horses once a week to cheer them, which they did; and the horses seemed to be greatly delighted therewith." He also relates that in the month of May the people of Paris go to play in the gardens of the Tuileries upon lutes and guitars, and that the nightingales and linnets there perch upon the necks of the instruments, and listen with great attention and delight.

"But, (saith Playford,) the story of Ericus* the musician passeth all, who being required by Bonus, King of Denmark, to put his skill in practice, ended his excellent

* Playford should have said "the musician of Ericus, king of Denmark, surnamed Bonus, or the Good," who lived A.D. 1132.

“voluntary with a choice fancy upon the Phrygian mood,
 “by which the King’s passions were suddenly altered and
 “excited to that height, that he fell upon his most trusty
 “friends which were near him, and slew some of them with
 “his fist, for lack of another weapon ; which the musician
 “perceiving, ended with the sober and solemn Doric, which
 “brought the King to himself, who much lamented what
 “he had done.”

XLV.

Brown is my love, but graceful ;
 And each renowned whiteness
 Match’d with her lovely brown, loseth its brightness.

Fair is my love, but scornful ;
 Yet have I seen despised
 White dainty lilies, and sad flow’rs well prized.

Music by Alfonso Ferabosco, 1580.

There appear to be sundry reasons for preferring a *brown* love, if we may believe the following stanza of a song which Friar Bacon’s man Miles sang to keep himself awake while watching the celebrated Brazen Head :

“The *fair* is oft inconstant,
 “The *black* is often proud ;
 “I’ll choose a lovely *brown* :
 “Come, fiddler, scrape thy croud.”

*The famous History of Fryer Bacon
 and Fryer Bungay.*

So also says Gascoigne in his Poems, 1570 :

“Twixt fair and foul therefore, twixt great and small,
 “A lovely *nut-brown* face is best of all.”

XLVI.

The wine that I so dearly got,
 Sweetly sipping, mine eyes hath bleared;
 And the more I 'm barr'd the pot,
 To thirst the more I have appeared.
 But since thereby my heart is cheered,
 Maugre ill luck and spiteful slanders,
 Mine eyes shall not be my commanders.
 For I maintain and ever shall;
 Better the windows bide the dangers,
 Than to spoil the house and all.

Music by A. Ferabosco, 1580.

I do not recollect any Madrigal of a Bacchanalian character save this. The praises of the Jolly God were generally confined to the inferior kinds of music called catches, roundelays, &c.

“There is no better remedy against melancholy,” quoth Burton, “than a cup of wine or strong drink if it be soberly and opportunely used; not enforced by compulsion; but as in that royal feast of Ahasuerus, which lasted one hundred and eighty days, where they drank by order in golden vessels when and what they pleased. (*Esther*, i. 8.) Wine measureably drunk and in time, brings gladness and cheerfulness of mind. (*Judges*, ix. 13.) Seneca in his book *De Tranquillitate*, goes further and recommends it as good sometimes to be *drunk*! it helps sorrow, depresseth cares. Another philosopher says every man ought to be so at least once a month for the good of his body. Paul bids Timothy drink wine for his stomach’s sake, or some such honest occasion. In short if this be true,” concludes Burton, “that wine and strong drink have such virtue to expel fear and sorrow, and to exhilarate the mind; ever hereafter let’s drink and be merry.”

XLVII.

In flower of April springing,
 When pleasant birds to sport them,
 Among the woods consort them ;
 Warbling with cheerful notes and sweetly singing,
 For joy Clora the fair her song was chaunting,
 Of her, and her Elpine, the sweet loves vaunting.

Music by A. Ferabosco, 1580.

Original Italian.

“ Nel piu florit’ Aprile,
 “ All hor che i vaghi augelli,
 “ Di sopra gl’ arboscelli ;
 “ Cantano in vario suon dolce e gentile.
 “ A gara ancor con lor cantava Clori,
 “ Di lei e del suo Elpin i dolci amori.”

Luca Marenzio has composed beautiful music to these words, a paraphrase of which by the Editor of this work will be found in the Appendix.

XLVIII.

Now springs each plant to Heav’n aloft aspiring,
 And in fair fields of violets and roses,
 Cheerfully sport them wanton loves with gladness :
 Since she whose sacred breast my life incloses,
 After so long distress, great grief, and sadness,
 Doth make me blest above all heart’s desiring.

Music by L. Quintiani, 1580.

XLIX.

Dainty white pearl, and you fresh smiling roses,
 The nectar sweet distilling :
 O why are you unwilling
 Of my sighs inly firing ?
 Oh ! yet my heart herself in them discloses :
 Some relief thence desiring.

Music by A. Bicci, 1570.

Without the original words, the reader would scarcely discover the above to be an address to a fair lady's mouth.

“ Candide perle, e voi labbra ridenti,
 “ Che nettare spargete ;
 “ Deh ! perche non volete
 “ Questi sospiri ardenti ?
 “ Ahi ! che tra loro è pur l'anima mia,
 “ Che bacciar vi desia.”

 L.

So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,
 When now and then she talketh
 With me of love,
 Love is a sprite that walketh,
 That soars and flies ;
 And none alive can hold him,
 Nor touch him nor behold him.
 Yet when her eye she turneth,
 I spy where he sojourneth.*

* “ Love in her sunny eyes does basking play.

“ Love does on both her lips for ever stray.”—*Cowley.*

In her eyes there he flies,
 But none can catch him,
 Till from her lips he fetch him.

Music by Luca Marenzio, 1580.

“ Thus saith my Cloris bright,” vide No. CLXXXIV., is another version of the same original :

“ Dice la mia bellissima Lycori,
 “ Quando tal' hor favello
 “ Seco d' amor, ch' amor è un spiritello,
 “ Che vaga e vola, e non si può tenére,
 “ Nè toccar nè vedere.
 “ E pur se gl' occhi giro,
 “ Nei suoi begl' occhi il miro ;
 “ Ma nol posso toccar, che sol si tocca
 “ In quella bella bocca.”

WATSON'S SELECTION.

This work was published under the quaint title of
 “ Italian Madrigals* Englished, not to the sense of the
 “ Original Ditty, but after the affection of the note.

“ There are also here inserted two excellent Madrigals
 “ of Master William Byrd's, composed after the Italian
 “ vaine, at the request of the said Thomas Watson.

“ Imprinted at London, by Thomas Este, the assigné of
 “ William Byrd, and are to be sold at the house of the said
 “ T. Este, being in Aldersgate Street, at the sign of the
 “ Black Horse, 1590.”

* Twenty-eight in Number.

Thomas Watson, a native of London, was educated at Oxford, and afterwards studied the law. He was a man of very considerable scholastic acquirements, and moreover seemed fond of displaying them, as the dedication of this work to the Earl of Essex, and an accompanying eulogium on the great musician Luca Marenzio, are both in Latin verse. His *Hecatompethia*, or *Passionate Century of Love*, contains a hundred Sonnets, which exhibit very little of the real spirit of poetry, but a great deal of pedantry. He at one time formed an idea of translating Petrarch into Latin verse, (vide Dr. Nott's edit. of the Earl of Surrey's Poems, note, vol. i. 288.) but never seems to have put it in execution. He is supposed to have died about 1593. Next to Morley's adaptations of English words to Italian music, these of Mr. Watson are the worst (I speak of the 15th century) with which I am acquainted. The annals of the *modern* stage could furnish examples of much greater barbarities committed upon the language which a Shakspeare has immortalized; in the shape of foreign operas adapted to *English words*, by those who it would appear scarcely know a substantive from an adjective, or a verb from its nominative case.

LI.

O merry world! when ev'ry lover with his mate,
Might walk from mead to mead, and cheerfully relate
Sour pleasures, and sweet griefs; following a wanton state.
Those days knew no suspect; each one might freely prate,
And dance and sing and play with his consociate.
Then lovers used like turtles kiss full lovingly.
O honey days and customs of antiquity!

But now the world so full is of fond jealousy,
That charity we term wanton iniquity.

Music by Luca Marenzio, 1570.

Although I have spoken harshly of Mr. Watson in the preceding page, this Madrigal is not bad. Here does he, two centuries and a half ago, complain of the artificial state of society, and regrets the golden days of a bygone age; perhaps as many years hereafter, our posterity may look back upon us as having lived in a happy state of Utopian innocence. *My conscience!*

The same lines are set by Thos. Vautor, 1619.

LII.

Fair shepherd's Queen!

Let's hand in hand enchained,
Dance up and down the green
Like friends unfeigned;
And merrily recount
Our happy days,
While climbing up the mount,
My tender flock unheeded strays.
Come, shepherds, follow me,
Praising sweet Amarillis:
All but Amyntas,
Whose only joy is Phillis.

Music by Luca Marenzio, 1570.

I have made some trifling alterations here, for the sake both of sound and sense, to fit the Madrigal for public

performance. For instance, the seventh and eighth lines in the original run thus,

“ While my tender flock climbs up the mount,
“ And there stays.”

After all, it is still but a limping ditty.

LIII.

When all alone my bonny love was playing,
And I saw Phœbus stand at a gaze staying,
Alas! I feared there would be some betraying.

Music by G. Converso, 1575.

I cannot with truth say that these lines are very intelligible; why could not Mr. W. have translated or imitated the original?

“ Sola soletta i me ne vo cantando,
“ Ed ho via'l core piu freddo che giaccio,
“ E vo d'amor spregiando ogni suo laccio.”

The expression *to stand at gaze*, is properly applied to a Deer:

“ When he stayeth to look at any thing, then he *standeth at gaze*.”—*Noble Art of Venerie or Hunting*, by G. Turberville, 1575.

Spenser makes use of the same bombast in praise of Queen Elizabeth:

“ I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head
“ On her to gaze.”—*Shepherd's Calendar*.

LIV.

The Fates, alas ! too cruel,
 Have slain before his day Diana's chiefest jewel.
 But worthy Melibœus in a moment
 With Astrophil is placed above the firmament.
 Oh ! they both live in pleasure
 Where joys exceed all measure.

Music by Luca Marenzio, 1570.

In order to understand what all this is about, the reader must be informed that under the name of Diana is represented Queen Elizabeth ; Melibœus is Sir Francis Walsingham, whose untimely death the poet bewails ; and Astrophil, as every reader of old poetry knows, is the *nom de guerre* of Sir Philip Sydney, who died 1586.

This elucidation is given from a separate publication by Watson, entitled an Eclogue on Sir F. Walsingham, Knight, and Privy Councillor to her Majesty, first written in Latin and afterwards *done* into English : in which the following line occurs as a sort of *Burden*,

“ Ante diem (proh ! fata) diem Melibœus obivit.”

LV.

All ye that joy in wailing,
 Come seat yourselves a-row, and weep beside me ;
 That while my life is failing,
 The world may see what ills in love betide me ;
 And after death do this in my behove,
 Tell Cressed, Troilus is dead for love.

Music by G. M. Nanini, 1580.

Chaucer's Poem of Troilus and Cressida was a great fa-

vourite in Watson's time. "In this excellent book" (so runs the Programme) "is showed the fervent love of Troilus to Creseide, and her great untruth to him in giving herself to Diomedes, who in the end did cast her off, so that she came to great misery." The grief of Troilus when he heard of her wretched end, is thus described by the Father of English Poetry :

"He swelt for woe, and fell down in a swoon,
 "For sorrow his heart to brast was boun;
 "Sighing full sadly said, I can no more!
 "She was untrue, and woe is me therefore!"

This Madrigal is also set for five voices by Michael Este, 1604.

THOMAS MORLEY.

Was a pupil of the celebrated William Byrd, and according to Anthony Wood took his degree as Bachelor of Music in 1588. As a theorist he certainly was excelled by none of his day; but as a composer, I consider him decidedly inferior to Wilbye or Weelkes.

His "Introduction to Music" proves him to have been a man of very considerable acquirements; but if we are to believe that he was his own poet, as Messrs. Holland and Cooke (who reprinted some of his works) assert, neither his original compositions nor his adaptations from the Italian do him much credit. Some of the latter especially are execrable.

An old stave from *Thomas Churchyard's Charitie*, A.D. 1595, runs thus:

"You may as well say white or red is black,
 "And sun and moon are steel and marble stone,

“As say or think behind a writer’s back

“He borrowed that which he claims as his own :”

yet nevertheless I am constrained to say that Morley has been guilty of several barefaced plagiarisms. Imprimis, from the Madrigals of Felice Anerio, which he has dished up by wholesale in his Canzonets for two voices; and secondly from the Balletti of Gastoldi, which have furnished him with musical ideas (the words of course he had a right to make free use of,) for his “*Fa las* to five voices.”

Surely the composer of *Lo ! where with flow’ry head, and I follow, lo ! the footing*, needed not to have had recourse to foreign aid. He died about the year 1607.

His earliest work appears to be

“Canzonets or little short Songs to three voices, newly published by Thos. Morley, Bachiler of Musicke and one of the Gentlemen of her Majesty’s Royal Chappel, 1593*. Imprinted at London by Thos. Est, the Assigné of William Byrd, dwelling in Aldersgate Street, at the sign of the Black Horse, and are there to be sold.”

The following is an extract from the dedication to “The most rare and accomplished Lady, the Lady Marye Countess of Pembroke† :

“Most excellent Lady, give me leave to take this simple occasion of presenting my humble devotion to honour you ; and if boldness in itself be not too great a fault, pardon and forgive the same ; since the cause thereof in me being diverse from that in other men, doth in all right crave a most kind and favourable interpretation.

* Previous to the year 1591, Morley appears to have been Organist of St. Paul’s ; for when the Queen was in progress at Elvetham in Hampshire during that year, “A notable consort of six musicians so highly pleased her, that she gave a new name unto one of those *pavans* made long since by Master Thos. Morley, then Organist of Paul’s Church.”—*Nichols’s Progresses*, 1591. † Sister to Sir P. Sydney.

“ For whereas *they* do dedicate with hope of after benefit,
 “ so far am *I* from this, that your Ladyship in accepting
 “ this of me, doth bind me to you ; and I in giving thereof
 “ do infinitely thank you for the same. Receive then, most
 “ worthy Lady, these simple gifts worthy to be received even
 “ of the greatest Princes that the world hath, (not because
 “ they are mine, but because they now are yours,) to which
 “ if at any time your Ladyship shall but vouchsafe your
 “ heavenly voice, it cannot be, but they will so return per-
 “ fumed with the sweetness of that breath, as the *air* will
 “ be made even delightful thereby, and for that cause come
 “ to be in request and sought for ever after. Upon which
 “ assurance resting myself, I humbly take my leave, in all
 “ reverence kissing your honorable hands,

“ Unto Your Ladyship, devoted in all affection,

“ THOMAS MORLEY.”

The Canzonets in this edition, twenty in number, have been reprinted by Holland and Cooke. Four additional ones appear in the edition published A.D. 1606.

LVI.

See, see, mine own sweet jewell,
 What I have for my darling ;
 A robin redbreast and a starling ;
 Both these I give in hope to move thee !
 And yet thou say'st, I do not love thee.

The heart of her who would not be mollified by such a gift must have been harder than the nether millstone: perhaps she was one of those who are of opinion, with Shenstone's fair one, that

“. . . . he ne'er could be true
 “ Who could rob a poor bird of its young.”

LVII.

Hold out, my heart, with joy's delights accloy'd,
 Hold out, my heart, and show it,
 That all the world may know it;
 What sweet content thou lately hast enjoy'd.
 She that *Come dear* would say,
 Then laugh and run away;
 And if I stay'd her, thus would cry,
Nay, fie, for shame! for shame, nay, fie!
 My true love not regarding;
 Hath given my love at length its full rewarding.
 So that unless I tell the joys that overfill me,
 My joys kept in I know in time will kill me.

A coquettish nymph is here well described, but Sir W. Raleigh takes a much more concise view, and comprises the matter in two lines:

“The lass saith *no*, yet would full fain;
 “And this is love, as I hear say'n.”

Several reminiscences will doubtless occur to the classic reader, such as the “*gratus puellæ risus ab angulo*” of Horace,

“The laugh that from the corner flies.”

Or the lady described by Ovid in his *Art of Love*,

“*Pugnabit primo fortassis, et, improbe, dicet.*”

“Struggling perhaps she'll cry, nay don't be rude;”

whilst all the time, (as Pope beautifully imitates Virgil in one of his pastorals,)

“..... a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 “How much at variance are her feet and eyes!”

LVIII.

Blow, Shepherds, blow your pipes,
With gladsome glee resounding :
See where the fair Eliza comes
With love and heavenly grace abounding.

Run, nymphs, apace ; go meet her ;
With flow'rs and garlands goodly greet her :
All hail ! Eliza fair, the country's Goddess ;
Long may'st thou live, the shepherd's Queen and Mistress.

This is in truth what Touchstone, in *As you Like it*, calls
“the very false gallop of verses, the true butterwoman's
“rate to market.” What a precious collection would be all
the trash written in praise of Fair Eliza !

LIX.

Thyrsis, O let soft pity move thee ;
Thy Cloris, well thou know'st, too well doth love thee.
Unkind ! why dost thou fly me ?
I faint, alas ! here must I lie me.
Cry then for grief, since hope is now bereft thee.
Up hill, down dale, thou seest I have not left thee.
Cannot these trickling tears of mine procure love ?
What shepherd ever yet kill'd nymph for pure love ?
Ah ! see, the beasts their tears they do award me,
But thou, more cruel far, dost not regard me !

LX.

Where art thou, wanton ?
And I so long have sought thee ;
See where thy true love
His heart to keep hath brought thee.
Oh ! why then dost thou hide thee ?
Still I follow thee
But thou fliest from me.
Stay, unkind, and do no more deride me.

LXI.

Do you not know how Love first lost his seeing ?
Because with me once gazing
On those fair eyes, where all powers have their being ;
She with her beauty blazing,
Which death might have revived,
Him of his sight, me of my heart deprived.

LXII.

Say, dear, will you not have me ?
Then take the kiss you gave me.
Elsewhere you would perhaps bestow it :
And I should be as loath to owe it.
Or if you will not take the thing once given,
Let me kiss *you*, and so we shall be even.

LXIII.

Arise, get up, my dear ; make haste, begone thee :
 Lo ! where the bride, fair Daphne, tarries on thee.
 Hark ! yon merry maidens squealing
 Spice-cakes and sops-in-wine are dealing.
 Then run apace
 And get a bride-lace,
 And gilt rosemary* branch, the while there yet is catching ;
 And then hold fast, for fear of old snatching.
 Alas ! my dear, why weep ye ?
 Fear not, dear love, the next day keep we.
 List, yon minstrels ; hark, how fine they firk it,
 And how the maidens jerk it ;
 With Kate and Will,
 Tom and Gill,
 Now a skip,
 Then a trip,
 Finely fet aloft,
 There again as oft :
 Hey ho ! brave holiday,
 All for Daphne's wedding day.

As a graphic description this is far inferior to the old Scottish Ballad, "Fy let us a' to the Bridal," (as indeed

* An emblem of remembrance.

"Rosemarie is for *remembrance*

"Between us day and night,

"Wishing that I might always have

"You present in my sight."

Handful of Pleasant Delights, 1584.

Ophelia likewise says to Hamlet,

"There's Rosemary, that's for *remembrance* ;

"Pray you, love, remember."

may be said generally of all humorous English ditties compared with those of Caledonia). The *spice-cakes* and *sops-in-wine* of the one, are poor substitutes for the *sowans to sup till ye rive* of the other; and all the *firking* and *jerking*, *skipping* and *tripping*, do not convey so powerful an idea of the love of dancing, as does the resolution of the guests at the Scottish ceremony,

“ When weary with eating and drinking,
 “ We ’ll rise up and dance *till we die* ;”

nor is the boisterous mirth at all comparable to that in the “ Bridal of Moorland Willie :”

“ Sic hirdum dirdum and sic din,
 “ Wi’ he o’er her, and she o’er him,
 “ The minstrels they did never blin
 “ Wi mickle mirth and glee.
 “ They becket, they bobbit, they danc’d like daft,
 “ And lasses skirl’d, and grandames laught.”

It is nevertheless a lively picture of a country wedding. During the ceremony, I warrant you there were no fainting-fits, real or sham; no petty larceny faces, as though the parties were standing at the bar of the Old Bailey; and yet, mayhap, more real reverence than may be witnessed at the altar of a certain fashionable church, not many hundred miles from Hanover Square. Then, after the knot was tied, no hurrying away in post-chariots and four, as is now the custom, leaving the ill-assorted company to their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is eaten as uncomfortably and with as great solemnity as if some

“ funeral baked meats
 “ Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.”

No, no, all was fun and frolic, mirth and glee. “ The bride
 “ being attired in a gown of sheep’s russet, and a kirtle of
 “ fine worsted, attired with abillement of gold, and her hair

“as yellow as gold, hanging down behind her, curiously
 “combed and plaited; was led to church between two sweet
 “boys with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their
 “silken sleeves. There was a fair bride-cup of silver gilt
 “carried before her, wherein was a goodly branch of rose-
 “mary gilded very fair, and hung about with silken ribands
 “of all colours. Musicians came next; then a group of
 “maidens, some bearing great bride-cakes, others garlands
 “of wheat finely gilded, and thus they passed into the
 church.”—(*Vide History of Jack of Newbury, by T. Deloné, 1596.*)

Out of the bride-cup it was customary for all the persons present, together with the new-married couple, to drink in the church. This custom is referred to in “The Taming
 “of the Shrew,” when Petruchio

“ quaff’d off the Muscadell,
 “And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face.”

From some fancied similarity, probably of colour, to the sops steeped in wine, the name *sop-in-wine* is given to a species of flower somewhat resembling a pink,

“Bring coronations, and sops-in-wine
 “Worn of Paramours.”—*Spenser.*

The following ludicrous account of a Solemn Bridale, which was acted as a show before Queen Elizabeth, is extracted from Laneham’s letter to his good friend Master Humfrey Martin, Mercer in London, touching the Festivities at Kenilworth, 1575.

“Thus were they marshalled: first, all the lusty lads and
 “bold Bachelors of the parish, sutable every wight with
 “his blue buckram bride-lace upon a branch of green
 “broom (because Rosemary is scant there) tied on his left
 “arm, (for on that side lies the heart,) in martial order
 “ranged on before, two and two in a rank; some with a

“hat, some in a cap; some a coat, some a jerkin; some
“for lightness in his doublet and hose; some boots and
“no spurs, some spurs and no boots, and some *neither*
“*nother*. Then the Bridegroom foremost, in his tawney
“worsted jacket (for his friends were fain that he *should*
“be a Bridegroom before the Queen,) and a fair strawn
“hat with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head.

“Well, sir, after these, a lively Morris dance accord-
“ing to the ancient manner; six dancers, Maid Marian,
“and the Fool. Then three pretty puzels* as bright as a
“breast of bacon, of thirty year old apiece, that carried
“three special spice-cakes of a bushel of wheat, (they had
“it by measure out of my Lord’s bakehouse,) before the
“bride, with set countenance, and lips so demurely sim-
“pering, as it had been a mare cropping a thistle. After
“these comes a freckle-faced redheaded lubber, whose
“office was to bear the bride-cup all seemly besilvered and
“parcel (partly) gilt, adorned with a beautiful bunch of
“broom gaily begilded *for memory*. This gentle cup-
“bearer yet had his freckled phizonemy somewhat unhap-
“pily infested as he went, by the busy flies that flocked
“about the bride cup for the sweetness of the sucket that
“it savoured of; but he like a tall fellow, withstood them
“stoutly, beat them away, killed them by scores, stood to
“his charge, and marched on in good order. Then fol-
“lowed the worshipful bride, led (after the country man-
“ner) between two ancient parishioners, honest townsmen;
“a thirty-year-old, of colour brown bay, not very beautiful
“indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill favoured; yet marvellous
“fain of the office, because she heard say she should dance
“before the Queen, in which feat she thought she would
“foot it as finely as the best.”

* Maids—from the French *pucelle*.

LXIV.*

This love is but a wanton fit,
 Deluding every youngling's wit:
 The winged boy doth never light,
 But where he finds an idle wight.

If thou hast nothing to do, says Horace,

"Invidiâ vel amore miser torquebere."

"Thou shalt be tormented with envy or love."

And in like manner Aristotle,

"Ut Naphthe ad ignem, sic Amor ad illos qui torpescunt otio."

"As a match to the fire, so is love to those who are idle."

The Poets therefore (as the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy observes,) do well to feign all shepherds lovers, because they live such idle lives.

Next in order of date is his Book of "Madrigals to four voices" published 1594, by Thomas Est, in Aldersgate Street, at the sign of the Black Horse. No dedication. It contains twenty Madrigals. A later edition printed in 1600 has two in addition.

LXV.

April is in my mistress' face,
 And July in her eyes hath place:
 Within her bosom is September,
 But in her heart a cold December.

* From a later edition, A.D. 1606.

The counterpart to this is to be found in one of Greene's Poems called *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, A.D. 1588. Unless, therefore, we suppose one to be a plagiarism, the probability is that they are translations from the same foreign original. Greene's stanza runs thus :

“ Fair is my love, for April's in her face,
 “ And lordly July in her eyes hath place ;
 “ Her lovely breast September claims his part,
 “ But cold December dwells within her heart.”

The only fault of this Madrigal as regards public performance, is its extreme brevity ; to remedy which in some measure I have in the printed score ventured to add the following stanza :

Oh ! were it July all the year,
 Then April show'rs I would not fear ;
 Nor blight that falleth in September,
 Nor frost that chilleth in December.

LXVI.

In dew of roses steeping
 Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris sat a weeping.
 Ah Dorus false ! thou hast my heart bereft me,
 And now unkind hast left me.
 Hear me, alas ! cannot my beauty move thee ?
 Pity me then, because I love thee.
 Ah me ! thou scorn'st, the more I pray thee ;
 And this thou doest all to slay me :
 Kill me then, cruel ; kill, and vaunt thee,
 But my dreary ghost shall haunt thee.

In England's Helicon, A.D. 1600, this is called “ Ly-

“coris the Nymph her sad song:” the author’s name is not given. The fifth and sixth lines bring to mind a similar appeal in Burns’s beautiful Ballad of Lord Gregory:

“An exile from her father’s ha’
 “And all for love of thee:
 “At least some *pity* on me shaw,
 “If *love* it may na be.”

The forsaken Lycoris is however determined not to be separated from her faithless swain, but after death still purposes to continue his *ghostly* comforter.

LXVII.

Clorinda false, adieu! thy love torments me:
 Let Thirsis have thy heart, since he contents thee.
 Oh grief and bitter anguish!
 For thee unkind I languish.
 I fain, alas! would hide it;
 But oh! who can abide it?
 Adieu! cease now my death desiring:
 Lo! thou hast thy requiring.
 Thus spake Philistus on his crook relying*,
 And sweetly sweetly fell a dying.

This tale is the converse of the preceding, with this difference only, that the faithful shepherd does not, like Lycoris, resolve to continue his attentions from the land of spirits. It is likewise in England’s Helicon, without the author’s name, and is entitled “Philistus’ Farewell to false “Clorinda.”

* Leaning.

LXVIII.

Since my tears and lamenting,
 False love, breed thy contenting ;
 Still thus to weep for ever
 These fountains shall persèver.
 Till my heart grief-brimfilled,
 Out, alas ! shall be distilled.

Wretched doggrel ! and moreover a bad translation.
 The original with music by Orlando di Lasso is in the
Musica Divina, Antwerp, 1588.

“ Poich’ il mio largo pianto,
 “ Amor, ti piace tanto ;
 “ Asciuti mai
 “ Quest’ occhi non vedrai,
 “ Fin che non venga fuore,
 “ Ohime ! per gl’ occh’ il core.”

I find a far better English version in an old programme
 of the Ancient Concerts, at which the Italian Madrigal used
 to be frequently sung about fifty years ago :

“ Ah ! since my deepest sorrows prove
 “ So very pleasing to my love ;
 “ Mine eyes shall never cease from tears,
 “ Till thro’ these eyes my heart appears.”

LXIX.

Come, lovers, follow me and leave this weeping,
 See where the little god lies sweetly sleeping :
 Soft, then, for fear we wake him,
 And to his bow he take him ;

Oh then if he but spy us,
 Whither shall we fly us?
 And if he come upon us,
 Out, well away ! then are we woe begone us.
 Hence, follow me ; away, dispatch us—
 And that apace, for fear he catch us.

This is not unlike one of Bennet's Madrigals, "Come, Shepherds, follow me," in which a similar caution is given to beware of awakening the sleeping god of love.

LXX.

I will no more come to thee,
 That flout'st me when I woo thee :
 For still *Ty hy*, *Ty hy* thou criest,
 And all my rings, my pins, and gloves deniest.
 O say, alas ! what moves thee
 To grieve him so that loves thee ?

The exclamation *Ty hy* or *Te hee*, occurs frequently in Scotch Ballads. It is still in use in that country, and is generally indicative of derision.

"*Te hee*, quo' Jenny, keek, keek, I see you ;
 "Minny, yon man makes but a mock."

The Wowing of Jenny and Jock.

LXXI.

Within an arbour of sweet brier and roses,
I heard two lovers talk in wanton gloses :
Say, dainty dear, quoth he, to whom
Is thy true liking tied ?
To whom but thee, my bonny love ?
The gentle Nymph replied.
I die, I die, I die, quoth he ;
And I, and I, and I, quoth she :
Give me, quoth he, some token,
Or else my heart is broken :
What need of that ? quoth she ; you well do know it.
Sweetly come kiss me then, quoth he, and show it.

This is evidently a translation from the same original that has furnished "*Within a greenwood*" in the *Musica Transalpina*.

LXXII.

Hark, jolly shepherds, hark yon lusty ringing ;
How cheerfully the bells dance, whilst the lads are springing ;
Go then, why sit we here delaying,
And all yon merry lads and lasses playing ?
How gaily Flora leads it,
And o'er the meadow treads it :
The woods and groves they ring loudly resounding
With echo sweet rebounding.

Printed in England's Helicon, A.D. 1600, and entitled
The Shepherd's Consort ; author's name not given.

LXXIII.

Say, gentle nymphs, that tread these mountains,
Whilst sweetly you sit playing,
Saw you my Daphne straying
Along your crystal fountains?
If that you chance to meet her,
Kiss her and kindly greet her:
Then these sweet garlands take her,
And say from me, I never will forsake her.

LXXIV.

Ho! who comes there with bagpiping and drumming?
O, 't is, I see, the Morris dance a coming.
Come, ladies, come away, I say come quickly,
And see how trim they dance about, and trickly:
Hey! there again; hark! how the bells they shake it!
Now for our town, hey ho our town, and take it:
Soft, not away so fast; dost see they melt them?
Piper be hang'd, knave! look, the dancers swelt them:
Out, there, stand out; you come too far (I say) in,
And give the hobby-horse more room to play in.

No traces of the Morris dance, or Morisco as it was called, can be found in England prior to the reign of Henry the Seventh. As the name implies, it originated with the Moors, and probably reached us indirectly through the medium of Spain and France. It was originally danced by one, as well as by several persons; sometimes with the accompaniment of castanets, sometimes of bells, as may be seen by the following authorities:

“At a splendid feast given by Gaston de Foix at Ven-

“dôme, A.D. 1458, four young laddes and a damosell,
“attired like savages daunced by good direction a Morisco
“before the assembly.”

Thoinot Arbeau or Jean Tabourot (said to have been a Canon of the Cathedral at Lengres about the middle of the sixteenth century) relates, that “in his youthful days
“it was the custom in good societies for a boy to come
“into the hall after supper with his face blackened, his
“forehead bound with white taffeta, and bells tied to his
“legs. He then proceeded to dance the Morisco the
“whole length of the hall, backwards and forwards, to the
“great delight of the company.” (From a curious work entitled *Orchesographie*, Lengres, 1588.)

In an old comedy called *Variety*, printed 1649, some one is described to be like “A Bacchanalian dancing the Spanish
“Morisco with knackers (sc. castanets) at his fingers.”

According to Sir J. Hawkins, within the memory of persons living when he wrote his History of Music (about sixty years ago), a saraband danced by a Moor constantly formed part of the entertainment of a puppet-show, and was performed with castanets.

The Morris was most frequently joined to processions and pageants, especially to those appropriated for the celebration of the May games: on these occasions the hobby-horse or a dragon, together with Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and other characters supposed to have been the companions of that famous outlaw, made a part of the dance.

The hobby-horse was a figure with the head and tail of a horse, having a wooden frame for the body attached to the person of him who was to play the character, with trappings reaching to the ground. Thus equipped he pranced about imitating the curvetings and motions of the aforesaid quadruped.

Maid Marian was generally represented by a man dressed in female attire, who walked with a short mincing step, the better to sustain the character; whence the miller's wife in

the old ballad of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield" is said, "like Maid Marian, to mince at that tide" when she was on her best behaviour before the King.

At particular seasons, when a grand festival was determined upon, "All the wild heads of the parish flocking together" (says Stubbs in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, A.D. 1595,) "choose them a grand captain of mischief whom they ennoble with the title of *Lord of Misrule*, and him they crown with great solemnity and adopt for their king. This king anointed chooseth forth twenty, forty, three-score, or an hundred like to himself to wait upon his lordly majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then every one of these his men he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other light wanton colour; and as though they were not gawdy enough, they bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones and other jewels; this done they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, with rich handkerchiefs in their hands, or sometimes laid across over their shoulders and necks, borrowed for the most part of their pretty Mopsies and loving Bessies for bussing them in the dark.

"Thus all things set in order, then have they their Hobby-horses, their Dragons, and their Antics, together with their pipers and drummers, to strike up the Devil's dance withal. Then marcheth this heathen company towards the churchyard, their pipers playing, their drummers thundering, their stumps dancing, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen; their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng; and in this sort they go to the church, (though the minister be at prayer or preaching,) dancing and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heads in the church, like devils incarnate; with such a confused noise that no man can hear his own voice: then the foolish people, they look, they stare; they laugh, they

“fleere, and mount upon forms and pews to see these
 “goodly pageants solemnized in this sort. Then after this,
 “about the church they go again and again, and so forth
 “into the churchyard, where they have commonly their
 “summerhalls, their bowers, arbours, and banquet houses
 “set up, wherein they feast, banquet and dance, all that
 “day, and peradventure the night too.”

If we are to believe an extract from an old pamphlet, A.D. 1609, mentioned in the British Bibliographer, Herefordshire bore the bell for Morris dancing: it is therein stated, “The Courts of Kings for stately measures, the
 “City for light heels and nimble footing; Western men for
 “gambols; Middlesex men for tricks above ground; Essex
 “men for the Hey; Lancashire for Hornpipes; Worces-
 “tershire for Bagpipes; but Herefordshire for a Morris
 “dance, puts down not only all Kent, but very near three
 “quarters of Christendom if one had line enough to mea-
 “sure it.” (*Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Maid Marian.*)

In 1595 appeared his Balletts to five voices*, set both to Italian and English words. Gastoldi's Balletti furnish a considerable number of the originals, and from them the English version is principally translated or paraphrased. The dedication is as follows:

“To the Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecill, Knight;
 “one of Her Majesty's Honorable Privy Council.

“Right Honorable,

“Among so many brave and excellent qualities which
 “have enriched that virtuous mind of yours, knowing the

* Twenty-one in number.

“ same also to be much delighted with that of Musicke,
 “ which peradventure no less than any of the rest hath
 “ been to it as a ladder to the intelligence of higher things :
 “ Lo ! hereupon I have presumed to make offer to the
 “ same, of these simple compositions of mine ; imitating,
 “ Right Honorable, in this, the custom of that Old World,
 “ who wanting incense to offer up to their gods, made
 “ shift instead thereof to honour them with milk ; or as
 “ those who being not able to present a torch unto the
 “ holy altars in sign of their devotion, did light a little
 “ candle, and give up the same. In which notwithstanding
 “ did shine more clearly the affection of the giver, than
 “ the worth or value of the gift itself.

“ May it so therefore please Your Honor to accept of this
 “ small present with that good intention wherewith I offer
 “ it : beseeching therewithal the Almightye to graunt you
 “ the accomplishment of all your honorable desires.

“ Your Honor’s devoted in all duty,

“ THOMAS MORLEY.”

“ London the 12th day of October, 1595.”

To this succeeds the following Eulogium, written by Mr. M. D. (probably Michael Drayton).

Such was old Orpheus cunning,
 That senseless things drew near him ;
 And herds of beasts to hear him.
 The stock, the stone, the ox, the ass came running.
Morley ! but this enchanting
 To thee, to be the music god, is wanting ;
 And yet thou needst not fear him.
 Draw thou the shepherds still, and bonny lasses,
 And envy him not stocks, stones, oxen, asses.

LXXV.

Dainty fine sweet Nymph delightful,
 While the sun aloft is mounting,
 Sit we here our loves recounting :
 With sugred gloses,
 Among these roses.

Fa la la.

Why, alas ! are you so spiteful,
 Dainty Nymph, but oh ! too cruel.
 Wilt thou kill thy dearest jewel ?
 Kill then and bless me,
 But first come kiss me.

Fa la la.

After the introduction of sugar into this country, the epithet *sugred* was much used in poetry ; previous to that we have more frequently *honied* words, *honey* days, &c. *Gloses* are flattering speeches. Milton uses the verb,

“Thus *glozed* the tempter.”—*Paradise Lost*.

The Italian words from Gastoldi are as follows :

“ Vezzosome ninf’ e belle,
 “ Ch’ in beltà tutte vincete
 “ Le più vaghe pastorelle ;
 “ A voi ch’ amiamo,
 “ Pietà chiediamo.”

LXXVI.

About the maypole new, with glee and merriment,
 While as the bagpipe tooted it,
 Thirsis and Cloris fine together footed it :
 And to the joyous instrument
 Still they danc'd to and fro, and finely flaunted it*,
 And then both met again, and thus they chaunted it.
 Fa la.

The Shepherds and the Nymphs them round inclosed had,
 Wond'ring with what facility,
 About they turn'd them in such strange agility :
 And still when they unloosed had,
 With words full of delight they gently kissed them,
 And thus sweetly to sing they never missed them.
 Fa la.

This is rather a spirited paraphrase of the following Italian lines :

“ Al suon d' una sampogn' e d' una citera,
 “ Sopra l'herbette floride
 “ Dansava Tirsi con l'amata Cloride ;
 “ Ed a l' usanza vetera,
 “ S' abbraciavan ridendo e si bacciavano ;
 “ Ed in lode d'amor lieto cantavano.

* Goldsmith must have had a similar couple in his eye when he described,

“ The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 “ By holding out, to tire each other down.”

Deserted Village.

“ Saltavano le Ninfe bell’ e tenere,
 “ E i Satiri selvatici
 “ Facevan balli a modi lor fanatici ;
 “ Il fanciullin di Venere
 “ Rallegrava sedend’ in un bel frassino,
 “ Mentre quest’ a cantar dolce non lassino.”

Part of the above description will apply with as much truth to the fashionable ball-room as to the rustic green. How often do we see, when a handsome couple are whirling round in the giddy circumvolutions of the wanton waltz, that the circle of spectators gradually narrows itself round them,

“ Wond’ring with what facility,
 “ They turn them in such strange agility.”

But I beg pardon,—this is a digression ; I will therefore exclaim with Lord Byron, *Pretty waltzer, adieu*, and refer my readers to No. CCCXLIII. for a description of May sports.

LXXVII.

Now is the month of Maying,
 When merry lads are playing
 Each with his bonny lass,
 Upon the greeny grass.

Fa la la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
 Doth laugh at winter’s sadness ;
 And to the bagpipe’s sound,
 The Nymphs tread out their ground.

Fa la la.

Fye, then ! why sit we musing,
 Youth's sweet delight refusing ?
 Say, dainty Nymphs, and speak,
 Shall we play Barley-break ?*

Fa la la.

The English are in the habit of considering the bagpipe as an instrument almost peculiar to Scotland ; it was however in constant use at all country jollifications in merry England two hundred and fifty years ago, and I question if Collinet's quadrille band ever put half as much "light and mettle into the heels" of the dancers.

The music of this Madrigal is, or used to be, sung as a finale in Sheridan's Opera of *The Duenna*.

LXXVIII.

Sing we, and chant it,
 While love doth grant it ;
 Not long youth lasteth,
 And old age hasteth ;
 Now is best leisure
 To take our pleasure.

Fa la la.

All things invite us,
 Now to delight us ;
 Hence care, be packing,
 No mirth be lacking :
 Let's spare no treasure,
 To live in pleasure.

Fa la la.

* Vide No. LXXXIX.

LXXIX.

Singing alone, sat my sweet Amarillis,
 The Satyrs danced all with joy surprised;
 Was never yet such dainty sport devised.

Fa la la.

Come, love, again, sang she, to thy beloved;
 Alas! what fear'st thou? will I not persèver?
 Yes, thou art mine, and I am thine for ever.

Fa la la.

LXXX.

What saith my dainty darling,
 Shall I now your love obtain?

Fa la.

Long time I sued for grace,
 And grace you granted me;
 When time should serve, and place;
 Can any fitter be?

Fa la.

“ When circumstances of time and place, *opportunity* and
 “ *importunity* shall concur, what will they not effect?” says
 Burton.

“ Fair opportunity can win
 “ The coyest *she* that is.
 “ So wisely he takes time, as he'll
 “ Be sure he will not miss.”

LXXXI.

Thus saith my Galatea,
 Love long hath been deluded ;
 When shall it be concluded ?

Fa la la.

The young Nymphs all are wedded,
 Ah, then, why do I tarry ?
 Oh, let me die or marry !

Fa la la.

Galatea seems much afraid of being condemned to lead
 apes in a certain place unmentionable to polite ears, and
 reminds me of the lass in some old ditty, (I forget where)
 who exclaims,

“ Mother, I will have a husband,
 “ And I will have him out of hand :
 “ Mother, I will sure have one,
 “ In spite of her that will have none.
 “ To the town therefore will I gad,
 “ To get me a husband good or bad.”

LXXXII.

You that wont to my pipe's sound,
 Daintily to tread the ground ;
 Jolly shepherds and nymphs sweet.

Lirum lirum.

Here met together,
 Under the weather,
 Hand in hand uniting, the lovely god we greet.

Lirum lirum.

Lo! triūmphing brave comes he
 All in pomp and majesty,
 Monarch of the world and King.

Lirum lirum.

Let whoso list him,
 Dare to resist him.

We our voice uniting, of his high acts will sing.

Lirum lirum.

A translation from the following Ballet of Gastoldi, entitled *Gloria d'Amore*:

“ Vaghi Ninfe e voi Pastor,
 “ Ch' al mio cant' al dolce suon,
 “ Rallegrar solete il cor.

Lirum lirum.

“ Le grati voce
 “ Pronti e veloce
 “ Col mio son' unite,
 “ Lodando meco Amor.

Lirum lirum.

“ Il ferir di questo altier
 “ Vinse il Dio del quinto ciel;
 “ Capitan d' ogni guerrier.

Lirum lirum.

“ L' alte vittorie,
 “ L' eterne glorie,
 “ Ognun meco canti,
 “ Di questo invito arcier.”

Lirum lirum.

We have an example above of the correct accentuation of the word triūmphing. The past tense triūmphed is also

properly marked by Handel in a chorus from his Oratorio of Israel in Egypt:

“ For he hath triūmphed gloriously.”

See also Paradise Lost, Book 3.

“ With joy and love triūmphing, and fair truth.”

LXXXIII.

Fire! fire! my heart:

Oh help, alas! ay me! I sit and cry me;

And call for help, alas! but none comes nigh me.

Fa la la.

O, I burn me, I burn;

Alas! I burn; ay me! will none come quench me?

O cast, cast water on, alas! and drench me.

Fa la la.

This is only a sort of imitation of the Italian Ballet from Gastoldi:

“ A la strada—adio!

“ Ait’! ait’! oime! ch’ io son tradito,

“ O poverino me, ch’ io son ferito.”

Fa la.

The word *fire* in the original is spelt *fy-er*, with a separate note to each syllable. So also in No. CLXXXIX. to rhyme with *eye her*.

LXXXIV.

Why weeps, alas ! my lady love, and mistress ?

Sweet-heart, fear not ; what tho' a-while I leave thee ;
My life may fail, but I will not deceive thee.

These three lines are worth whole pages of the *sentimentalibus lacrymæ-roarum* descriptions, which novel writers give of true lovers' partings, and are far superior to the original :

“ Non dubitar ch' io t' abbandoni mai,
“ Dolce cor mio ; perchè tu sei mia vita,
“ E puoi sanar ogn' aspra mia ferita.”

His Canzonets to two voices, published 1595, are thus dedicated :

“ To the most vertuous and gentile Ladie, the Ladie
“ Periam.

“ Loe here most worthy Ladie, these Canzonets of mine,
“ like two wayting maydes desiring to attend upon you ;
“ destinated by my wife (even before they were born) unto
“ your Ladyship's service : not that for any great good or
“ beauty in them she thought them worthy of you ; but
“ that not being able as heretofore still to serve you, she
“ would that these therefore with their presence, should
“ make good and supply that her absence. For her sake,
“ then vouchsafe, gentle Ladie, to entertain them, having
“ no other thing to commend them to you for, but this,
“ that they are virgins, never having yet been once out at
“ doors, nor seen the fashions of the world abroad. And
“ therefore, notwithstanding perhaps in the highest degree
“ they shall not satisfy you, yet if they shall but in any

“ sort content you, I know that the greatest fault you will
 “ find in them shall be for their smallness: and so good
 “ Madame I cease farther to trouble; but not still to serve
 “ and honour you.

“ From London, the 17th of November, 1595.”

This set contains twenty-one compositions, nine of which are Fantasies for instruments alone. The words of the other twelve are for the most part wretched stuff, probably translated by Morley from the Italian. Five out of the number I find amongst the Madrigals of Felice Anerio, a first-rate Italian Composer, and here I must note that Morley has *borrowed* so exactly a few bars at the commencement of each of them, as in my opinion to take from himself the whole merit of being the original composer. In short such an impudent plagiarism I have seldom witnessed.

I shall content myself with the two following specimens.

LXXXV.

Go ye, my Canzonets, to my dear darling;
 And with your gentle dainty sweet accentings,
 Desire her to vouchsafe these my lamentings:
 And with a crownet of her rays supernal,
 T' adorn your locks, and make your name eternal.

Italian Version from Anerio's Madrigals.

“ Gitene, Canzonette, al mio bel sole;
 “ E con soavi e affettuosi accenti,
 “ Pregatelo ch' ascolti i miei lamenti;
 “ E di corona di suoi raggi superni,
 “ Vi cinga il crin, e'l vostro honor eterni.”

Literal enough to satisfy the most scrupulous translator!

Morley has published Anerio's music to Gitene Canzonette, in his Selection of Italian Madrigals to four voices, and has adapted it to the words "Long hath my love."

LXXXVI.

When lo ! by break of morning,
 My love herself adorning,
 Doth walk the woods so dainty
 Gathering sweet violets and cowslips plenty :
 The birds enamour'd sing, and praise my Flora.
 Lo ! here, (sing they) lo ! here a new Aurora.

Italian Version from Anerio's Madrigals.

" Quando la vaga Flori,
 " Nei matutini albori,
 " Premendo i verdi prati,
 " Sceglie fiori i piu lieti ed odorati ;
 " Cantan gl' augelli amorosetti all' hora,
 " Ecco la nova Aurora."

Anerio's music to this is also to be found in Morley's Italian Selection to four voices, adapted to these same English words.

In the year 1597 were published his "Canzonets or
 " little short aers to five and six voices, printed by Peter
 " Short, dwelling on Bread Street Hill, at the sign of the
 " Star." They are dedicated to "The Right Honorable
 " Sir George Carey, Knight, Marshal of Her Majesty's
 " Household, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Captain of the
 " Honorable Band of Her Highness' Gentlemen Pensioners,

“ Baron of Hunsdon, and Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty’s House.

“ My Right Honorable and good Lord ; of all those
 “ sweet and gracious favours which tied me to that dear
 “ Lord your father of happy and precious memory ; I still
 “ hold myself accountable to your Lordship, his true and
 “ absolute successor. Having therefore composed these
 “ few airs, I thought good to let them walk abroad this
 “ spring time to take the air : and if for their protection
 “ they may only wear the badge of your noble family, then
 “ shall they be right swans’ songs indeed, and never need
 “ fear either *Arne* or *Po*. I have also set them Tablature-
 “ wise to the Lute, in the Cantus book for one to sing and
 “ play alone when your Lordship would retire yourself and
 “ be more private : howbeit I wot well Your Lordship
 “ is never disfurnished of great choice of good voices,
 “ such indeed as are able to grace any man’s songs. Lo !
 “ then for that love which your Lordship bears to music,
 “ and that duty which I do, and all musicians ought to
 “ owe to your Lordship, I humbly recommend both them
 “ and myself to Your Lordship, and Your Lordship to God,
 “ and so I rest,

“ At Your Lordship’s service wholly to command,

“ THOMAS MORLEY.”

LXXXVII.

Fly love, that art so sprightly,
 To Bonny-boots* uprightly ;
 And when in Heav’n you meet him,
 Say that I kindly greet him ;
 And that his Oriana
 True widow maid still followeth Diana.

* See the following Madrigal.

LXXXVIII.

Our Bonny-boots could toot it, yea and foot it;
 Say, lusty lads, who now shall bonny-boot it?
 Who but the jolly shepherd, bonny Dorus*?
 He now must lead the morris dance before us.

In all works illustrative of antiquity, I have a great aversion to conjectures and guesses upon any subject; for this reason, that, owing to the indisposition of most people to use their own judgment and examine the matter for themselves, much comes in the course of time to be considered as *fact* which in reality is mere *assertion*, unsupported by proof. As, however, everything seems to be conjecture with regard to *Bonny-boots*, I suppose I must hazard one like the rest. *Well, as you guess?* Why, I guess with every one else that Bonny-boots was a nickname of some gallant high in favour with the lady Oriana (Queen Elizabeth), and if I understand the two foregoing Madrigals rightly, that he had recently died. If this inference be granted, the *conjecture* that the Earl of Essex was the individual, falls at once to the ground, for he was not beheaded till 1601, and the title page of Morley's work bears date 1597.

The name occurs twice in The Triumphs of Oriana:

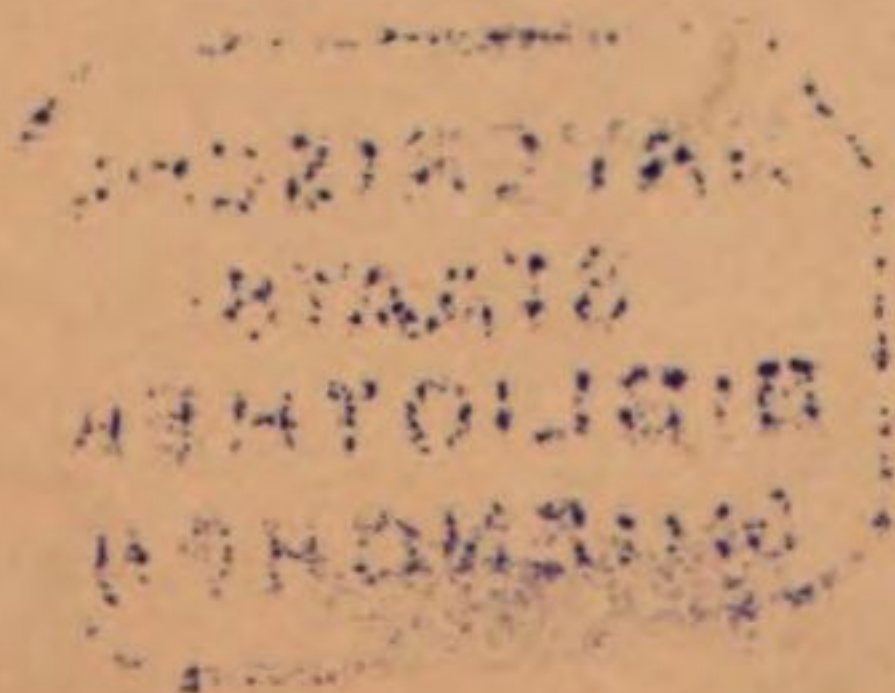
“ Thus Bonny-boots the birth-day celebrated
 “ Of her his lady dearest,
 “ Fair Oriana, which to his heart was nearest.”

And again,

“ For Bonny-boots, that so aloft could fetch it,
 “ O he is dead, and none of us can reach it.”

This affords good circumstantial proof that some of the

* Vide No. CVI.



Madrigals in the above-named collection were written at periods considerably antecedent to their publication in 1601 ; but more of this in the proper place.

It has frequently struck me with reference to the line, "Say, lusty lads, who now shall *bonny-boot* it?" that the term in question might have been the customary appellation of the foreman or principal dancer in the Morisco, but I find nothing in any of the descriptions of that dance to bear me out in the supposition. That there was a leader who was a greater man than his comrades appears from the old play of the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green;" wherein it is said of some one "that he hath a cloak laid "on with gold lace, and an embroidered jerkin, and thus "he is marching hither like the *Foreman of a Morrice*."

As for Sir J. Hawkins's notion that this personage might have been one Mr. Hale, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, who sang before the Queen at a solemn tilt in 1591, it is too absurd to be for a moment entertained. My own opinion is that the real Simon Pure is likely to remain for ever undiscovered ; and so he may for me !

Before quitting this subject, I will venture to throw out a random suggestion for a *derivation* of the word *Bonny-boots*. In Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* is the following stanza :

"I saw the bouncing *bellibone*,
 "Hey ho ! *bonnibel* !
 "Tripping o'er the dale alone ;
 "She can trip it very well."

Bellibone and Bonnibel signify a pretty young damsel, from the French *belle et bonne*. May not the words *bon et beau* have been corrupted into Bonny-boots, as a term for a handsome fellow ?

This idea may seem too far-fetched, but still it is worth noticing.



LXXXIX.

Love's folk* in green arraying,
 At Barley-break were playing.
 Laura in *Hell* was caught,
 Then O how Dorus laught!
 And said, good mistress, sith you
 Will needs thither, have with you.

“The Commentators on the word Barley-break,” (says Gifford in a note on Massinger, vol. i. 104.) “pile parallel passages one upon another, without explaining what the pastime was.” I cannot, however, say that his own explanation is much more luminous than that of the parallel passages. The most minute description is in *The Arcadia* of Sir P. Sidney, Book I. from which it appears to have been a game played by three couples appointed by lot to three stations: those in the middle station, called *Hell*, had to catch the others in their passage across the infernal region. A short extract will serve to show how the sport commenced:

“Then couples three be straight allotted there;
 “They of both ends the middle two do fly:
 “The two that in mid place (*Hell* called) are,
 “Must strive with waiting foot and watching eye
 “To catch of them, and them to *Hell* to bear,
 “That they as well as them *Hell* may supply:
 “(Like some which seek to salve their blotted name
 “With others blot, till all do taste of shame.)
 “There may you see, soon as the middle two
 “Do coupled towards either couple make,

* In modern copies *Love's folk* has been altered to *The Nymphs*.

"They false and fearful, do their hands undo :
 "Brother doth brother, friend doth friend forsake,
 "Heeding himself, cares not how fellow do,
 "But of a stranger mutual help doth take."

If I understand rightly the remainder of Sir P. Sidney's description, which is rather confused ; the couple pursued having, as stated in the above lines, loosed their hands in order to provide for their individual safety, endeavoured to make for the opposite couple, the lady to the gentleman, and the gentleman to the lady. If either were caught in the interim, he or she and the individual of the other couple who ought to have rendered assistance, were condemned to *Hell* in the next Barley-break.

There are many varieties and modifications of the game in different parts of the country. In Scotland it is still called "Barla-bracks about the stacks," and played by young people in a corn-yard. A stack is fixed upon as the *Dule*, or goal, and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out therefrom. He does not leave it till they are all out of sight ; then he sets off to catch them. Any one who is taken cannot run again with his former associates (being accounted a prisoner), but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken the game is finished ; and he who is first taken is bound to act as catcher in the next game.

Vide Jamieson's Etym. Dict.

In Sir J. Suckling's poems is an allegorical game at Barley-break, played by Love, Reason, and Hate, with Folly, Fancy, and Pride for mates.

"Love, Reason, Hate did once bespeak
 "Three mates to play at Barley-break ;
 "Love, Folly took ; and Reason, Fancy ;
 "And Hate consorts with Pride ; so dance they.
 "Love coupled last, and so it fell,
 "That Love and Folly were in Hell."

The writer of the *Annalia Dubrensis*, A.D. 1636, seems to have had a bad opinion of such like country sports, for he says,

“ dancing is a Jezabel
“ And *Barley-break* the ready way to Hell.”

The etymology of the word is nowhere attempted; it may very possibly be a corruption.

XC.

Love took his bow and arrow,
And slew his mother's sparrow*;
I know not how it chanced,
Perhaps his arrow glanced.
Away the wag him hied,
And then his mother cried:
Oh! how am I appayed!
My bird is dead; and now my boy is strayed!

I do not quite understand the meaning of this practical joke of Mr. Cupid.

XCI.

Lo! where with flow'ry head,
And hair all brightsome;
Rosy-cheek'd, crystal-eyed,
Ev'n weeping lightsome,

* Venus is sometimes represented drawn by a team of sparrows.

The fresh Aurora springeth ;
 And wanton Flora flingeth
 Amorous odours unto the winds delightful.
 Ah ! for pity and anguish
 Only my heart doth languish !

This is perhaps the prettiest specimen of poetry to be found amongst Morley's Madrigals. The music for lightness and elegance is also pre-eminent.

XCII.

My Nymph the dear, and her my dear I follow :
 Truss'd is her hair in gold than gold more yellow.
 Say, did you see her ; the divinest creature
 That ever was of feature ?
 O Love, the world's sweet maker,
 Change her mood, and more human-minded make her.

XCIII.

I follow, lo ! the footing still of my lovely cruel :
 Proud of herself, that she is beauty's jewel :
 And fast away she flieth, love's sweet delight deriding,
 In woods and groves sweet, sweet nature's treasure hiding.
 Yet cease I not pursuing ; but since I thus have sought her,
 Will run me out of breath, till I have caught her.

This is one of Morley's master-pieces. The adaptation of the music to the concluding line is very ingenious, the

parts being so contrived as that the voices seem to be pursuing each other up and down the gamut, and it requires good lungs not to be out of breath in the pursuit.

XCIV.

Stay, heart, run not so fast from him that loves thee,
To her that deadly hates thee.
Her sharp disdain reproves thee,
And worse than ill still rates thee.
Then let her go, and spare not ;
Hold thou thyself contented and I care not.
Up, gentle swains, we'll have a round this morrow,
My love is gone, and with her go my sorrow.
O vile wretch ! that so base a mind can carry ;
Thou lov'dst her once, and why now dost thou vary ?
Then straight away I haste me,
And after her will run while life shall last me.
Ah ! death his force now trieth ;
Flora, farewell, for, lo ! thy shepherd dieth.

A good picture of the conflicting passions in a lover's breast. One minute he is all proud disdain ;—*let her go, I care not !* the next sees him at his mistress's feet, vowing to expire by reason of her cruelty.

The eighth line reminds me of Lockit's song in the Beggar's Opera :

“ I hang your husband, child, 't is true,
“ But with him hang your care.”

XCV.

Hark ! Hallelujah ! cheerly
With angels now he singeth,
That here loved music dearly :
Whose echo Heaven ringeth,
Where thousand Cherubs hover
About th' eternal Mover.

This is entitled "A reverend memorial of that honorable true gentleman, Henry Noel, Esquier," one of the Court gallants of those times, who died in 1596, and upon whose name Queen Elizabeth made the following rebus :

"The word of denial, and letter of fifty,
"Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty."

Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

Of the two following works Morley was merely the Editor.

"Canzonets, or little short Songs to four voices, selected
"out of the best and approved Italian Authors, by Thomas
"Morley, Gent. of Her Majesty's Chapel. Imprinted at
"London, by Peter Short, dwelling on Bread Street Hill,
"at the sign of the Star, and are there to be sold, 1597."

"Madrigals to five voices, selected out of the best approved Italian Authors, by Thomas Morley, Gent. of Her
"Majesty's Royal Chapel. At London, printed by Thomas
"Este, 1598."

The first of these publications is dedicated to "The
"Worshipful Maister Henrie Tapsfield, Citizen and Grocer

"of the Cittie of London," and contains twenty Madrigals ; the last, to "The Worshipful Sir Gervis Clifton, Knight," and contains twenty-four. The poetry (probably by Morley himself,) is so wretched, that I only insert a few that are in use at the Madrigal Society.

XCVI.

Lo ! Ladies, where my love comes,
All clad in green, and youthfully he shows it.
Heart's grief none feels, but she that soundly knows it.
My heart will break asunder,
And daunt my senses more than bolts of thunder ;
Rest sweetly in his keeping,
Which causeth me to wake, when he lies sleeping.

Music by Rugiero Giovanelli, 1580.

XCVII.

My Lady still abhors me,
Supposing by her flying
Some time to breed my dying.
Slay me, slay me ; fly me, fly me :
Yet your flight shall not destroy me.

Music by Giov. Ferretti, 1575.

XCVIII.

Delay breeds danger, and how may that be wrested ;
 By slaight to shun delaying.
 Very vile is that vice, ever detested ;
 Each lover's suit bewraying.
 Thrice happy men do say, is that sweet wooing,
 Where love may still be noted swift in doing.

Music by Rugiero Giovanelli, 1580.

The old proverb is,

“Blessed is the wooing
 “That is not long a doing.”

“What needs,” quoth Burton, “such scrupulosity, so
 “many circumstances? Dido and Æneas were accidentally
 “driven by a storm both into one cave, and made a match
 “upon it. A certain Lacedæmonian gentleman had a
 “many daughters to bestow, and means enough for them
 “all: he never stood enquiring after great matches, as
 “others used to do, but sent for a company of brave young
 “gallants home to his house, and bid his daughters choose
 “every one, one whom she liked best, and take him for her
 “husband without more ado; which act of his was much
 “approved in those times.”

XCIX.

Hark and give ear, you lovers so besotted ;
 No life, no breath ; and yet no death allotted.
 Phillis fair gave me a flower
 Wherein my heart was lodged in a strong tower ;

She of that flower bereft me ;
 And stealing fled, and comfortless she left me.
 What pangs are those, 'twixt life and death so striving,
 That steal the heart, and give the life reviving !

Music by Giulio Belli.

Exceedingly incomprehensible !

THE TRIUMPHS OF ORIANA.

“ The Triumphs of Oriana, to five and six voices, composed by divers several authors, newly published by Thomas Morley, Bachelor of Music, and one of the Gentlemen of Her Majesty’s Honorable Chappel, 1601, in London, printed by Thomas Este, the Assignee of Thomas Morley.”

“ To the Right Honorable the Lord Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Baron of Effingham, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland and Wales, &c. one of Her Majesty’s most Honorable Privy Council.

“ Right Honorable,

“ I have adventured to dedicate these few discordant tunes to be censured by the ingenious disposition of Your Lordship’s Honorable rare perfection ; persuading myself that these labours, composed by me and others, (as in the survey thereof Your Lordship may well perceive) may not by any means pass, without the malignity of some malicious Momus, whose malice (being as toothsome as the adder’s sting,) couched in the progress of a wayfaring man’s passage, might make him retire though almost at his journey’s end. Two special motives have emboldened

“ me, Right Honorable, in this my proceeding. First, for
 “ that I consider, that as the body cannot be without the
 “ shadow, so Homer, the prince of Poets, may not be with-
 “ out a Zoilus. The second and last (the most forcible
 “ motive) is that I know (not only by report, but also by
 “ experience), your Lordship to be not only *Philomusus*, a
 “ lover of the muses, and of learning; but *Philomathes*, a
 “ person always desirous (though in all arts sufficiently
 “ skilful), to come to a more high perfection or *summum*
 “ *bonum*. I will not trouble your Lordship with too tedious
 “ circumstances, only I humbly entreat your Lordship, in
 “ the name of many, to patronage this work, with no less
 “ acceptance than I with a willing and kind heart dedicate
 “ it: so shall I think the *initium* of this work not only hap-
 “ pily begun, but to be finited with a more happy period.

“ Your Honour’s devoted in all duty,

“ THOMAS MORLEY.”

Before proceeding with the remarks on *The Triumphs of Oriana*, it may be well to take some little notice of the word *Triumph*. “ The pompous shows and pageants so
 “ denominated, and commonly used at the Coronations of
 “ Emperors, Kings and Princes; at their Marriages, Entry
 “ of Cities, Interviews, Progresses and Funerals; were first
 “ invented and practised by the Romans: and albeit our
 “ Princes of Europe, in respect of Christian Religion, do
 “ in some sort condemn excess of mundane glory; yet have
 “ they ever lived royally, and at occasions *triumphed* with
 “ princely honours and greatness.

“ There be also *Triumphs* Military or Tournaments for
 “ the honour and love of Ladies. So we find that King
 “ Edward the Third happening to fall in love with a noble
 “ lady of his kingdom, and desiring both to honour her,
 “ and please himself with her presence, convited all noble
 “ ladies to behold a *Triumph* at London to be there per-
 “ formed by the nobles and gentlemen of his court. After

“ these *Triumphs* upon particular grand occasions, we may
 “ not forget the ordinary exercises at arms, yearly used in
 “ memory of the applause of Her Majesty’s subjects at the
 “ day of her most happy ascension to the Crown of En-
 “ gland; which yearly Triumphs solemnized the 17th of
 “ November, were first begun and occasioned by the right
 “ virtuous and honorable Sir Henry Lea, Master of Her
 “ Highness’ Armoury (of whom see more under No.
 “ CLXIII.)” *Vide Honour Civil and Military by Sir W.*
Segar, 1602.

The application of the word *triumph* to a poem or book in praise of a real or imaginary personage, instead of to a visible pageant, is thus very naturally to be accounted for*. Of such kind is “*Il Trionfo di Dori*,” a collection of Madrigals by different authors in praise of some Italian dame, published before the year 1597; and from which in all probability, (as Mr. Hawes justly observes,) the idea of a similar collection in this country was taken. That by *Oriana* is meant Queen Elizabeth there can be no doubt; but the idle tale related by Sir John Hawkins, that the work in question was undertaken with a view to alleviate her grief for the death of the Earl of Essex, and that prizes were given by the Earl of Nottingham for the best composition for that purpose, I take to be mere conjecture of the worthy Knight himself. He gives no authority, nor do I believe that anything is known of the origin of the work beyond what appears in the title-page and dedication above given, which throw no light whatever upon the subject. The poetry (if such it can be called) of these Madrigals is very similar to that of *Il Trionfo di Dori*, as is also their burden or conclusion; the Italian being

“ Cantiam Ninfe e Pastori,
 “ Viva la bella Dori.”

* Petrarch wrote “*Il trionfo d’amore, della fama, della castita, e del tempo.*”

And the English version,

“ Then sang the Nymphs and Shepherds of Diana,
“ Long live fair Oriana.”

As to the appellation Oriana, I see no reason for mysteriously supposing with Sir J. Hawkins, that there must be some secret piece of history in the case. Queen Elizabeth was a woman of inordinate vanity, even at the age of three-score and ten, and delighted in the names of *Cynthia*, *Diana*, and such like. Her flatterers therefore could not gratify her more than by styling her *Oriana*, who was the heroine of the well-known romance *Amadis de Gaul*; and of course, as all heroines of Romance are, the most beautiful and virtuous woman in the world. How D’Espes, the Spanish Ambassador, could libel her under the double title of Amadis Oriana I know not; but so it was, according to Camden (anno 1569). *Libellos famosos spargit, in quibus Reginae existimationem contumeliosè atterit sub nomine Amadis Orianæ.*

The title *Oriana* was also continued to her successor or I should rather say her successor’s wife; for the following lines were sung at an entertainment given to James and his consort Anne at Althorp, 1603:

“ Long live Oriana,

“ To exceed (as she succeeds) our late Diana.”

Nichols’s Progresses.

Some wag has in this instance favoured us with a derivation of the word—quasi *Oriens Anna*!!

Although the *Triumphs of Oriana* were not published till the year 1601 (at least that is the date of the earliest edition extant), yet in 1597 the idea had been acted upon by Nicholas Yonge in his second Book of Musica Transalpina; for therein is the well-known madrigal by Giovanni Croce from *Il Trionfo di Dori* adapted to the English words “ Hard by a crystal fountain,” and ending with the burden “ Long live fair Oriana,” to which version Morley

has adapted one of his own compositions in *The Triumphs of Oriana*. That some such conceit about the Lady Oriana was current at least four years before the publication of *The Triumphs*, is also evident from this circumstance, viz. that she and her friend Bonny-boots are mentioned in two of Morley's Canzonets to Five Voices printed 1597; see Nos. LXXXVII and LXXXVIII.

In addition to the twenty-five Madrigals of which the original publication consists, some others, which had not been sent to the editor in time, or were written afterwards in imitation, have been added to the collection. I have recently met with one hitherto unknown to me, composed by Thomas Vautor B.M. 1619; see No. CCCXLIII; it is a farewell supposed to be written after Oriana's death.

The poetry, as stated before, is quite in the Italian vein, but for the most part expressed in such wretched doggrel rhymes, as would disgrace the veriest tyro in Grub-street.

The whole of them being already printed in Mr. Richard Clarke's Collection of Glees, &c. I shall content myself with eight by way of specimens.

C.

Hence ! stars, too dim of light ;
 You dazzle but the sight ;
 You teach to grope by night ;
 See here the shepherds star,
 Excelling you so far.

Then Phœbus wiped his eyes,
 And Zeph'rus clear'd the skies.

In sweet accented cries

Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
 Long live fair Oriana.

Music by Mich. Este.

CI.

All creatures now are merry-minded,
The shepherds' daughters playing,
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing ;
Yon bugle was well-winded.
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth,
The flowers themselves discover,
Birds over her do hover,
Music the time beguileth.
See where she comes, with flow'ry garlands crowned ;
Queen of all Queens renowned :
Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Music by J. Bennet.

CII.

Fair Oriana, beauty's Queen,
Tripp'd along the verdant green :
The fauns and satyrs running out,
Skipped and danced round about.
Flora forsook her painted bowers,
And made a coronet of flowers ;
Then sang the nymphs of chaste Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Music by John Hilton, B.M.

The title *Beauty's Queen* but ill accords with the following description of Elizabeth by Paul Hentzner in his Itinerary, A.D. 1598. "Next came the Queen, in the 65th year of her age, as we were told, very majestic, her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled ; her eyes small yet black and

“ pleasant : her nose hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth
“ black, a defect the English seem subject to from their
“ too great use of sugar. She wore false hair, and that
“ *red.*”

CIII.

Thus Bonny-boots the birth day celebrated
Of her his Lady dearest ;
Fair Orian, which to his heart was nearest.
The nymphs and shepherds feasted
With clouted cream were, and to sing requested.
Lo ! here the fair, created
(Quoth he) the world's chief goddess.
Sing then, for she is Bonny-boot's sweet mistress.
Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Music by John Holmes.

If my reasoning with regard to Bonny-boots be correct these lines must have been written before the year 1597, (vide No. LXXXVIII.) in honour of one of the days for which Lud. Lloyd in 1591 published his “ *Triplicitie of Triumphs*, three most happy joyful and triumphant days “ in September, November, and January, being the Queen's “ birth, accession, and coronation.”

CIV.

The Lady Oriana

Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana*.

And on her grace a thousand graces tended.

And thus sang they, fair Queen of peace and plenty ;

The fairest Queen of twenty.

Then with an olive wreath, for peace renowned,

Her virgin head they crowned.

Which ceremony ended,

Unto her grace the thousand graces bended.

Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,

Long live fair Oriana.

Music by John Wilbye.

CV.

Hard by a crystal fountain,

Orian the bright lay down a sleeping :

The birds they finely chirp'd, the winds were stilled ;

Sweetly with these accentings th' air was filled.

This is the fair whose head a crown deserveth,

Which heaven for her reserveth :

Leave, shepherds, your lambs keeping,

Upon the barren mountain ;

And, nymphs, attend on her, and leave your bowers,

For she the shepherds' life maintains and yours.

Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,

Long live fair Oriana.

Music by T. Morley and Giov. Croce.

These words were adapted to the music of Giovanni

* Vide Note on No. CLXXXII.

Croce from *Il Trionfo di Dori*, by Nich. Yonge, in his 2nd Book of Musica Transalpina, published A.D. 1597.

CVI.

Come, blessed bird ! and with thy sugred relish,
Help our declining quire now to embellish ;
For Bonny-boots that so aloft could fetch it,
Ah ! he is dead, and none of us can reach it.
Then tune to us, sweet bird, thy shrill recorder,
And I, Elpin and Dorus
For fault of better will serve in the chorus.
Begin ; and we will follow thee in order.
Then sang the wood-born minstrel of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Music by Edw. Johnson.

It seems probable that some one of notoriety figured under the appellation of Dorus as well as of Bonny-boots ; for in Morley's Madrigal, No. LXXXVIII., the shepherd *bonny Dorus* is recommended as successor to the other in the office of leader of the Morris dance.

CVII.

When Oriana walk'd to take the air,
The world did strive to entertain the fair,
By Flora fair the sweetest flowers were strown
Along the way for her to tread upon ;
The trees did blossom, silver rivers ran,
The wind did gently play upon her fan :

And then for to delight her grace's ear,
 The woods a temple seem'd, the birds a quire.
 Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
 Long live fair Oriana.

Music by Thos. Bateson.

This is the best poetry in the set. Being sent in too late, it did not appear in the original work, but was printed in 1604 with Bateson's Madrigals.

THOMAS WEEBKES,

As appears by the title-pages of his different publications, was in 1600 organist of Winchester College, and in 1608, of Chichester Cathedral. For originality of ideas, and ingenuity of construction in part writing, (I allude more especially to his Ballets,) Weelkes in my opinion leaves all other composers of his time far behind.

His first work in order of date is, "Madrigals to three, four, five, or six Voices, printed by Thomas Este, 1597," dedicated as follows: "To the Right Worshipful Master George Phillpot, Esquire, Thos. Weelkes wisheth all joy, health, and felicity.

"Right Worshipful, your undeserved love, and liberal goodwill toward me; your natural disposition, and accustomed favour to all music; the one hath provoked me to presume of your patronage, the other compelled me to present before you these six dishes full of divers Madrigals, the first fruits of my barren ground, unripe in regard of time; unsavoury in respect of others; not much delightful, only *once* to look upon, for *at first* men's eyes are not matches; not sweet only *once* to taste of, for presently the pallet cannot give passage to his savoury sentence.

“Therefore taste, and again, I pray you, if they like
 “your appetite; spare not my orchard; if they offend your
 “stomach, lay them by to ripen, and you shall prove of
 “my latter vintage. Thus leaving my labours to your
 “Worship’s good liking, and persuading myself of your
 “continual countenance, I humbly take my leave.

“Your Worship’s ever to command,

“THOMAS WHEELKES.”

This set contains twenty-four Madrigals, one of which, *My flocks feed not*, although written by Shakspeare (vide *The Passionate Pilgrim*,) I have not reprinted; as the music is seldom or never met with, and the verses are but poor stuff, like many of the *Rhymes* of that mighty master.

CVIII.

Now ev’ry tree renews its summer’s green,
 Why is your heart in winter’s garments clad?
 Your beauty says, my love is summer’s Queen;
 But your cold love like winter makes me sad.
 Then either spring with huds of love again,
 Or else congeal my thoughts with your disdain.

CIX.

Young Cupid hath proclaim’d a bloody war,
 And vows revenge on all the maiden crew:
 Oh! yield, fair Cloris, lest in the foul jar
 Thine after penance makes thy folly rue.
 And yet I fear, her wondrous beauty’s such,
 A thousand Cupids dare not Cloris touch!

Set also for three voices by Michael Este, A.D. 1604.

It is a favorite conceit with Poets to represent their mistresses as more powerful than Cupid, who is said to rule all the world besides. M. Dorat has prettily expressed it in his translation of one of the *Basia* of *Secundus*:

“L'Amour soumet la terre, assujettit les cieux ;
 “Les Rois sont à ses pieds, il gouverne les Dieux.
 “Il est maître absolu : mais *Thaïs* aujourd'hui
 “L'emporte sur les Rois, sur les Dieux, et sur *lui*.”

CX.

Ah me ! my wonted joys forsake me,
 And deep despair doth overtake me ;
 I whilome sung, but now I weep :
 Thus sorrows run, when joys do creep.
 I wish to live, and yet I die ;
 For love hath wrought my misery.

CXI.

Our country swains in the morris dance
 Thus woo and win their brides ;
Will for our town, for *Kate* the next prance,
 The Hobby-horse at pleasure frolic rides.
 I woo with tears, yet ne'er the near*,
 I die in grief and live in fear.

The Morris dance, &c. is treated of at large under Morley's Madrigal, “Ho, who comes there?” No. LXXIV. From the expression *Will* for our *Town*, I should imagine that there was occasionally a sort of friendly contention in the

* Vide No. XVIII.

sports between neighbouring villages; which idea is rather corroborated by a passage from an old play called the *Vow-breaker* by Samson, A.D. 1636: "Let the Major "play the Hobby-horse an' he will; I hope *our Town lads* "cannot want a Hobby-horse." See also the following Madrigal.

CXII.

Lo! country sport that seldom fades;
 A garland of the spring,
 A prize for dancing country maids
 With merry pipes we bring.
 Then all at once for *our town* cries,
 Pipe on, for we will have the prize.

See the preceding Madrigal.

CXIII.

Those sweet delightful lillies
 Which nature gave my Phillis,
 Ah me! each hour make me to languish,
 So grievous is my pain and anguish.

A translation of the following Italian stanza set to music by Weelkes in his "*Ayres or Phantastic Spirits*, A.D. 1608."

"I bei ligustri e rose,
 "Ch' in voi Natura pose,
 "Donna gentil, mi fann' ogn' hor morire;
 "Si grave è la mia pena, e'l mio martire."

The English version is also set by Thomas Bateson, A.D. 1604.

CXIV.

Retire, my thoughts, unto your rest again ;
 Your proffer'd service may incur disdain :
 The dice are cast, and if the gamesters please,
 I'll take my chance, and rest myself at ease.

A true philosophical frame of mind ; as much as to say,
 I'll not allow myself to be over anxious or discomposed
 about that which no efforts or acts of my own can alter
 either one way or the other :—the *magna voluptas* or *sum-
 mum bonum* of Epicurus.

In 1598, Weelkes published a set of twenty-three “ Bal-
 lets and Madrigals to five voices, with one for six voices,”
 dedicated to “ the Right Worshipful his Master, Edward
 “ Darcy, Esquire, Groom of Her Majesty's Privy Cham-
 “ ber.” In the dedication he speaks of his years being un-
 ripened.

CXV.

All at once well met, fair ladies,
 Sing we now our love repaid is.
 Sweethearts do not forsake us,
 Till night to sleep betake us.

Fa la.

Citherea shall requite you
 With delight, lest sorrow fright you ;
 Then help, ye dainty ladies,
 To sing, our love repaid is.

Fa la.

CXVI.

To shorten winter's sadness,
 See where the Nymphs with gladness
 Disguised all are coming,
 Right wantonly a mumming.

Fa la.

Mumming "consisted in an interchange of dress between
 "men and women, who in each others habits went from
 "one neighbour's house to another, and partook of their
 "Christmas cheer, and made merry with them in disguise,
 "by dancing and singing and such like merriments."

Bourne's Vulg. Antiq.

The custom is still kept up in many parts of the country.
 Those engaged in the frolic are in England called *Mum-*
mers, in Scotland *Guisarts*. In Henry the Eighth's reign,
 in consequence of many abuses, an ordinance was published,
 that no persons should appear abroad like mummers, cover-
 ing their faces with vizors, and in disguised apparel, under
 pain of three months imprisonment.

CXVII.

Whilst youthful sports are lasting,
 To feasting turn our fasting ;
 With revels and with wassails,
 Make grief and care our vassals.

Fa la.

For youth it well beseemeth,
 That pleasure he esteemeth ;
 And sullen age is hated,
 That mirth would have abated.

Fa la.

CXVIII.

On the plains,
 Fairy trains
 Were a treading measures :
 Satyrs play'd,
 Fairies stay'd
 At the stops set leisures.

Nymphs begin
 To come in
 Quickly thick and threefold ;
 Now they dance,
 Now they prance,
 Present there to behold.

To *tread a measure* was the common phrase for dancing.
 Thus Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. 2.

“ we have *measured* many miles :

“ To *tread a measure* with you on this grass.”

“ At the stops set leisures ” refers, I presume, to certain congés or curtesies which took place according to the old fashion at the pauses in the music.

CXIX.

Sweetheart arise, why do you sleep,
 When lovers wanton sports do keep?
 The sun doth shine, the birds do sing,
 And May delight and joy doth bring :
 Then join we hands, and dance till night :
 'Tis pity love should want his right.

CXX.

Give me my heart, and I will go,
Or else forsake your wonted *no*.

No, no, no.

But since my dear doth doubt me,
With *no* I mean to flout thee.

No, no, no.

Yet there is hope we shall agree,
For double *no* importeth *yea*.

No, no, no.

If that be so, my dearest,
With *no, no, no*, my heart thou cheerest.

No, no, no.

CXXI.

Say, dainty dames, shall we go play ;
And run among the flowers gay,
About the vallies and high hills,
Which Flora with her glory fills ?
The gentle heart will soon be won,
To dance and sport till day be done.

CXXII.

Phillis, go take thy pleasure—
My heart thou now hast broken !
Go, frolic there *sans* measure ;
These wounds thy looks laid open.
Engraven there Phillis may find,
“ Phillis is fair—but too unkind ! ”

CXXIII.

In pride of May
 The fields are gay ;
 The birds do sweetly sing :
 So nature would
 That all things should
 With joy begin the spring.

Fa la.

Then, Lady dear,
 Do you appear
 In beauty like the spring :
 I well dare say
 The birds that day
 More cheerfully will sing.

Fa la.

An' it were not for the "sweet and merry month of May"
 what would become of lovers and poets? Well might our
 Royal Scot exclaim,

"Worship, all ye that lovers bin, this May,

"For of your bliss the kalends are begun ;

"And sing with us, away, winter, away !

"Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun."

The King's Quair, by James the First, Canto ii.

"Love, whose month is ever May," sings Shakspeare.
 In short, page after page might be filled with quotations in
 its praise, but I question if many would present a prettier
 or more natural picture than the above Madrigal. Pity it
 is, that "cold December" should ever cause its brightness
 to fade !

CXXIV.

Sing we at pleasure,
 Content is our treasure ;
 Sweet love shall keep the ground,
 While we his praises sound.
 All shepherds in a ring
 Shall dancing ever sing.

Fa la.

“ Shall dancing ever sing ” is in accordance with the meaning of the word *Ballet* as given in my former little treatise on Madrigals ; viz., a light species of music which was sung and danced to at the same time. So also in one of Morley’s Ballets, No. LXXVI. it is described of Thirsis and Chloris, how

“ they danced to and fro, and finely flaunted it,
 “ And then both met again, and thus they chaunted it.”

Burton says that in his time nothing was so familiar in France, as for citizens’ wives and maids to dance a *round* in the streets ; and often too, for want of better instruments, *to make good music of their own voices, and dance after it.*

“ After the music had sounded his Madrigale, Philamour
 “ took Harpaste by the hand, and thus applied his song to
 “ the melody.”—*Euphues’ Shadow*, by T. Lodge, 1590.

CXXV.

Sing shepherds after me,
 Our hearts do never disagree :
 No war can spoil us of our store,
 Our wealth is ease, we wish no more.

Black is our look, we go not brave*,
A merry heart is all we have.

Fa la.

And what better thing canst thou have, I prythee, good shepherd? Does not the son of Sirach say, "Gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days?"—*Ecclus.* xxx. 22.

CXXVI.

Welcome sweet pleasure,
My wealth and treasure;
To haste our playing
There's no delaying.
This mirth delights me
When sorrow frights me.

Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

Sorrow, content thee;
Mirth must prevent thee:
Tho' much thou grievest,
Thou none relievest:
Joy, come delight me,
Tho' sorrow spite me.

Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

Grief is disdainful,
Sottish and painful:

* Finely dressed.

Then wait on pleasure,
 And lose no leisure.
 Heart's ease it lendeth,
 And comfort sendeth.
 Then sing we all

Fa la la la la.

CXXVII.

Lady, your eye my love enforced ;
 But your proud look my heart divorced :
 That now I laugh, and now I cry,
 And now I sing before I die.

Fa la.

CXXVIII.

We shepherds sing, we pipe, we play,
 With pretty sport we pass the day :
 We care for no gold,
 But with our fold
 We dance
 And prance
 As pleasure would.

Fa la.

CXXIX.

Come clap thy hands, thou shepherd swain,
 Phillis doth love thee once again :
 If thou agree, then sing with me,
 Phillis my choice of choice shall be.

Phillis hath sworn she loves the man,
 That knows what's love, and love her can !
 Philemon then must needs agree,
 Phillis my choice of choice shall be.

Brava ! fair Phillis.—A rare wench I warrant,—one who liketh not your shilly-shally lovers, and tedious courtships,—but word and blow—no sooner said than done. Post-chaise and four,—Gretna green,—harmonious Blacksmith, &c., and a fig for Papa and Mama, Uncles, Aunts, Guardians, or Courts of Chancery.

CXXX.

Farewell my joy,
 Farewell my love and pleasure ;
 To sport and toy
 We have no longer leisure.

Farewell, adieu !
 Until our next consorting.
 Sweet love, be true ;
 And thus we end our sporting.

Fa la.

A pretty adieu ! In the hope that thou wilt be true,
 quoth the shepherd, I will rest happy until we meet again.

CXXXI.

Now is my Cloris fresh as May,
 All clad in green and flowers gay.
 Oh ! might I think August were near,
 That harvest joy might soon appear.

But she keeps May throughout the year,
 And August never comes the near*.
 Yet will I hope, though she be May,
 August will come another day.

His next work is "Madrigals of five and six parts, (ten
 "in number) apt for the viols and voices, made and newly
 "published by Thomas Wheelkes of the College at Win-
 "chester, Organist. At London, printed by Thos. Este,
 "1600.

"To the truly noble, virtuous, and honorable, my very
 "good Lord Henry, Lord Winsor, Baron of Bradenham.

"My Lord, in the College at Winchester, where I live,
 "I have heard learned men say that some philosophers have
 "mistaken the soul of man for an harmony: let the pre-
 "cedent of their error be a privilege for mine. I see not,
 "if souls do not partly consist of music, how it should
 "come to pass that so noble a spirit as your's, so perfectly
 "tuned to so perpetual a *tenor* of excellence as it is, should
 "descend to the notice of a quality lying single in so low
 "a personage as myself. But in music the *base* part is no
 "disgrace to the best ears' attendancy. I confess my con-
 "science is untoucht with any other arts, and I hope my
 "confession is unsuspected: many of us musicians think it
 "as much praise to be somewhat more than musicians as it
 "is for gold to be somewhat more than gold, and if *Jack*
 "*Cade* were alive, yet some of us might live, unless we
 "should think, as the artisans in the Universities of Poland
 "and Germany think, that the Latin tongue comes by
 "reflection. I hope your Lordship will pardon this pre-
 "sumption of mine; the rather, because I know before

* Vide No. XVIII.

“ Nobility I am to deal sincerely ; and this small faculty of
 “ mine, because it is alone in me, and without the assist-
 “ ance of other more confident sciences, is the more to be
 “ favored and the rather to be received into your honour’s
 “ protection ; so shall I observe you with as humble and
 “ as true an heart, as he whose knowledge is as large as
 “ the world’s creation, and as earnestly pray for you to the
 “ world’s Creator,

“ Your Honor’s in all humble service,

“ THOMAS WHEELKES.”

Mr. Wheelkes is here rather severe upon certain of his brother musicians who seem to have been in the habit of affecting a knowledge of other sciences besides their own. He very modestly disclaims all such learning on the part of himself.

CXXXII.

Cold winter’s ice is fled and gone,
 And summer brags on ev’ry tree.
 The Redbreast peeps amidst the throng
 Of woodborn birds that wanton be.
 Each one forgets what they have been,
 And so doth Phillis, Summer’s Queen.

What would not a Cockney sonneteer give to be able to write anything like the first four lines of this ditty ! How far superior is such a sketch to all the trash about *Mermaids* and *grottoes* in the *deep, deep sea*, or about

“ Two little birds that whistled thirds

“ Behind my father’s house.”*

* Vide the bills of two or three concerts this season. Were I to make further extracts from the glee from which this quotation is given, I feel confident I should not be believed. Such a specimen I never witnessed from the press of the Seven Dials.

Nature is nature all the world over! Witness a similar scene described by others:

“The winter it is past,
 “And the summer’s come at last;
 “And the small birds sing on every tree.”

Old Scotch Ballad.

and again,

“Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the
 “flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of
 “birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our
 “land.”—*Solomon’s Song*, ii. 11.

CXXXIII.

Now let us make a merry greeting,
 And thank young Cupid for our meeting.
 My heart is full of joy and pleasure,
 Since thou art here, my only treasure.
 Now will we dance and sport and play,
 And sing a merry roundelay.

CXXXIV.

Take here my heart, I give it thee for ever!
 No better pledge can love to love deliver.
 Fear not, my dear, it will not fly away;
 For hope and love command my heart to stay:
 But if thou doubt desire will make it range,
 Love but my heart, my heart will never change.

CXXXV.

O Care! thou wilt dispatch me,
 If Music do not match thee:
 So deadly thou dost sting me,
 Mirth only help can bring me.

Fa la.

Hence, Care, thou art too cruel!
 Come, Music, sick man's jewel.
 His force had well nigh slain me,
 But thou must now sustain me.

Fa la.

“Music, mirth, and merry company are,” according to Burton, “amongst the most special remedies for Melancholy. *Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ*, a roaring-meg against Melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits. Be it instrumental, vocal, with strings or wind, it cures all irksomeness or heaviness of the mind.”

CXXXVI.

Why are you, ladies, staying,
 And your lords gone a Maying?
 Run, run apace and meet them,
 And with your garlands greet them;
 'T were pity they should miss you,
 For they will sweetly kiss you.

Hark, hark, I hear some dancing,
 And a nimble Morris prancing.

The bagpipe and the Morris-bells
 That they are not far hence, us tells.
 Come let us all go thither,
 And dance like friends together.

For a description of May sports and Morris-dancing,
 see Nos. CCCXLIII. and LXXIV.

CXXXVII.

Lady, the birds right fairly
 Are singing ever early :
 The Lark, the Thrush, the Nightingale,
 The make-sport Cuckoo and the Quail ;
 These sing of Love ; then why sleep ye ?
 To love your sleep it may not be.

In the same year (1600) he published a set of ten "Ma-
 "drigals of six parts, apt for the viols and voices," inscribed
 to "the right noble-minded, and most virtuous gentleman,
 "Maister George Brooke, Esquier." The dedication con-
 tains nothing worthy of notice.

CXXXVIII.

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
 Joining a thund'ring fight—each scorns to yield.
 So in my heart, your beauty and my reason :
 One claims the crown, the other says 't is treason.
 But, oh ! your beauty shineth as the sun ;
 And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

CXXXIX.

When Thoralis delights to walk,
The Fairies do attend her.
They sweetly sing, and sweetly talk,
And sweetly do commend her.
The Satyrs leap, and dance the round,
And make their *congés** to the ground;
And evermore their song it is,
Long may'st thou live, fair Thoralis.

It is not at all improbable that Queen Elizabeth is here eulogized under the name of Thoralis, for she had as many *aliases* as an Old Bailey convict. The poetry is a mere variation of the strains in *Il Trionfo di Dori* and *The Triumphs of Oriana*.

CXL.

Three times a day my prayer is,
To gaze my fill on Thoralis;
And three times thrice I daily pray,
Not to offend that sacred May†.
But all the year my suit must be,
That I may please, and she love me.

* Reverential salutations.

† Maid.

CXLI.

Mars in a fury 'gainst Love's brightest Queen,
 Put on his helm, and took him to his lance :
 And marching to the mount, this god was seen,
 And to the foe his ensigns did advance.
 And by Heav'ns greatest gates he stoutly swore,
 Venus should die, for she had wrong'd him sore.

From a work by Robert Green, (who died 1592,) called *Ciceronis Amor*. There are three stanzas more, describing how Venus put on all her smiles and looked so beautiful, that Mars for fear threw all his armour down, and vowed never to be so angry again.

CXLII.

Thule*, the period of cosmography,
 Doth vaunt of Hecla ; whose sulphureous fire
 Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the sky ;
 Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not higher.
 These things seem wondrous—yet more wondrous I,
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry†.

The Andelusian merchant that returns,
 Laden with cochineal and China dishes ;
 Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo‡ burns,
 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.
 These things seem wondrous,—yet more wondrous I,
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

* Iceland, the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients.

† Greybeard, thy love doth freeze

———— but thine doth fry.—*Taming of the Shrew*, act ii.

‡ Tierra del Fuego.

This is a splendid specimen of what the author of the *Rejected Addresses* would denominate *Pathos and Bathos delightful to see*. If so many hard words and so much geographical lore were to be introduced in a song of the present day, ladies and gentlemen would be obliged to carry about with them to public concerts a pocket edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and Brookes's Gazetteer.

The second stanza refers to the wonderful stories related by the Spanish navigators, of what they saw in doubling Cape Horn, or passing through the Straits of Magellan; "in which place to the southward" (says one Mr. T. Lodge, who made a voyage to these parts with Cavendish,) "many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagones withdrew my senses." To be in possession of China dishes at this period was no doubt considered a mark of opulence. The Clown, in *Measure for Measure*, describing a fruit dish, says "Your honours have seen such dishes, a dish of some three-pence: they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes."

CXLIII.

A Sparrow-hawk proud did hold in wicked jail,
 Music's sweet chorister, the Nightingale.
 To whom with sighs she said, Oh, set me free!
 And in my song I'll praise no bird but thee.
 The Hawk replied, I will not lose my diet,
 To let a thousand such enjoy their quiet.

This Sparrow-hawk is only to be matched in cruelty by the sanguinary wolf in *Little Red Riding-hood*.

The last publication by Weelkes is entitled
 “ Ayres or Phantasticke Spirites for three voices, made and
 “ newly published by Thos. Weelkes, Gentleman of His
 “ Majesties Chappell, Batchelar of Musicke, and organest
 “ of the Cathedral Church of Chichester. London, printed
 “ by W. Barley, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Gra-
 “ cious (Gracechurch) Street, 1608.” Dedicated to “ The
 “ Right noble and most worthy Edward, Lord Denny,
 “ Baron of Waltham, to whom T. Weelkes wisheth the
 “ happiness of both worlds.” The dedication is not worth
 copying.

In this set are twenty-six pieces, the last of which is
 for six voices, and some of them I really think are the
 cleverest specimens of three-part writing that are to be met
 with. As may be inferred from the title, they are chiefly
 comic.

CXLIV.

Come let's begin to revel't out,
 And tread the hills and dales about ;
 That hills and dales and woods may sound
 An echo to this warbling round.

Lads, merry be with music sweet ;
 And, fairies, trip it with your feet ;
 That hills and dales and woods may sound
 An echo to this warbling round.

CXLV.

Jockey, thy horn-pipe's dull;
Give wind, man, at full:
Fie upon such a sad gull,
Like an hoody doody,
All too moody.

 Tootle tootle.

Pipe it up thicker,
I'll tread it the quicker:
Why then about it roundly,
And I will foot it soundly:
I'll take my steps the shorter,
As if I trampled mortar.

A most determined dancer this, and a fit companion to him who a little further on sings "Strike it up, neighbour." Are we to infer from the concluding lines, that mortar was broken and prepared for use in those days by being trampled upon?

See also Shakspeare, *King Lear*, act ii.

"I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar."

CXLVI.

To-morrow is the wedding day
Of Mopsus and fair Phillida;
Come, shepherds, bring your garlands gay.

O, do not weep, fair Bellamoure ;
 Tho' he be gone, there's many more :
 For love hath many loves in store.

A consolatory application of the old adage, "There are
 "as good fish in the sea as e'er came out on 't."

CXLVII.

The gods have heard my vows,
 Fond Lyce, whose fair brows
 Wont scorn with such disdain
 My love, my tears, my pain.

Fa la.

But now those spring-tide roses
 Are turn'd to winter poses ;
 To rue, and thyme, and sage,
 Fitting thy shrivell'd age.

Fa la.

A translation, and by no means an inelegant one, of the
 commencement of Horace's Ode, *Audivere, Lyce*.

CXLVIII.

Tho' my carriage be but careless,
 Tho' my looks be of the sternest ;
 Yet my passions are compareless ;
 When I love, I love in earnest.

No ! my wits are not so wild,
 But a gentle soul may yoke me :
 Nor my heart so hard compiled,
 But it melts, if love provoke me.

Thus it is. Under a rough exterior and blunt manners, lie hid, as in a mine, the warm heart and benevolent disposition, which in vain we look for in those who deal but in smiling looks and honied words. Amongst such, Love or Friendship, or any other good quality is seldom found *in earnest*.

CXLIX.

The Ape, the Monkey, and Baboon did meet,
 And breaking of their fast in Friday-street,
 Two of them sware together solemnly
 In their three natures was a sympathy :
 Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain ;
 I have more knavery in me than you twain.

Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will,
 In *Paris Garden* for to ride on still,
 And there show tricks. Tush ! quoth the Monkey ; I
 For better tricks in great men's houses lie.
 Tush ! quoth Baboon ; when men do know I come,
 For sport from town and country they will run.

This apparent farrago of nonsense was most likely intended to convey some satire, the point of which is now lost ; in lieu of which I shall give a short account of *Paris Garden*, once a place of great celebrity—the Vauxhall of the day.

Paris Garden was a district in Saint Saviour's parish, Southwark, contiguous to the Globe Theatre, where Shak-

speare used to play ; and obtained its name from Robert de Paris, who in the time of Richard the Second had a house there. (See Blount's Glossographia.)

According to Lambarde, (vide Perambulations of Kent, A.D. 1570,) it contained two bear-gardens, and scaffolds for spectators, for whose information there was the following *affiche* :—

“ Those who go to Paris Garden to behold bear-baiting, interludes, or fence play ; must not account of any pleasant spectacle, unless first they pay one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing.”

It is stated in Nichols's Progresses, that “ on the 25th and 26th of May 1559, the French Ambassadors went by water to Paris Gardens, where they saw a baiting of *Bulls* and of *Bears*.”*

About the year 1590 a lamentable occurrence took place there ; for “ a prodigious concourse of people being assembled on a Sunday afternoon to see plays and a bear-baiting, the whole theatre gave way and fell to the ground, by which accident many of the spectators were killed, and more hurt.”—*John Field's Declaration of God's Judgment at Paris Garden*, A.D. 1593.

CL.

Ha ha ha ha ! this world doth pass
Most merrily I'll be sworn ;
For many an honest Indian ass
Goes for an Unicorn.

Farra diddle dino ;
This is idle fino.

* The same may now be seen every day from 10 till 4 o'clock in Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane. (Inquire for the Stock Exchange.)

Ty hye, ty hye*! O sweet delight!

He tickles this age, that can
Call Tullia's ape a Marmasyte,
And Leda's goose a swan.

Fara diddle dino;
This is idle fino.

So so so so! fine English days!

When false play's no reproach:
For he that doth the coachman praise,
May safely use the coach.

Fara diddle dino;
This is idle fino.

What a capital satire upon the gullibility of the world, which appears to have been as great in the olden time as at present! Rely upon it, worthy reader, nothing is to be done, especially in this Metropolis, without *tickling the age*. From the minister of state, down to the mountebank who figures on the tight rope at Astley's Amphitheatre, all are engaged in the same game; and well I wot, many an honest *English Ass* contrives, by hook or by crook, to pass for an Unicorn.

CLI.

Strike it up, neighbour,
With pipe and with tabor;
Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour:
I mean to spend my shoe sole,
In dancing round the May pole;

* A sort of chuckling ironical exclamation. Vide No. LXX.

I will be blythe and brisk ;
 Leap and skip,
 Hop and trip,
 Turn about
 In the rout,
 Until my weary joints can scarce frisk.

There seems such a determination to be happy about the man who means to wear out his very shoes in dancing, that one can scarcely help participating in his feelings. "I *will* be blythe and brisk," says he, "I'll leap and skip, "turn about, &c. (*à la mode de* Jim Crow*) till I can "scarce frisk;" like certain young ladies of my acquaintance, who upon my remarking how earnestly they seemed to exert themselves in the dance, replied, "To be sure; Papa "only allows us a ball once in two years, and we are determined to have as much as we can for our money." At the same moment I caught the eye of the unfortunate individual who was playing quadrilles: it spoke volumes, and he continued his labours with a sort of dogged desperation.

CLII.

The Nightingale, the organ of delight ;
 The nimble Lark, the Blackbird, and the Thrush ;
 And all the pretty choristers of flight,
 That chant their music notes in every bush ;
 Let them no more contend who shall excell ;
 The Cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

These Songs being denominated "Phantasticke Spirits," I should think it probable that a little sarcasm was in-

* Vide Play-bills of the Adelphi Theatre, 1836-7.

tended in thus celebrating the Cuckoo, his name being, according to Shakspeare,

“ a word of fear
“ Unpleasing to a married ear.”

Love's Labour's Lost.

And again he is called

“ the Cuckoo gray,
“ Whose note full many a man doth mark,
“ And dares not answer nay.”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

As the writer, however, has not informed us why the Cuckoo should bear the bell, I will relate a piece of useful information, (particularly to housekeepers,) by which it may be seen that he is entitled to take precedence of all common birds. “ If you mark where your right foot doth
“ stand the first time you do hear the Cuckoo, and then
“ grave or dig up the earth under the same; wheresoever
“ this earth is sprinkled about, there will no fleas breed !”

*From an Old Pamphlet mentioned in the Censura Literaria, entitled, “ A thousand notable things of sundry
“ sorts, whereof some are wonderful, some strange, some
“ pleasant, divers necessary, a great sort profitable, and
“ many precious.”*

The author quotes this, he says, from some older work, but at the same time vouches for the fact from his own experience !

Mention is made, in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, of a poem in seven-line stanzas by Dan Robert or Rogerus Saltwode, Monke of St. Austen's, at Canterbury, A.D. 1510, entitled, “ A comparyson between iiij byrdes, the lark, the
“ nyghtyngale, the thrushe, and the cucko, for their syng-
“ ynge, who should be Chauntour of the Quere.” Most likely the *Phantastic Spirit* now under consideration had reference to some such ballad of an anterior date.

Weelkes has adapted this stanza to music of six voices, and entitled it *A Remembrance of his friend Thomas Morley*, but its original name is “A Dump upon the death of the “most noble Henry, late Earl of Pembroke.” It is to be found in *Witte’s pilgrimage thro’ a world of amorous sonnets, soul passions, and other passages, divine, philosophical, moral, poetical and political; by John Davies of Hereford*, A.D. 1590.

This species of composition, wherein each line repeats a portion of its antecedent, is called by Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, a *heel-treading kind of verse*.

CLV.

Since Robin Hood, Maid Marian,
 And Little John are gone a;
 The Hobby-horse was quite forgot,
 When Kempe did dance alone a.
 He did labour after the Tabor
 For to dance, then into France
 He took pains
 To skip it.
 In hope of gains
 He will trip it,
 On the toe
 Diddle do.

Volumes being already filled with narrations relative to Robin Hood and his coadjutors, it is unnecessary for me to say anything about that notable outlaw; being moreover warned by a proverb quoted in Camden’s Remains, that “Tales of Robin Hood are good for Fools,” among whom I may not class my readers. I find that William Kempe was a celebrated Comedian, Morris Dancer and

Clown about this period*. In a note to the reprint of Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, he is said to have been the original *Dogberry* in Shakspeare's "Much Ado about No-thing," and *Peter* in "Romeo and Juliet." Like professors of his art in the present day, he apparently thought it necessary to take a trip to France, in order to perfect himself in all the graces of saltation.

Selden, in his *Table Talk*, complains that the Court of England in such matters is much altered. "In Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up: at a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures; then the Corantos and Galliards; and at length to Trenchmore, and the Cushion dance; then all the company danced; lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid,—no distinction. In King James's time† things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time, there has been nothing *but* Trenchmore and the Cushion dance; Omnium gatherum, trolly-polly, hoity-cum-toity."

The music of the dance called Trenchmore is in the Appendix to Sir John Hawkins's *History*. I know not the origin of the word, but it frequently occurs; as, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, one of the Townsmen says, "all the windows i' the Town dance a new trenchmore," and in the *Comedy of the Rehearsal*, the earth, sun and moon are made to dance the Hey to the tune of *Trenchmore*.

The Cushion Dance was so called from the circumstance of a cushion being an indispensable requisite in certain genuflexions and obeisances made *aux Dames*, which formed a material part of the ceremony.

* "He is not counted a gentleman (says the author of the *Return from Parnassus*), that knows not *Will Kempe*."

† King James was so solicitous about his sons' dancing, that in a letter dated Theobalds, 1 April 1623, he desires them "to keep it up privately, even though they whistle and sing to one another for music."
—*Harleian MSS.*

Dancing in the olden time was not confined solely to the gay and gallant courtier, for in the reign of James the First, barristers were put out of commons by decimation, for the offence of neglecting to dance before the judges; nor will this appear so very extraordinary, when it is recollected that the very judges themselves were accustomed to dance at the antique masks and revels of their respective houses. Mr. Wynne, in the notes to his *Eunomus*, mentions a comparatively recent occasion, on which the learned judges tripped it merrily on the light fantastic toe. The last revel, he says, held in any of the Inns of Court was at the Inner Temple in 1732, in honour of Mr. Talbot, when he took leave of that house, on having the great seal delivered to him. “After dinner the master of the revels, “who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right “hand, and he with his left took Mr. Justice Page, who “joined to the other judges, serjeants, and benchers pre- “sent, danced round about the coal-fire in the hall, accord- “ing to the old ceremony, three times.”

JOHN DOWLAND.

This Musician, who, according to Anthony Wood, was the rarest that the age did behold, and whose heavenly touch upon the lute (see one of Shakspeare's Sonnets) “did “ravish human sense,” was born about the year 1562. As to whether his lute playing entitled him to such high encomiums, we must of course rest satisfied with the authority of his eulogizers, but of his vocal compositions we can judge for ourselves.

I am quite inclined to be of Dr. Burney's opinion with regard to his merits, and assign him a place far below Wilbye, Weelkes, Morley, Bennet, &c.: for however beau-

tiful most of his Madrigals may be as to melody, they are little else than harmonised airs; they cloy from their monotonous sweetness, and want of part writing or imitation amongst the different voices. Sing *only one* of them at a time, and it will no doubt seem very pretty; but go on with five or six more, and you will scarcely recognise the one from the other by any distinctive feature*. My favourite is *Come again*; it has less of the *dreamy sound* about it than most of the others.

Dowland by his own account seems to have found the Musical Profession rather up-hill work, and to have been a man of an unsettled and wandering disposition. *One* year he is in Germany, *another* in Italy: *now* lutenist to the King of Denmark, *now* to Lord Walden: *this* work is dated from Elsinore, *that* from his house in Fetter-lane. He is supposed to have died about the year 1615.

His earliest work is entitled,

“The first book of Songs or Aires of four parts, with
“Tableture for the Lute, so made that all the parts together, or either of them separately may be sung to the
“Lute, Orpherian or Viol de gamba, composed by J.
“Dowland, Lutenist, and Batchelor of Music in both the
“Universities. Also an invention by the said author for
“two to play upon one lute.

“*Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.*

“Printed by Peter Short, dwelling on Bread Street Hill,
“at the sign of the Star, 1597.

“To the Right Honourable Sir George Carey†, of the
“most honourable Order of the Garter, Knight, Baron of
“Hunsdon, Captain of Her Majesty’s gentlemen-pensioners,
“Governor of the Isle of Wight, Lieutenant of the County
“of Southampton, Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty’s

* I shall have much pleasure in retracting this opinion, if a more perfect acquaintance with his works should prove it to be erroneous.

† Son of Henry, first Lord Hunsdon, who died 1596.

“ most royal house, and of Her Highness’ most honourable
“ Privy Council.

“ That harmony, Right Honourable, which is skilfully
“ exprest by instruments, albeit by reason of the variety of
“ number and proportion, of itself it easily stirs up the
“ minds of the hearers to admiration and delight; yet far
“ higher authority and power hath been ever worthily
“ attributed to that kind of music, which to the sweetness
“ of instruments applies the lively voice of man, expressing
“ some worthy sentence or excellent poem. So that Plato
“ defines melody to consist of harmony, number, and
“ words; harmony naked of itself; words the ornaments
“ of harmony; number the common friend and uniter of
“ them both.

“ This small book, containing the consent of speaking
“ harmony, joined with the most musical instrument the
“ lute, being my first labour, I have presumed to dedicate
“ to your Lordship; who, for your virtue and nobility, are
“ best able to protect it, and for your honourable favours
“ towards me, best deserving my duty and service. Nei-
“ ther in these your honours may I let pass the dutiful
“ remembrance of your virtuous lady, my honourable mis-
“ tress, whose singular graces towards me have added
“ spirit to my unfortunate labours. What time and dili-
“ gence I have bestowed in the search of music, what
“ travel in foreign countries, what success and estimation
“ even among strangers I have found, I leave to the report
“ of others: yet all this in vain, were it not that your
“ honourable hands have vouchsafed to uphold my poor
“ fortunes, which I now wholly recommend to your gra-
“ cious protection with these my first endeavours: humbly
“ beseeching you to accept and cherish them with your
“ continued favours.

“ Your Lordship’s most humble Servant,

“ JOHN DOWLAND.”

"To the Courteous Reader.

"How hard an enterprise it is in this skilfull and curious
 "age to commit our private labours to the public view,
 "mine own disability and others' hard success do too well
 "assure me; and were it not for that love I bear to the
 "true lovers of music, I had concealed these my first fruits,
 "which how they will thrive with your taste I know not,
 "howsoever the greater part of them might have been ripe
 "enough by their age. The courtly judgment I hope will
 "not be severe against them, being itself a party; and
 "those sweet springs of humanity (I mean our two famous
 "Universities) will entertain them for his sake whom they
 "have already graced*, and as it were enfranchised in the
 "ingenuous profession of music, which from my childhood
 "I have ever aimed at, sundry times leaving my native
 "country the better to attain so excellent a science.

"About sixteen years ago I travelled the chiefest parts
 "of France, a nation furnished with great variety of music;
 "but lately, being of a more confirmed judgment, I bent
 "my course towards the famous provinces of Germany,
 "where I found both excellent masters, and most honor-
 "able patrons of music; namely, those two miracles of
 "this age for virtue and magnificence, Henry Julio Duke
 "of Brunswick, and the learned Mauritius Landgrave of
 "Hessen, of whose princely virtues and favours towards
 "me I can never speak sufficiently.

"Neither can I forget the kindness of Alexandro Ho-
 "rologio, a right learned master of music, servant to the
 "royal prince the Landgrave of Hessen, and Gregorio
 "Howet, lutenist to the magnificent Duke of Brunswick;
 "both whom I name as well for their love to me, as also
 "for their excellency in their faculties. Thus having

* He alludes here to his having been admitted Bachelor of Music in both Universities.

“ spent some months in Germany, to my great admiration
 “ of that worthy country, I past over the Alps into Italy,
 “ where I found the cities furnished with all good arts,
 “ but especially music. What favour and estimation I
 “ had in Venice, Padua, Genoa, Ferrara, Florence, and
 “ divers other places, I willingly suppress, lest I should in
 “ any way seem partial in mine own endeavours. Yet can
 “ I not dissemble the great content I found in the proffer’d
 “ amity of the most famous Luca Marenzio, whose sundry
 “ letters I received from Rome ; and one of them, because
 “ it is but short, I have thought good to set down, not
 “ thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the judgment of
 “ so excellent a man.

“ Molto magnifico Signior mio osservandissimo,
 “ Per una lettera del Signior Alberigo Malvezi, ho inteso
 “ quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi
 “ congiunto d’amicitia, dove infinitamente la ringrazio di
 “ questo suo buon’animo, offerendo megli’ all’ incontro, se
 “ in alcuna cosa la posso servire, poi che gli meriti delle
 “ sue infinite virtù, et qualità, meritano che ogni uno et
 “ me l’ ammirino et osservino, et per fine di questo le bascio
 “ le mani. Di Roma á 13 di Juglio, 1595.

“ D. V. S. Affettionatissimo Servitore,

“ LUCA MARENZIO.

“ Not to stand too long upon my travels, I will only
 “ name that worthy Maister Giovanni Croce, Vicemaster
 “ of the Chapel of St. Mark’s in Venice, with whom I had
 “ familiar conference. And thus what experience I could
 “ gather abroad, I am now ready to practise at home, if I
 “ may but find encouragement in my first essays.

“ There have been divers lute lessons of mine lately
 “ printed without my knowledge, false and imperfect, but
 “ I purpose shortly myself to set forth the choicest of all
 “ my lessons in print, and also an introduction for finger-

“ing, with other books of songs, whereof this is the first ;
“and as this finds favour with you, so shall I be affected
“to labour in the rest. Farewell.

“ J. DOWLAND.”

The songs in this set are twenty-one in number.

CLVI.

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting tho' I absent mourn ;
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live, I needs must love,
Love lives not when life is gone ;
Now at last despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends :
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once ;
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.

And altho' your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie ;
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn,
Whom you might have joyed ever.

Part we must, tho' now I die,
Die I do to part with you :
Him despair doth cause to lie,
Who both lived, and dieth true.

The above lines are rather over-laboured and sententious, and fatigue the ear. It is otherwise a pretty and tender conception for a parting sonnet. The music is sweetness itself.

CLVII.

Unquiet thoughts, your cruel slaughter stint ;
And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart ;
And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,
And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,
Be still—for if you ever do the like,
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

Yet while I gaze upon my mistress' eyes,
My thoughts must have some vent, else heart will break ;
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
If thoughts were free, and *it* forbid to speak.
Speak then—and tell the passions of desire,
Which turn mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

CLVIII.

Go, crystal tears, like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weep into my lady's breast :
And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,
So let your drops of pity be addrest,
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleep too sound, whilst I from her depart.

Haste, happy sighs, and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigour like forgetful death,
Feels never any touch of my desert.
My sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

CLIX.

All ye whom love or fortune hath betray'd,
All ye that dream of bliss, but live in grief ;
All ye whose hopes are evermore delay'd,
All ye whose sighs or sickness want relief ;
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sing my sorrows like the dying swan*.
Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant like enforce me to complain ;
But still in vain, for none my complaints will rue.
Tears, sighs, and ceaseless cries alone I spend,
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

* Vide No. CCXCVII.

I am inclined to think that this Madrigal and the two preceding ones are by the same author.

CLX.

Rest awhile, ye cruel cares ;
Be not more severe than love ;
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles sad cares remove.
Laura, fair queen of my delight,
Come, grant me love in love's despite ;
And if I fail to honour thee,
Let this heavenly light I see
Be as dark as night to me.

If I speak—my words want weight ;
Am I mute?—my heart doth break :
If I sigh—she fears deceit ;
Sorrow then for me doth speak.
Cruel, unkind, with favour view
The wound that first was made by you ;
And if my torments feigned be,
Let this heavenly light I see
Be as dark as night to me.

CLXI.

Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love ;
Let not my love be with *my love* displeased ;
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long *dis-eased*.
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake ;
So sleeps my love—and yet *my love* doth wake.

But, oh! the fury of my restless fear,
 The hidden anguish of my chaste desires;
 The glories and the beauties that appear
 Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires!
 Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
 So sleeps my love—and yet *my love* doth wake.

Dis-eased as used above means *not-eased*, *i. e.* unrelieved. The substantive *disease*, signifying toil or the opposite to ease, is to be met with in the Earl of Surrey's Poems. Dr. Nott in his edition reads it *mis-ease*.

“Kingdoms won by travail and *disease*.”

CLXII.

Come again!
 Sweet Love doth now invite
 Thy graces that refrain,
 To do me due delight:
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
 With thee again in sweetest sympathy!

Come again!
 That I may cease to mourn
 Thro' thy unkind disdain:
 For now *left** and forlorn
 I sit and sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
 In deadly pain and endless misery!

There are four stanzas more, but much inferior to these.

* “Alas! poor lady—desolate and *left*.”

Shakspeare.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

CLXIII.

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
 O, time too swift, O, swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst age, and age 'gainst time hath spurn'd,
 But spurn'd in vain—youth waneth by encreasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers that fading been ;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' sonnets turn to holy Psalms :
 A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms :
 But tho' from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint* is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song ;
Blest be the hearts that wish my sov'reign well,
Curst be the man that thinks her any wrong.
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

There is a little history connected with this Madrigal which renders it peculiarly interesting. We are informed by Sir W. Segar, Norroy King at Arms, A.D. 1602, that certain yearly *Triumphs* were solemnized in memory of the applause of Her Majesty's subjects at the day of her most happy ascension to the crown of England, which Triumphs were first begun and occasioned by the right virtuous and honorable Sir Henry Lea, master of Her Highness' armoury ; who of his great zeal and desire to eternize the glory of Her Majesty's court in the beginning

* His mistress, sc. Queen Elizabeth.

of her reign, voluntarily vowed (unless infirmity, age, or other accident did impeach* him) during his life to present himself at the tilt, armed, the day aforesaid, yearly ; there to perform in honour of her sacred Majesty the promise he formerly made. The worthy knight however feeling himself at length overtaken with old age, and being desirous of resigning his Championship, did on the 17th of November, 1590, present himself, together with the Earl of Cumberland, unto Her Highness under her gallery window in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, where at that time Her Majesty did sit, accompanied by the Viscount Turyn, Ambassador of France, many ladies, and the chiefest nobility. Her Majesty beholding these armed knights coming towards her, did suddenly hear a music so sweet and secret, as every one thereat greatly marvelled. The music aforesaid was accompanied with these verses, pronounced and sung by Mr. Hale, Her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable (here follow the lines "His golden locks," &c.). After other ceremonies Sir Henry Lea disarmed himself, and kneeling upon his knees, presented the Earl of Cumberland ; humbly beseeching she would be pleased to accept him for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises aforesaid. Her Majesty having accepted the offer, this aged knight armed the Earl, and mounted him upon his horse. That being done, he put upon his own person a side coat of black velvet, and covered his head, in lieu of an helmet, with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.

In my copy of Dowland's works, which belonged to the late Mr. Bartleman, there is a pencil memorandum by the latter which attributes this sonnet to the Earl of Essex, I know not upon what authority.

* Hinder : from the French *empêcher*.

CLXIV.

Come, heavy sleep, the image of true death ;
Come, and close up my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And rends my soul with sorrows' sigh-swoln cries.
Come and possess my tired care-worn soul,
That living, dies, till thou on me bestole*.

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child of the blackest night ;
Come thou, and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright :
Come, sweetest sleep ; come, or I die for ever,
Come, ere my last sleep comes, or come thou never.

In this invocation to Sleep the hand of a scholar is easily to be traced. Its consanguinity with night, and relationship to death—the *image of true death* (Mortis imago), or as Shakspeare terms it, *Death's counterfeit*, all emanate from the Pierian spring of heathen mythology.

CLXV.

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd :
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live for ever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.

* Cover me, like a mantle.

Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love :
She only drave me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my joys might end ;
She only that did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth ;
Which so despair hath proved :
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not inconstant be,
Tho' long in vain I loved.
If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harms repair ;
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Raised up from deep despair :
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her dost meet,
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

CLXVI.

Away with those self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads ;
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep
In love of them that lie and sleep :
For Cupid is a meadow god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays;
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same.
 Where honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthiness should move,
 Is love, which is the bow of Love.
 And love as well the foster* can,
 As can the mighty nobleman.
 Sweet saint, 't is true you worthy be,
 Yet without love nought worth to me.

The composition of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who was a youthful friend of Sir P. Sydney. I find two other sonnets of his, set to music by Dowland, but they have no particular merit.

In 1600 was printed his "Second Book of Songs or
 "Airs of two, four and five parts, with Tableture for the
 "Lute or Orpherian, with the Viol de gamba; composed
 "by John Dowland, Batchelor of Music, and Lutenist to
 "the King of Denmark. Also an excellent lesson for the
 "Lute and Base Viol, called *Dowland's adieu for Maister*
 "*Oliver Cromwell*†. Published by George Eastland, and

* Forester.

† Unless this *adieu* means a mourning song for the death of Maister Oliver Cromwell, the said Oliver may probably have been that worthy *Old English Gentleman*, (Uncle to the Protector) at whose house in Northamptonshire King James the First stopped in his progress to London, "where there was such plenty and variety of meats, such di-

“are to be sold at his house near the Green Dragon and
“Sword, in Fleet Street.

The dedication to “the Right Honourable the Lady Lucy
“Countess of Bedford is dated from *Helsingnoure*, in Den-
“mark, the 1st of June, 1600.

“Excellent Lady,

“I send unto your Ladyship from the Court of a Foreign
“Prince the volume of my second labours. Your Lady-
“ship hath in yourself an excellent agreement of many
“virtues, of which, though I admire all, yet I am bound by
“my profession to give especial honour to your knowledge
“of music, which in the judgment of ancient times was an
“excellency so proper to women, that the Muses took their
“name from it; and yet so rare, that the world durst
“imagine but nine of them. I most humbly beseech your
“Ladyship to receive this work into your favour, and the
“rather because it cometh far to beg it of you.

“Your Ladyship’s in all humble devotion,

“JOHN DOWLAND.”

This book contains twenty-two Madrigals.

CLXVII.

Time’s eldest son, old age the heir of ease,

Strength’s foe, love’s woe, and foster to devotion,

Bids gallant youth in martial prowess please :

As for himself he hath no earthly motion ;

But thinks sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and sacrifices

As good as shows, masks, jousts, and tilt devices.

“versity of wines, and these not riff raff, but ever the best of the kind ;
“and the cellars open at any man’s pleasure : and who at his Majesty’s
“remove, distributed 50*l.* among his Majesty’s officers.”

Cens. Lit., by Sir E. Brydges, vol. x. p. 241.

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc dimittis*,
 With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te Deum* :
 Chant *Miserere* ; for what now so fit is
 As that : or this, *Paratum est cor meum* ?
 O, that thy Saint would take in worth* thy heart,
 Thou canst not please her with a better part.

When others sing *Venite exultemus*,
 Stand by, and turn to *Nolo emulari* :
 For *Quare fremuerunt*, use *Oremus* ;
Vivat Eliza for an *Ave Mari*'.
 And teach those swains that live about thy cell,
 To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

This is exceedingly clever, and from the style of the composition, as well as from the reference made to Queen Elizabeth, I should say was from the pen of the same author as No. CLXIII. The application of the different heads of parts of the Romish service in contradistinction to each other, is very happy.

CLXVIII.

Praise blindness, eyes, for seeing is deceit :
 Be dumb, vain tongue, words are but flattering winds :
 Break heart, and bleed, for there is no receipt
 To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.

L' Envoy.

And so I waked, amazed, and could not move ;
 I know my dream was true—and yet I love.

The *Envoi* was a sort of Postscript set forth by old French

* Vide No. XXII.

Poets at the end of their compositions, either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we are in the habit of calling *The Moral* of a song. I do not quite see the application of the above specimen; most likely the stanza is but a part of some longer poem.

CLXIX.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness,
O, how much do I love your solitariness !

From fame's desire, from love's delight retired,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I led ;
And those false pleasures which I once admired,
With sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For *she* less secret and as senseless is.

Experience, which alone repentance brings,
Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange :
Love is disdain'd when it doth look at Kings,
And love low placed is base and apt to change.
Their power doth take from him his liberty,
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.

O sweet woods, &c.

By Sir Philip Sydney, in *Arcadia*, Book II. "Dorus
"had long kept silence from saying somewhat which might
"tend to the glory of her in whom all glory to his seeming
"was included ; but now he brake it, singing these verses
"called *Asclepiads*,"

"O sweet woods, &c."

CLXX.

Fine knacks for ladies ; cheap, choice, nice, and new.

Good pennyworths, but money cannot move :

I keep a fair, but for *the fair* to view ;

A beggar may be liberal of love.

Tho' all my wares be trash, my heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles, and look for gifts again,

My trifles come as treasures from my mind :

It is a precious jewell to be plain ;

In coarsest shell the rarest pearls we find :

Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

“ You have of these pedlers, that have more in them
“ than you 'd think, sister.”—*Winter's Tale*. The above
seems a gentleman pedler, and an “ admirable conceited
“ fellow,” as the clown calls Autolycus ; one who at a fancy-
fair or court mask would catch more maidens' hearts with
pretty speeches, than with all the points, pins, laces and
gloves in his pack.

CLXXI.

White as lilies was her face.

When she smiled,

She beguiled :

Quitting* faith with foul disgrace.

Virtue, service, thus neglected,

Hath my heart with grief infected.

* Requiting.

When I swore my heart her own,
She disdained,
I complained,
Yet she left me overthrown.
Careless of my bitter grieving,
Ruthless bent on no relieving.

All in vain is ladies' love,
Quickly choosed,
Shortly loosed,
For their pride is to remove.
Out, alas ! their looks first won us,
And their pride hath straight undone us.

By thine error thou hast lost
Heart unfeigned,
Truth unstained,
And the swain that loved most :
More assured in love than many,
More despised in love than any.

The entire poem consists of eight stanzas, but these four are the best. The measure is rather uncommon.

CLXXII.

A shepherd in a shade
His plaining made
Of love and lovers' wrong,
Unto the fairest lass
That ever trod on grass ;
And thus began his song :

Since love and fortune will,
I honour still
Your fair and lovely eye;
What conquest will it be
Sweet nymph, for thee,
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain:
Lest that enforced by your disdain I sing
Fye, fye on love; it is a foolish thing.
My heart where have you laid?
O cruel maid!
To kill when you might save.
Why have ye cast it forth
As nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave?
Oh! let it be entomb'd and lie
In your sweet mind and memory;
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Fye, fye on love; it is a foolish thing.

In 1603 appeared "The Third and last Book of Songs
"or Airs, newly composed to sing to the Lute, Orpharion
"or Viols, and a Dialogue for a Base and Meane Lute,
"with five voices to sing thereto; by J. Dowland, B.M.,
"and Lutenist to the most high and mighty Christian the
"Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Denmark, &c.

"Bona quò communiora, eò meliora."

"Printed at London, by P. S. for Thomas Adams, and
"are to be sold at the sign of the White Lion, in Paul's

“ Churchyard, by the assignment of a patent* granted to
 “ T. Morley, 1603.

There are twenty-one airs in this book ; which from the following epistle to the reader appears to have been written abroad.

“ The applause of them that judge is the encourage-
 “ ment of those that write. My first two books of Airs
 “ speed so well that they have produced a third, which
 “ they have fetched far from home, and brought even
 “ through the most perilous seas, where having escaped so
 “ many sharp rocks, I hope they shall not be wrecked on
 “ land by curious and biting censures. As in a hive of
 “ bees all labour alike to lay up honey, opposing them-
 “ selves against none but fruitless drones ; so in the house
 “ of learning and fame, all good endeavourers should strive
 “ to add somewhat that is good, not malicing one another,
 “ but altogether bandying against the idle and malicious
 “ ignorant. My labours for my part I freely offer to every
 “ man’s judgment, presuming that favour once attained is
 “ more easily increased than lost.

“ J. DOWLAND.”

CLXXIII.

Time standeth still with gazing
 Upon my mistress’ face :
 Stand still and gaze : for minutes, hours,
 And years to her give place.

All other things shall change,
 But she remains the same :
 Till heavens changed have their course,
 And time hath lost his name.

* This explains the word *Assigné*, already met with.

Cupid doth hover up and down,
Blinded with her fair eyes ;
And fortune, captive at her feet,
Contemn'd and conquer'd lies.

These lines must surely have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth. The flattery is too gross for any body but her to have swallowed.

CLXXIV.

Behold, a wonder here !
Love hath received his sight ;
Which many a hundred year
Hath not beheld the light :
Such beams infused be
By Cynthia* in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep,
For them that laugh the while ;
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.
Thus beauty shows her might
To be of double kind :
In giving love his sight,
And striking folly blind.

Very much in the same style as the preceding song :
probably by the same author, and with a similar intention.

* One of the romantic titles of Queen Elizabeth.

CLXXV.

Me, me, and none but me*! dart home, O gentle death!
And quickly; for I draw too long this idle breath.
How long will't be till I may fly to Heaven above,
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove?

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing,
And yet my fatal knell I living help to ring.
Oh! how I wish from earth, and earthly joys to fly!
He happy never lived, that cannot love to die.

CLXXVI.

Say, love, if ever thou didst find
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be?
Some Goddess, or some Queen is she.
She, she, and only she,
Queen of love, and of beauty.

But could thy fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?
She is not subject to love's bow;
Her eye commands, her heart says, no;
No, no, and only no;
One no another doth follow.

* Truly classical,—“Me, me; adsum qui feci; in me convertite fer-
rum.”

How might I that fair wonder know,
 That mocks desire with endless no?
 See the moon,
 That ever in one change doth grow,
 Yet still the same ;—and *she* is so.

So, so, and only so:

From Heaven her light she doth borrow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
 That can command affections so.

Love is free.

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee:

There is no queen of love but she.

She, she, and only she,

Queen of love, and of beauty.

These very fantastic lines evidently apply to the Maiden Queen, who albeit she was in love with every proper man about the court, yet forsooth must compare herself to the icicle on Dian's temple.

CLXXVII.

Flow not so fast, ye fountains;

What needeth all this haste?

Swell not above your mountains,

Nor spend yourselves in waste.

Time can abate the terror

Of every common pain:

But *common* grief is error,

True grief will still remain.

CLXXVIII.

By a fountain where I lay,
(All blessed be that blessed day !)
By the glimmering of the sun,
(Oh ! never be that shining done !)
I espyed all alone
My true love, my fairest one ;
Love's dear light,
Love's clear sight ;—
No world's eye can clearer see ;
A fairer sight no none can be.
Fair with garlands all addrest,
(Was ever nymph more fairly blest ?
Blessed in the high'st degree,
May she ever blessed be !)
Came she to this fountain near,
And with such a smiling cheer,
Such a face,
Such a grace ;—
Happy, happy eyes that see
Such a heavenly sight as she.
Then I forthwith took my pipe,
Which I all fair and clean did wipe ;
And upon a heavenly *ground*,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Play'd this merry roundelay ;—
Welcome fairest Queen of May :
Sing sweet air,
Welcome fair,
Welcome be the shepherds' queen ;
The pride and glory of our green.

Another dish of flattery somewhat in the Oriana style. I like the minuteness with which the shepherd describes the preliminary operation before commencing his Roundelay. Many of the *grounds* or *bases* upon which performers used to exercise their ingenuity in running divisions or variations, are still extant. *Purcell's ground* is well known.

CLXXIX.

Farewell, unkind, farewell! to me no more a father;
 Since my heart holds my love most dear:
 The wealth which thou dost reap, another's hand must
 gather,
 Tho' thy heart still lies buried there.
 Then farewell, Oh! farewell!
 Welcome my love, my joy for ever.

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,
 Makes my mind live, tho' means do die:
 Nor do I nature wrong, tho' I forget my duty;
 Love not i' th' blood, but sp'rit doth lie.
 Then farewell, Oh! farewell!
 Welcome my love, my joy for ever.

This seems to be the effusion of some young gentleman who has made himself

“An exile from his father's ha',
 “And all for love of”

some *fayre ladye*. I cannot commend the want of filial duty, but I admire the parting *hit* which he gives the *old one* about his money.

JOHN WILBYE.

I feel no hesitation in calling John Wilbye the first of Madrigal writers. I except not even the great Luca Marenzio himself; for albeit there are six or seven hundred of his Madrigals extant, and only sixty-four by Wilbye, none of the former in my opinion can compare with *Sweet honey-sucking bees, Flora gave me fairest flowers, Down in a valley, or Draw on, sweet night.*

No other printed works of Wilbye, save the two sets of Madrigals about to be noticed, are known to me.

The first is entitled "Madrigals* to three, four, five, and six voices, newly composed by John Wilbye. At London, printed by Thomas Este, 1598." Dedicated to "The right worshipful and valorous Knight, Sir Charles Cavendish.

"Right worshipful and renowned Knight; it hath happened of late, I know not how, whether by my fortune or folly, to commit some of my labours to the press; which (the weaker the work is) have more need of an honourable patron. Everything persuades me that your countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues and unfriendly censures: knowing your rare virtues and honourable accomplishments to be such as may justly challenge their better regard and opinion whom it shall please you to patronize. If perchance they shall prove worthy your patronage, my affection, duty, and good will, bind me rather to dedicate them to you than to any other; both for the reverence and honour I owe to all other your most singular virtues, and especially also for your excellent skill in music, and your great love and favour of music. There remaineth only your favourable acceptance, which humbly craving at your hands, with protestation of all duty and service, I

* Thirty in number.

“humbly take my leave. From the Augustine Fryers
 “(now *Austin Friars*), the 12th day of April, 1598.

“Your Worship’s ever most bounden,

“And dutiful in all humility,

“JOHN WILBYE.”

CLXXX.

Ah me! can every rumour

Thus start my lady’s humour?

Name ye some galante to her—

Why straight forsooth I woo her!

Then bursts she forth in passion—

“You men love but for fashion.”

Yet sure I am that no man

Ever so loved woman.

Then, alas! love, be wary,

For women be contrary.

Ladies, beware of jealousy; for *a grief of heart and sorrow is a woman that is jealous over another woman.* (Ecclesiasticus, xxvi. 6.) Moreover, beware of giving *cause* for jealousy, as it is an ordinary thing for women *to scrat the faces or slit the noses of such as they suspect.* So Henry the Second’s queen did by Fair Rosamond, who complains, she scarce spake,

“But flew with eager fury to my face,

“Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.”—*S. Daniel.*

Far better in such cases, according to Mr. Burton’s advice, “to interpret charitably all things for the best, like St. Francis; who by chance seeing a friar saluting another man’s wife, was so far from misconceiving it, that he presently kneeled down, and thanked God there was so much charity left in the world.”

CLXXXI.

Dear Pity ! how, ah ! how wouldst thou become her ;
 That best becometh beauty's best attiring :
 Shall my desert deserve no favour from her,
 But still to waste myself in deep admiring ?
 Like him who calls on Echo to relieve him ;
 Still tells, still hears the tale—Oh ! tale to grieve him.

CLXXXII.

What needeth all this travail and turmoiling,
 Shortening the life's sweet pleasure,
 To seek this far-fetch'd treasure
 In these hot climates under Phœbus broiling ?

O fools ! can you not see a traffic nearer
 In my sweet lady's face ? where nature showeth
 Whatever treasure eye sees, or heart knoweth.
 Rubies and diamonds dainty,
 And orient pearls such plenty ;
 Coral and ambergis, sweeter and dearer
 Than which the South Seas or Moluccas lend us,
 Or either Indies, east or west, do send us.

If both be not translations from the same original, this
 is a close imitation of the following sonnet by Spenser :

“ Ye tradeful merchants, that with weary toil
 “ Do seek most precious things, to make your gain ;
 “ And both the Indies of their treasures spoil,
 “ What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?
 “ For lo ! my love doth in herself contain
 “ All this world's riches that may far be found,” &c.

About this period the cupidity of merchant adventurers was greatly excited to explore

“...those lands where spices serve for fuel.”

Thos. Lodge, 1596.

One of the greatest schemers was Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote an account of “The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden city of Manoa, called by the Spaniards *El Dorado*.”

CLXXXIII.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours;
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours;
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes,
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Wilbye has set these lines to music both of four and six voices. They are apparently translated from the following Italian Madrigal:—

“Quand’ io miro le rose,
“Ch’ in voi natura pose;
“E quelle che v’ ha l’ arte
“Nel vago seno sparte;
“Non so conoscer poi
“Se voi le rose, o sian le rose in voi.”

Music by Bianciardi, 1590.

CLXXXIV.

Thus saith my Cloris bright,
 When we of love sit down and talk together :
 Beware of love ! love is a walking sprite ;
 And love is this and that,
 And, oh ! I know not what ;
 And comes and goes again I wot not whither.
 No, no ; these are but *bugs* to breed amazing,
 For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

This Madrigal, and *So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris*, are from the same Italian original. Vide No. L.

The word *Bug* is of Celtic origin, and signifies a ghost or goblin.

“ Tush, tush, fright boys with *bugs*.”

Taming of the Shrew, act i. scene 2.

In Matthews's Bible, A.D. 1537, the 5th verse of the 91st Psalm is thus rendered : “ Thou shalt not need to be afraid “ for any *bugs* by night ; ” literally, in the Hebrew, *terror of the night*. The word, I believe, was not applied to a well-known little creature till late in the 17th century. To prevent offence to ears polite, *tricks* is generally substituted for *bugs* when the Madrigal is sung.

CLXXXV.

Adieu ! sweet Amarillis,
 For since to part your will is ;
 Oh, heavy, heavy tiding,
 Here is for me no biding.
 Yet once again, ere that I part with you,
 Adieu, sweet Amarillis ; sweet, adieu !

These lines to many may appear trifling, but whosoever hath known what it is to bid a last, and again *another* last adieu, will acknowledge the natural simplicity of the description.

CLXXXVI.

Die, hapless man, since she denies thee grace ;
 Die and despair, sith she doth scorn to love thee :
 Farewell, most fair, though thou dost fair deface,
 Sith for my duteous love thou dost reprove me.
 Those smiling eyes that sometime me revived,
 Clouded with frowns, have me of life deprived.

CLXXXVII.

I always beg, yet never am relieved ;
 I grieve, but yet my griefs are not believed ;
 I cry aloud in vain, with voice outstretched,
 And get but this ;—mine echo calls me wretched.

Not quite so uncivil a reply as the echo gives in No. CCCLXX. ; but by no means so satisfactory as that of some celebrated hill in Ireland, which in answer to the words *How do you do*, responds *Very well I thank you*.

CLXXXVIII.

Lady, your words do spite me ;
 Yet your sweet lips so soft, kiss and delight me :
 Your taunts my *life* destroying,
 Your deeds my *heart*, surcharged with overjoying :

Since both have force to spill me,
 Let kisses sweet still kill me.
 Knights fight with swords and lances,
 Fight you with smiling glances.
 So like swans of Mæander,
 My ghost from hence shall wander,
 Singing and dying.

The original has it "swans of *Leander*," which I presume to be a typographical error. I need scarcely remind my readers of Ovid's line :

"Ad vada *Mæandri* concinit albus olor."

"The white swan singeth by Mæander's fords."

CLXXXIX.

I sung sometime my thoughts and fancy's pleasure,
 Where I did list, or time served best and leisure.
 Fair Daphne did invite me
 To supper once, and drank to me to spite me.
 I smiled, but yet did doubt her,
 And drank where she had drank before, to flout her :
 But, oh ! while I did eye her,
 Mine eyes drank love, my lips drank burning fyer.

If young gentlemen will play such pranks at the supper table, they must take the consequences.

Some such pastime was the primary cause of Ixion's pleasant punishment in Pluto's dominions ; for Juno in Lucian's Dialogues, complains to Jupiter, that when she drank by chance and gave Ganymede the cup, he (Ixion) would desire to drink still in the very cup that she drank

of, and in the same place where she drank, and would kiss the cup, and then steadily look on her, and sometimes sigh, and then again smile.

CXC.

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
 None so fair in Flora's treasure ;
 These I placed on Phillis' bowers,
 She was pleased, and she's my pleasure.
 Smiling meadows seem to say
 "Come ye wantons here to play."

As regards the music, this is perhaps the most graceful and elegant Madrigal ever composed. I also admire in the two last lines, the common, but highly poetical idea of representing the inanimate world as taking part in the enjoyments of the human race. Happy they whose hearts are not yet so dead to youthful feeling, as to be unable to respond to the invitation of the *smiling meadows*, and to chant in the delightful words of the old Winchester song of *Dulce Domum*,

"Ridet annus, prata rident,
 "Nosque rideamus."

CXCI.

Sweet Love, if thou wilt gain a monarch's glory,
 Subdue her heart who makes me glad and sorry :
 Out of thy golden quiver

Take thou thy strongest arrow,
 That will thro' bone and marrow ;
 And me and thee of fear and grief deliver.
 But come behind,—for if she look upon thee,
 Alas ! poor Love, then art thou woe begone thee.

CXCII.

Cruel, behold my heavy ending !
 See what you 've wrought by your disdain !
 Causeless I die, love, still attending
 Your pity of my sad complaining.
 Suffer those eyes which thus have slain me,
 With speed to end their killing power :
 So shall you prove how love doth pain me,
 And see me die, alas ! still *yower**.

“The poor world” (says Rosalind in *As you Like It*)
 “is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there
 “was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet* in a
 “love cause. All such tales are lies. Men have died from
 “time to time, and worms have eaten them ;—but not for
 “love.”

CXCIII.

Thou art but young, thou say'st,
 And love's delight thou weigh'st not :
 Oh ! take time while thou may'st,
 Lest when thou would'st, thou may'st not.

* *Yours*. Monosyllables were frequently lengthened in this manner for the sake of rhyme, as *Fy-er* instead of *Fire* to correspond with *eye her*. Vide No. CLXXXIX.

If love shall then assail thee,
 A double anguish will torment thee;
 And thou wilt wish—(but wishes all will fail thee,)
 O me! that I were young again, and so repent thee.

An amplification of the old proverb

“They that will not when they may;
 “When they will, they shall have nay.”

Much has been written on this subject; but I will not run the risk of offending my female readers, of a *certain* age, by further remarks. Some have run into the opposite extreme, like Chaucer's Wife of Bath, who thus boasts,

“Since I was twelve years old, believe—
 “Husbands at Kirk door had I five.”

CXCIV.

Why dost thou shoot, and I seek not to shield me?
 I yield, sweet love, spare then my wounded liver;
 And do not make my heart thine arrows' quiver.
 Oh! hold; what needs this shooting, when I yield me?

The ancients considered that the liver was the place wherein the passion of love was seated; carried there by the spirits from the eyes, and kindled by the imagination. *Cogit amare jecur.* See also No. CCLV.

“The second set of Madrigales to three, four, five, and
 “six parts, apt both for Voyals and Voyces, newly com-
 “posed by John Wilbye, 1609. Printed by Thomas Este,
 “*alias* Snodham, for John Browne, and are to be sould at
 “his shop in S. Dunstone's Churchyard, in Fleet Street.

"Dedication."

"To the most noble and virtuous Lady, the Lady Arabella Stuart*.

"Madame,

"The deep understanding you have in all the arts, and
 "particular excellency in this of music, doth, by a certain
 "kind of right, challenge the dedication of the better sort
 "of labours in that faculty, especially in these times when
 "music sits solitary among her sister sciences; and, (but
 "for your Honour) often wants the fortune to be esteemed
 "(for so she is worthy) even among the worthiest. But
 "besides that general right, my true and zealous devotion,
 "long since desirous to express itself in any humble duty
 "to your honour, and borne up by the daily experience of
 "your most noble and singular disposition; hath never
 "thought upon any other patron for this work, than your
 "Honour, whose never-failing judgment in the depth of
 "Music I do wish may be pleased with some of these;
 "which happiness if they do attain, I know not what judgment
 "can avow to mislike them. Howsoever they behave
 "themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour to believe
 "this truth, that they are the sincere oblations of a
 "heart ever prepared for your service. And so, with all
 "humble and due reverence done to your Honour, I beseech
 "the Almighty to make you in all the passages of
 "your life truly happy, as you are in the world's true opinion,
 "virtuous.

"Your Honour's most humbly devoted and obliged,

"J. WILBYE."

This set contains thirty-four Madrigals.

* Daughter of a younger brother of Lord Darnley, and therefore cousin germaine to Mary Queen of Scots. In 1603 Sir W. Raleigh was tried for a plot to advance her to the throne of England. She married William, Marquis of Hertford.

CXC.V.

Come, shepherd swains, that wont to hear me sing,
Now sigh and groan.
Dead is my love, my hope, my joy, my spring;
Dead, dead, and gone!
Oh! she that was your summer's queen,
Your day's delight,
Is gone, and will no more be seen;
Oh! cruel spite!
Break all your pipes that wont to sound
With pleasant cheer,
And cast yourselves upon the ground
To wail my dear.
Come shepherd swains, come nymphs, and all a-row
To help me cry.
Dead is my love, and seeing she is so,
Lo! now I die!

A genuine old English Pastoral Elegy, and very much in the style of Spenser. I am sorry I cannot ascertain the author.

CXC.VI.

So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When he revisits Cypris' hallow'd bowers,
Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
Can draw his chariot midst the Paphian flowers.
Lightness to love! how ill it fitteth,
So heavy on my heart he sitteth.

CXCVII.

As fair as morn, as fresh as May,
 A pretty grace in saying *nay*.
 Smilest thou, sweetheart? then sing and say,
 Ta na no.

But oh! that love enchanting eye!
 Lo! here my doubtful doom I try.
 Tell me, my sweet; live I, or die?
 She smiles,—Fa la la:
 She frowns,—Ah me! I die.

The *doubtful doom* is tried,—the question is put,—the
Noes have it; and a *very pretty grace* it must be which
 can render that unpleasant negative at all agreeable.

CXCVIII.

I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe.
 I thirst and drink, I drink and thirst again.
 I sleep, and yet do dream I am awake.
 I hope for that I have; I have, and want.
 I sing and sigh; I love and hate at once.
 Oh! tell me, restless soul, what uncouth jar
 Doth cause in store such want, in peace such war.

Risposta.

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
 Can buy—no chymic art can counterfeit:
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty;

Makes water wine—turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain.

Seldom it comes ; to few from Heaven sent ;
That much in little, all in nought—Content.

From the use of the Italian word *Risposta* at the commencement of the second part, I think the whole is probably a translation from that language. In any case it possesses considerable merit.

“Many men are of such a perverse nature, they are
“pleased with nothing, neither with riches, nor poverty :
“they complain when they are well, and when they are
“sick ; grumble at all fortunes, prosperity and adversity ;
“they are troubled in a cheap year, and in a barren ;
“plenty or not plenty : nothing pleaseth them—war nor
“peace, with children nor without ; but (continueth Mr.
“Burton) if thou canst be content, thou hast abundance ;
“and he that is not satisfied with *little*, will never have
“*enough*.”

CXCIX.

When Cloris heard of her Amyntas dying,
She grieved then for her unkind denying :
Oft sighing sore, and with a heart unfeigned,
I die, I die, I die, she thus complained.
Whom, when Amyntas spied,
Then both for joy out-cried,—
I love, I love sweet Cloris' eye,
And I Amyntas 'till I die.

Matters are here settled in a much more satisfactory manner than is usual amongst old ballad writers. Witness the doleful end of Barbara Allan, who, after deliberately

insulting poor "Sir John Græme of the West Countrie" in his last moments, repents her, all too late; and as an act of just atonement for her atrocious cruelty, calls to her mother,

"O mother, mother, make my bed,

"O make it soft and narrow:

"Since my love died for me to-day,

"I'll die for him to-morrow."

CC.

Happy streams, whose trembling fall

With still murmur softly gliding;

Happy birds, whose chirping call

With sweet melody delighting;

Hath moved her flinty and relentless heart

To listen to your harmony;

And sit securely in these downs apart,

Enchanted with your melody.

Sing on, and carol forth your glee,

She grants you leave her rays to see:

Happy were I, could love but so delight her!

But, out alas! my love doth still despise her.

CCI.

Change me, O Heaven, into the ruby stone

That on my love's fair locks doth hang in gold:

Yet leave me speech, to her to make my moan;

And give me eyes, her beauty to behold.

Or, if you will not make my flesh a stone,
Make her hard heart seem flesh, that now seems none.

A *Concetto* from the Italian,

“Cangiami, O ciel pietoso, in questo sasso,

* * * * *

“E si di carne sasso non vuoi farmi,

“Fa di Madonna il cor de sasso carne.”

CCII.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face ;
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for a constant heart :
For these may fail, or turn to ill ;
So thou and I shall sever ;
 Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why ;
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

A severe reflection upon the ladies, and by no means complimentary to the understanding of the lords of the creation. The one who can love without knowing why, and the other who can be content with love for such a reason, run a fair chance of speedily swelling the list of those who figure in a particular column of the newspapers appropriated to proceedings in the consistory court, Doctors' Commons.

CCIII.

As matchless beauty thee a Phoenix proves,
 Fair Leonilla, so thy sour*-sweet loves :
 For when young Acon's eye thy proud heart tames,
 Thou diest in him, and livest in my flames.

This Madrigal is not very intelligible. The names Acon and Leonilla (brother and sister, who had each only one eye) occur in the following old epigram, said to have been written by a monk of Winchester. (Vide Gentleman's Magazine, February 1745, and Camden's Remains, p. 413.)

" Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
 " Et potuit formâ vincere uterque Deos.
 " Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori ;
 " Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

It has been translated and adapted as a round for five voices, by Dr. Cooke, "Of his right eye," &c.

CCIV.

Happy, O ! happy he, who not affecting
 The endless toils attending worldly cares ;
 With mind reposed, all discontents rejecting,
 In silent peace his way to Heaven prepares :
 Deeming this life a scene, the world a stage,
 Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

These lines would do credit to the finest poet that ever lived. To borrow an expression from a sister art, there is

* Vide No. CCXIII.

a *repose* about them that reminds me of Oliver Goldsmith's exquisite description of him, who

"..... passing rich with forty pounds a year,
 " Remote from cities ran his godly race,
 " Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;"

who by his example

" Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way;"
 and although he disdained not to share the joys or mitigate the griefs of those around him,

" Yet all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven."

There is a very quaint comparison between human life and a play in No. CCCI.

CCV.

Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do ye still
 Surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets ;
 As if the choicest nectar lay in them,
 Wherewith ye store your curious cabinets ?
 Ah ! make your flight to Melisuavia's lips ;
 There may ye revel in Ambrosian cheer,
 Where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit*,
 Keeping their spring-tide graces all the year.
 Yet sweet, take heed—all sweets are hard to get ;
 Sting not her soft lips ; oh ! beware of that ;
 For if one flaming dart come from her eye,
 Was never dart so sharp—Ah ! then you die.

Wilbye's Music to this Madrigal belongs, as an Under-

* "..... mista rubent ubi lilia multâ
 " Alba rosâ."—*Virgil*.

writer would say, to Class A 1. The words are imitated from one of the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus, written in Latin about the year 1533. I subjoin the original :

- “ Mellilegæ volucres, quid adhuc thyma cana, rosasque,
 “ Et rorem vernæ nectarium violæ
 “ Lingitis, aut florem latè spirantis anethi ?
 “ Omnes, ad dominæ labra, venite, meæ.
 “ Illa rosas spirant omnes, thymaque omnia sola,
 “ Et succum vernæ nectareum violæ.
 “ Heu ! non et stimulis compungite molle labellum,
 “ Ex oculis stimulos vibrat et illa pares.
 “ Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus inultum,
 “ Leniter innocuæ mella legatis, apes.”

The term *mellilegæ volucres* which Stanley, in his translation, A.D. 1651, renders *Ye wing'd confectioners*, is neat ; but upon the whole I prefer the present English version to the original Latin.

CCVI.

Oft have I vow'd, how dearly I did love thee,
 Oft have observ'd* thee with all willing duty ;
 Sighs I have sent, still hoping to remove thee,
 Millions of tears I've tender'd to thy beauty :
 Yet thou, of sighs and silly tears regardless,
 Suff'rest my feeble heart to pine with anguish ;
 Whilst all my barren hopes return rewardless,
 My bitter days do waste, and I do languish.

In the music of this Madrigal, which is very beautiful, occurs a chromatic passage of three or four semi-tones in succession—a rare circumstance in ancient harmony.

* Waited upon.

CCVII.

Down in a valley as Alexis trips,
 Daphne sat sweetly sleeping.
 Soon as the wanton touch'd her ruddy lips,
 She nicely* fell a weeping.
 The youth then gently greets her,
 And sighing oft intreats her.
 But when nor sighs nor kisses moved her pity,
 With plaints he warbles forth this mournful ditty.

 Hard Destinies ! are love and beauty parted ?
 Fair Daphne so disdainful !
 Cupid, thy shafts are too unjustly darted ;
 Fond Love, thy wounds be painful.
 But sith my lovely jewel
 Is proved so coy and cruel,
 I'll live and frolic in her beauty's treasure,
 But languish, faint, and die in her displeasure.

If not the most beautiful, *Down in a valley* is certainly one of the most elaborate of all Wilbye's compositions. I need but call the attention of those who have the music, to the close working of the parts and exquisite suspensions at the words *with plaints he warbles forth this mournful ditty*. Until lately, only one portion of it was reprinted, (and that in a very incorrect manner by Warren and Bland in their respective collections ;) and it is not by any means a solitary instance of the carelessness (to use no harsher term) displayed by the first-named person in his republication of old music.

It is provoking to witness the mistakes arising from un-

* Delicately, bashfully.

skilfulness on the part of the first arranger, and afterwards perpetuated by the carelessness of others, who with the most singular perversity will take for authority a modern printed or even manuscript copy rather than the author's own original works.

CCVIII.

Weep, weep, mine eyes, my heart can take no rest ;
Weep, weep, my heart, mine eyes shall ne'er be blest ;
Weep eyes, weep heart, and both this accent cry,
A thousand deaths, Flamminia, I die.
Ah, cruel fate ! Death, do thy worst, I care not :
Ah me ! Leander, now to die I fear not.
I hope when I am dead,
In the Elysian plain
To meet my love, and there
With joy to love again.

I have been obliged to patch up the last six lines, in order to give them something like rhythm.

CCIX.

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
And dwell in music's sweetest airs ;
Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty,
Not clogg'd with earth, or worldly cares ;
Come sing this song made in Amphion's praise,
Who now is dead ; yet you his fame can raise.

Call him again, let him not die,
 But live in music's sweetest breath;
 Place him in fairest memory,
 And let him triumph over death.
 O sweetly sung! his living wish attend ye:
 These were his words, *The mirth of Heaven God send ye.*

This is evidently a funeral song upon some celebrated musician, likely enough Thomas Morley, who died about the year 1608; and for whom Thomas Weelkes makes lamentation in a *doleful dump*. Vide No. CLIV.

CCX.

Where most my thoughts, there least mine eye is striking;
 Where least I come, there most my heart abideth:
 Where most I love, I never show my liking;
 From what my mind doth hold, my body slideth.
 I show least care, where most my care dependeth;
 A coy regard, where most my soul attendeth.

Poets are fond of representing true love as bashful, and shunning public observation—

“Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 “But never talk'd of love.”—*Goldsmith*.

Loin le fatras de la triste eloquence, as a French epigrammatist writes;—make me no fine speeches before company, but merely

“..... give me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
 “And look as you were na looking at me.”—*Burns*.

CCXI.

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
 That do arise from painful melancholy ;
 My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
 That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.

Sweet night, draw on,—my griefs when they be told
 To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining ;
 And while thou all in silence dost enfold,
 I then shall have best time for my complaining.

A similar feeling pervades the following beautiful lines
 by Kirke White :—

“ ’Tis Midnight—on the globe dread slumber sits,
 “ And all is silence in the hour of sleep.
 “ I wake alone, to listen and to weep ;
 “ To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn ;
 “ And while fond memory doth her vigils keep,
 ‘ To think of days that never can return ! ”

CCXII.

Stay, Corydon, thou swain,
 Talk not so soon of dying :
 What tho’ thy heart be slain,
 What tho’ thy love be flying !
 She threatens thee, but dares not strike ;
 Thy nymph is light and shadow-like ;
 For if thou follow her, she ’ll fly from thee ;
 But if thou fly from her, she ’ll follow thee.

The comparison between the coquettish nymph and the

shadow is highly poetical. Speaking of certain fickle dames, Burton says, "they will deny and take, stoutly refuse, and yet earnestly seek the same; repel to make you advance with more eagerness; *fly from you if you follow*; but if averse, as *a shadow they will follow you again*: "*—fugientem sequitur, sequentem fugit.*"

CCXIII.

Softly, oh! drop, mine eyes, lest you be dry,
 And make my heart with grief to melt and die.
 Now pour out tears apace,—
 Now stay,—O heavy case!
 Alas! O sour-sweet woe!
 O grief! O joy! why strive you so?
 Can pain and joy in one poor heart consent?
 Then sigh and sing, rejoice, lament.
 Ah me! O passion strange and violent!
 Was never wretch so sore tormented:
 Nor joy, nor grief, can make my heart contented.
 For while with joy I look on high,
 Down, down I fall with grief—and die.

The antithesis *sour-sweet*, which also occurs in No. CCIII., is nearly akin to the *dolcezza amarissime d'amore* in Guarini's *Pastor fido*.

Cupid is constantly represented as mixing together the sours and sweets of life. Thus Catullus,

"Sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces."

"Celestial youth, 't is thy delight to throw

"On human bliss some tinge of human woe."

A writer in *The Paradise of dainty Devices*, A.D. 1576, makes the following plaint:

- “ Why did the course of nature so ordain,
 “ That *sugred sour* must sauce the *bitter sweet*?
 “ Which sour from sweet, might any means remove,
 “ What hap, what heaven, what life were like to love! ”
-

JOHN BENNET.

The only printed work extant by this composer is “ Madrigals to four voices, his first works, at London, “ printed in Little Saint Hellens, by William Barley, As- “ signe of Thomas Morley, 1599: ” dedicated to

“ The Right worshipful Ralph Asheton, Esq., one of
 “ Her Majesty’s Justices of Peace and Quorum, and of the
 “ Oier and Terminer in the County Palantine of Lancaster,
 “ and Receiver of Her Highness’ Duchy revenues in the
 “ said County, and the County Palantine of Chester.” He therein requests his patron to accept these madrigals (seventeen in number) as “ the first fruits of his simple skill, “ the endeavours of a young wit, and tokens of a thankful “ mind.”

Thomas Ravenscroft, whom he assisted with a few specimens for his *Brief Discourse* published in 1614, gives him a very high character, as being “ a gentleman admirable for all kinds of composures, either in art or ayre, “ simple or mixed, of what nature soever: in whose works “ the very life of that passion which the ditty sounded is “ so truly exprest, as if he had measured it alone by his “ own soul, and invented no other harmony than his own “ sensible feeling did afford him.” Most of his *Composures* fully justify Ravenscroft’s eulogium; for example, *Thirsis*,

sleepest thou ; Come, shepherds ; Sleep, fond fancy ; Flow, O my tears, and All creatures now (one of the Triumphs of Oriana). It appears somewhat singular that so few of them have been handed down to us ; for with the exception of the works above specified, I am aware of no others save one or two anthems in manuscript dated 1616.

CCXIV.

I wander up and down, and fain would rest me ;
 Yet cannot rest, such cares do still molest me.
 All things conspire I see, and this consent in,
 To find a place for me fit to lament in.

CCXV.

Come, shepherds, follow me,
 Run up apace the mountain :
 See lo ! beside the fountain
 Love laid to rest ; how sweetly sleepeth he !
 O take heed, come not nigh him,
 But haste we hence and fly him ;
 And, lovers, dance with gladness ;
 For while love sleeps, is truce with care and sadness.

These lines are most likely an imitation, as a similar idea of the danger of disturbing Love's slumbers is to be found in one of Morley's four-voice Madrigals, No. LXIX.

CCXVI.

Thirsis, sleepest thou? Holla! let not sorrow slay us.
 Hold up thy head, man; said the gentle Melibœus.
 See! summer comes again, the country's pride adorning;
 Hark! how the cuckoo singeth this fair April morning.
 Oh! said the shepherd, and sigh'd as one all undone,
 Let me alone, alas! and drive him back to London.

The music of this is beautiful; and at the words *Hark!* *how the cuckoo singeth*, the well-known notes of that celebrated bird are most ingeniously interwoven in the several parts. The meaning of *drive him back to London* is not very apparent. Perhaps the expression had reference to some joke of the day.

CCXVII.

Ye restless thoughts, that harbour discontent,
 Cease your assaults, and let my heart lament;
 And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,
 That she may pity, though not grant relief.
 Pity would help what love hath almost slain,
 And salve the wound that fester'd this disdain.

Set also by John Wilbye, A.D. 1598.

CCXVIII.

When-as I glanced upon my lovely Phillis,
 Whose cheeks are deck'd with roses and with lilies;

I me complain'd, that she me nought regarded ;
 And that my love with *envy* was rewarded.
 Then wantonly she smiled,
 And grief from me exiled.

The word *envy* is constantly used by old writers in the sense of hatred or malice.

“ Since he stands obdurate,
 “ And that no lawful means can carry me
 “ Out of his *envy's* reach.”—*Merchant of Venice*.

CCXIX.

O sleep, O sleep, fond fancy !
 My head, alas ! thou tirest,
 With false delight of that which thou desirest.
 Sleep, sleep, I say, fond fancy !
 And leave my thoughts molesting :
 Thy master's head hath need of sleep and resting.

This is a sweet morceau of true poetry, and set in a masterly manner by Bennet, and also by Morley for three voices in his Introduction to Music.

The word *fancy* came to be often used as synonymous with love. Vide Dr. Nott's edition of the Earl of Surrey's Poems. *Fancy-free*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, means, free from the effects or power of love.

CCXX.

Flow, O my tears, and cease not !
 Your spring-tides, out alas ! methinks increase not.
 Oh ! when—oh ! when begin you
 To swell so high, that I may drown me in you ?

This stanza is also set by Wilbye to music of three voices. I do not know why the original words, *Weep, O mine eyes*, have been altered to *Flow, O my tears*, unless to distinguish this Madrigal from another by Wilbye, for five voices, beginning with the former words.

In regard to just expression of the poetry, as well as beauty of harmony, nothing can excel the adaptation of Bennet.

CCXXI.

Since neither tunes of joy, nor notes of sadness,
 Cruel unkind, can move thee,
 I will go run away for rage and madness,
 Because I will not love thee.
 O come again, thy fruitless labour waste not :
 How wilt thou run, fool, when thy heart thou hast not ?

CCXXII.

Rest now, Amphion, rest thy charming lyre ;
 For Daphne's love makes sweeter melody :
 Her love's *concord* with mine doth well conspire,
 No *discord* jars in our love's sympathy :
 Our *concords* have some *discords* mixt among :
Discording concords make the sweetest song.

As the effect of music is greatly heightened by the introduction of certain discordant sounds properly prepared and resolved into concords, so *amantium ira amoris integratio est*.

MICHAEL ESTE.

Michael Este, M.B. (sometimes Est and East), was master of the boys in Lichfield Cathedral. He published several sets of Part Books. The first in 1604 is thus dedicated :

“To the right worshipful, and my very good friend,
“Sir John Crofts, Knight, Mich. Este wisheth long life,
“health, and happiness, with increase of honour.” It contains twenty-four “Madrigals, of three, four, and five parts
“apt for viols and voices.”

 CCXXIII.

O come again, my lovely jewel,
That we may kindly kiss and play,
And sweetly pass the time away.
O go not, sweet, you are too cruel.
What, now you run away disdaining?
And leave me here alone complaining.

This is a sweet little scrap of poetry ; I hardly know a Madrigal wherein there is such an “harmonical concent” between the words and music. In modern reprints *go not*, *sweet* has been altered to *do not go*, and I think for the better.

 CCXXIV.

In the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood side,
Whereas May was in her pride :

There I spyed all alone,
Phillida and Corydon :
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love, and she would not ;
She said never man was true,
He said none was false to you ;
He said he had loved her long,
She said love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then,
She said maids must kiss no men,
Till they did for good and all :
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heav'ns to witness truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse ;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

Nicholas Breton, a poet of considerable celebrity in Elizabeth's reign, is the author of this most spirited Madrigal ; in the above copy of which there is little variation from that printed by Dr. Percy, although taken from a different authority. It must have been written before the year 1591, as it appears to have been sung in an entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty, in progress at Elvetham, near Odiham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford in that year. " On Wednesday morning (says the historian) " about nine o'clock, as Her Majesty opened the casement

“ of her gallery window, there were three excellent musicians, who being disguised in ancient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of *Corydon and Phillida*, made in three parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the ditty as the aptness of the note thereto applied, it pleased Her Highness after it had been once sung, to command again, and highly to grace it with her cheerful acceptance and commendation. It was entitled *The Plowman's Song* ‘ In the merry month of May.’ ”—*Nichols's Progresses.*

Although Este did not publish these Madrigals till 1604, it might have been his music which shared with the poetry the honour of an *encore* from Her Highness. I am not aware that any other composer of that date has set the words. Dr. Cooke's admirable modern adaptation is well known.

CCXXV.

O stay, fair cruel ! do not still torment me
 With frowns, disgraces, and disdainful deeds;
 When every eye with pity doth lament me,
 That views my face, and my misfortune reads.
 O be not so hard-hearted still,
 Your glory's greater far to spare than kill.

CCXXVI.

My hope a counsel with my love
 Hath long desired to be ;
 And marvels much, so dear a friend
 Is not retain'd by me.

She doth condemn my eager haste,
 In passing the estate
 Of my whole life into their hands
 Who nought pay for 't but hate.

And not sufficed with this, she says,
 I did release the right
 Of my enjoyed liberty,
 Unto your beauteous sight.

We have Madrigals entitled *Spirituali*, but this is the first example that I have met with of the *Madrigale legale*. I beg to recommend it to the attention of all musical gentlemen of the long robe.

CCXXVII.

In vain, my tongue, thou begg'st to ease my care ;
 In vain, mine eyes, ye gaze or look for aid ;
 In vain, mine ears, ye listen after air ;
 In vain, my thoughts, ye think what hath been said ;
 In vain my faith serves, where 't is not regarded ;
 In vain my hope, where truth is not rewarded.

“All is vanity,” was the opinion of Solomon, and so seems to have thought the author of the preceding lines.

CCXXVIII.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain.

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green:
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

These very beautiful stanzas are also set to music by R. Allison in his *Hour's Recreation*, 1606; but they are of a considerably older date, being amongst John Mundy's Songs and Psalms, 1594. Spenser in "The Shepherd's Calendar" has two lines of a similar character:

"And yet, alas! but now my spring's begun,
"And yet, alas! it is already done."

CCXXIX.

Sly thief, if so you will believe,
It nought or little did me grieve,
That my true heart you had bereft,
Until you it unkindly left.
Leaving, you lose; losing, you kill
That which I may forego so ill.

What thing more cruel can you do,
Than rob a man and kill him too?
Wherefore of love I ask this meed,
To bring you where you did this deed;
That there you may for your amisses,
Be damaged* in a thousand kisses.

* Amerced.

Had the author of Hudibras lived when this Madrigal was written, the two first lines of the second stanza might from similarity of style have been attributed to him.

CCXXX.

Ye restless cares, companions of the night,
 That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes ;
Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
 Since love and fortune prove my equal foes.
 Farewell, my hopes ; farewell, my happy days ;
 Welcome, sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

From Robert Greene's *Menaphon* (afterwards called *Arcadia*), it is there entitled *Menaphon's Song in bed*. The word *tire* signifies *to fasten upon*, like a bird of prey, as in the Third Part of Henry the Sixth, act i. sc. 1.

" like an empty eagle,
 "*Tire* on the flesh of me, and of my son."

And again,

" Ev'n as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 "*Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone."

Este's second set was published in 1606, and the dedication to the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Gerard, Knight, is dated from Ely House, Holborn. It contains twenty-two compositions.

CCXXXI.

How merrily we live that shepherds be !
Roundelays still we sing with merry glee ;
On the pleasant downs whereas our flocks we see.
We feel no care, we fear not fortune's frowns,
We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.

In "The Complainge of Scotland," published at St. Andrews in 1549, the author (Wedderburn) gives a most vivid description of pastoral life. Being weak and sad thro' study he passes to "the green wholsom fields," where, says he, "I beheld mony herds blawing their buck-horns
"and their corn pipes, calling and convoying mony fat
"flocks to be fed on the fields: then the shepherds put
"their sheep on banks and braes, and on dry hills to get
"their pasture. Then I beheld the shepherds' wives and
"their childer, that brought their morning breakfasts to
"the shepherds. Then after their *disjeune*, they began
"to talk of great merryness that was right pleasant to be
"heard.

"When the shepherds had told all their pleasant stories,
"then they and their wives began to sing sweet melodious
"songs of natural music of the antiquity, in good accords
"and reports of diapason, diatesseron, and prolations. The
"musician Amphion did sing sae dulce, that the stones
"moved, and also the sheep and nolt*, and the fowls of the
"air pronounced their bestial voice to sing with him; yet
"nathless his harmonious song preferred not the sweet
"songs of these shepherds.

"Then after this sweet celest harmony they began to
"dance," &c., &c.

* Oxen.

CCXXXII.

So much to give and be so small regarded,
 Is fault in you, or folly great in me :
 For when the richest gifts are not rewarded,
 What then for meaner can expected be ?

A very sensible *Rule of Three* statement.

CCXXXIII.

O metaphysical tobacco !
 Fetch'd as far as from Morocco :
 Thy searching fume
 Exhales the rheum ;
 O metaphysical tobacco !

At the time when this most elaborate eulogium was penned, tobacco was somewhat of a novelty, having been introduced into England, about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by the expedition under Sir F. Drake, who "being instructed by the Indians, used it against crudities of the stomach, and certès since that time it is grown so frequent in use, and of such price, that many, nay most part, with an insatiable desire do take of it ; drawing into their mouths the smoke thereof, (which is of a strong scent,) through a pipe made of earth," (making the nose serve for an Indian chimney, as Decker describes it in his *Gull's Hornbook*,) "some for wantonness, or rather fashion's sake, others for health's sake ; insomuch that tobacco shops are set up in a greater number than either ale houses or taverns."—*Annales of Elizabeth*.

Paul Hentzner, an intelligent German who travelled in

this country in 1598, gives a similar testimony to the fondness of the English for tobacco.

“At these spectacles,” says he, “and everywhere else, they are constantly smoking tobacco, and in this manner: they have pipes on purpose made of clay, into the further end of which, they put the herb so dry that it may be rubbed into powder; and putting fire to it, they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils like funnels.”

F. Beaumont thus celebrates it in a poem called “The Triumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ale.”

“The poets of old

“Many fables have told

“Of the Gods and their symposia;

“But Tobacco alone,

“Had they known it, had gone

“For their Nectar and Ambrosia.”

The worthy Mr. Burton is not so outrageous in praise of the filthy weed. “Tobacco,” (says he ironically) “divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco; which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher’s stones; a sovereign remedy to all diseases! A good vomit I confess; a vertuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used: but, as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale; ’t is a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, and health; hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco; the ruin and overthrow of body and soul!”

I have never seen more than these two sets of Este’s Madrigals, and have reason to believe that most of his other publications were sets of sacred songs in parts.

THOMAS BATESON.

Of this Composer we have two sets of Madrigals. The first is for three, four, five, and six voices (in all twenty-nine pieces) wherein he styles himself “ Practitioner in the “ Art of Music, and Organist of the Cathedral Church “ of Christ in the City of Chester. Printed by Thos. Este, “ 1604,” and inscribed to his “ Honorable and most respect- “ ed good friend Sir William Norres, Knight of the most “ honorable Order of the Bath.” It is to be inferred from the dedication that he was then a young man, as he compares his compositions to “ young birds feared out of the “ nest before they be well-feathered, and hopes they will be “ so shrouded in the leaves of his Patrons’ good liking, so “ that neither any ravenous kite nor crafty fowler, any “ open-mouthed Momus, or more sly detractor, may devour “ or harm them that cannot succour nor shift for them- “ selves.”

In this set appears one of the *Triumphs of Oriana* which should have been in that work, A.D. 1601, but was sent too late for publication ; and also a Madrigal called Oriana’s farewell, written after the death of Elizabeth.

CCXXXIV.

Beauty is a lovely sweet,
Where pure white and crimson meet,
Join’d with favour of the face,
Chiefest flower of female race.
Yet if *virtue* could be seen,
It would more delight the eyne.

“ Although” (as Mr. Burton observes,) “ beauty be the

“common object of all love, (for as jet draws a straw, so
 “doth beauty love,) yet believe it there is nothing so
 “amiable and fair as virtue. *Ardentes amores excitaret, si*
 “*simulacrum ejus ad oculos penetraret.* (Plato.) No painter
 “nor graver, no carver can express its lustre: it is an in-
 “ward beauty which we see with the eyes of our hearts.”

It is reported of Magdalen Queen of France, wife to
 Lewis the Eleventh, a Scottish woman by birth, that walk-
 ing forth one evening with her ladies, she espied Mons.
 Alanus, an old hard-favoured man, fast asleep in a bower,
 and kissed him sweetly. When the young ladies laughed
 at her for it, she replied that it was not his person that she
 did kiss or reverence, but the divine beauty of his soul.

CCXXXV.

Love would discharge the duty of his heart

In beauty's praise, whose greatness doth deny
 Words to his thoughts, and thoughts to his desert;
 Which high conceit since nothing can supply,
 Love here constrain'd the conquest to confess,
 Bids silence sigh what tongue cannot express.

The second stanza of a sonnet, of which the first is set
 by William Byrd, vide No. XIII.

CCXXXVI.

The Nightingale, so soon as April bringeth

Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
 While late bare earth proud of her clothing springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making;

And mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expreseth :
 While grief her heart oppreseth,
 For Tereus' force o'er her chaste will prevailing.

By Sir P. Sydney, from his Sonnets and Translations.

Spenser calls the Nightingale

"That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
 "In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
 "The mem'ry of his misdeed that bred her woe."

CCXXXVII.

Ah me! my mistress scorns my love,
 I fear she will most cruel prove.
 I weep, I sigh, I grieve, I groan;
 Yet she regardeth not my moan.
 Then, Love, adieu—it fits not me,
 To weep for her that laughs at thee.

CCXXXVIII.

Your shining eyes and golden hair,
 Your lily-rosed lips so fair;
 Your various beauties which excel,
 Men cannot choose but like them well:
 Yet when for them they say they'll die,
 Believe them not,—they do but lie*.

* Vide No. CXCII.

CCXXXIX.

Whither so fast?—see how the kindly flowers
 Perfume the air; and all to make thee stay :
 The climbing woodbine clipping* all these bowers,
 Clips thee likewise for fear thou pass away ;
 Stay but awhile, Phœbe no tell-tale is ;
 She her Endymion, I'll my Daphne kiss.

CCXL.

Phillis, farewell ! I may no longer live :
 Yet if I die, fair Phillis I forgive.
 I live too long ; come, gentle death, and end
 My endless torment, or my grief amend.

If this stanza had been in Bateson's second set, written in Dublin, A.D. 1618, one might have supposed that an Irish poet had helped him to the idea of ending *endless* torments.

CCXLI.

Strange were the life that every one would like,
 More strange the state that should mislike each one ;
 Rare were the gem that every one would seek,
 And little worth that all would let alone.
 Sweet were the meat that every one would choose,
 And sour the sauce that all men would refuse.

Many a moral and comfortable reflection might be

* Embracing.

drawn from the foregoing stanza, every line of which would form a head for a separate discourse. It is a consolatory thought, that however miserable in his own estimation may be the condition of any individual, there are nevertheless others to whom it would be comparative happiness. No sauce so sour as to be displeasing to the palate of every one.

CCXLII.

O fly not, love, O fly not me!
Stay but a while, O stay thee;
And hear a wretch complaining
His grief through thy disdain.
O do not thus unkindly use me,
To kiss me once—and then refuse me.

Truly that was “the unkindest cut of all,” and using the swain most *ungenteely*, as Miss Bailey’s ghost said to wicked Captain Smith.

CCXLIII.

Who prostrate lie at women’s feet,
And call them darlings dear and sweet;
Protesting love, and craving grace,
And praising oft a foolish face;
Are oftentimes deceived at last,
Then catch at nought, and hold it fast.

He who prostrate lies at woman’s feet, thinks no tongue can sufficiently praise his lady’s fine feature.

As Ariosto says,

“ By all kind words, and gestures that he might,
 “ He calls her his dear heart, his sole beloved ;
 “ His joyful comfort, and his sweet delight,
 “ His mistress, and his goddess, and such names
 “ As loving knights apply to lovely dames.”

He makes himself quite her lackey, as Lucretia, a gay lady of the olden time, brags, “ If I did but let my glove
 “ fall by chance, I had one of my suitors, nay two or three
 “ at once, ready to stoop and take it up, and kiss it, and
 “ with a low *congé* deliver it to me. If I would walk, an-
 “ other was ready to sustain me by the arm, a third to pro-
 “ vide fruit, pears, plums, cherries, or whatsoever I would
 “ eat or drink.”

Yet as the Madrigal warns us, the silly shepherd, after all his labour and pain, his vows and protestations, *is often-times deceived at last*, and when he is fairly caught and obliged to hold fast by his bad bargain, he discovers too late, that

“ A brittle gem, a bubble, is beauty pale,
 “ A rose, dew, snow, smoke, wind, air,—nought at all.”

CCXLIV.

Sister, awake, close not your eyes,
 The day its light discloses :
 And the bright morning doth arise,
 Out of her bed of roses.

See, the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
 In at our window peeping.
 Lo ! how he blusheth to espy
 Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore awake, make haste I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a maying.

Such a beautiful picture of a summer morning is given in these lines, that often after reading them I have vowed to spare Phœbus' blushes, by rising with him, but, ah! the frailty of human nature! The next day has found him not peeping in at the window with gray uncertain light, but shining on my half-closed eyelids with the full blaze of his rubicund countenance.

Bateson's "Second set of Madrigals to three, four, five, "and six parts, apt for viols and voices," was composed in Dublin, but printed in London, by Thomas Snodham, A.D. 1618, and dedicated to "the Right Honourable Arthur, "Lord Chichester, Baron of Belfast, Lord High Treasurer "of Ireland." Bateson is styled in the title page "Bachelor of Music, Organist and Master of the Children of the "Cathedral Church of the Blessed Trinity, Dublin, in the "Realm of Ireland." It contains thirty Madrigals.

CCXLV.

My mistress, after service due,
Demanded if my love were true:
I said it was; then she replied,
That I must hate whom she defied.

And so myself above the rest,
Whom she did most of all detest.

In sooth, said I, you see I hate myself,
To set my love on such a peevish elf.

Well said, Mr. Poet,—in sooth I think you have given
the unconscionable lady “A Roland for her Oliver.”

CCXLVI.

One woman scarce of twenty,
But hath of tears great plenty;
Which they pour out like fountains,
That run down from the mountains:
Yet all is but beguiling,
Their tears and eke their smiling.
I'll therefore never trust them,
Since Nature hath so curst them;
That they can weep in smiling,
Poor fools thereby beguiling.

Ovid's advice (and he was well skilled in such matters) is

“Care not for woman's tears, I counsel thee,
“They teach their eyes as much to weep as see.”

Which in plain prose may be rendered, in the words of Burton, “As much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a goose going barefoot. They will crack, counterfeit and colloque,” adds he, “with handkerchiefs, and wrought nightcaps, purses, posies, and such toys; and when nothing else will serve, their last refuge is in tears, which they have at command; or they can weep with one eye, and laugh with the other; and how shall a young novice thus beset escape? Believe them not.”

In a play by Decker, with a very unmentionable name, is the following stanza, appropriate to the present subject :

“ Trust not a woman when she cries ;
 “ For she ’ll pump water from her eyes
 “ With a wet finger, and in faster showers
 “ Than April when he rains down on the flowers.”

CCXLVII.

The Nightingale, in silent night,
 Doth sing as well as in the light :
 To lull love’s watchful eyes asleep,
 She doth her nightly vigils keep.
 Then, hey ho ! sing we withal,
 What fortune us so e’er befall.

CCXLVIII.

Pleasure is a wanton thing,
 When old and young do dance and spring ;
 Pleasure is what most desire,
 And yet ’t is but a fool’s hire.

Mankind, according to Burton, are at no period of their lives insensible to the pleasures of dancing. “ Who can “ withstand it?” saith he ; “ be we young or old, though our “ teeth shake in our heads like virginal jacks, or stand pa- “ rallel asunder like the arches of a bridge,—there is no “ remedy : we must dance *Trenchmore** over tables, chairs, “ and stools.”

* Vide No. CLV.

CCXLIX.

When to the gloomy woods,
 When to the barren plain,
 When to the stony rocks and sullen floods
 I wailing go, and of my love complain;
 How senseless sure, think I, by love I grow,
 Who thus to senseless objects tell my woe.

Yet these my piercing moans
 Have touched oft so nigh,
 That they to me reply:
 But cruel she, more senseless than hard stones,
 All heedless of my pains,
 No answer gives—unmoved still remains.

CCL.

If floods of tears could cleanse my follies past,
 Or smoke* of sighs make sacrifice for sin;
 If groaning cries might salve my faults at last,
 Or endless moan for error, pardon win:
 Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan
 Mine errors, faults, sins, follies past and gone.

Set also by John Dowland, in his Second Book of Madrigals.

* “With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold
 “The place all dim’d like to the morning mist.”

Mirror for Magistrates.

CCLI.

Have I found her? O, rich finding!
 Goddess like for to behold,
 Her fair tresses seemly binding
 In a chain of pearl and gold.
 Chain me, chain me, O most fair;
 Chain me to thee with that hair.

Next to the eyes, the hair is considered to possess the greatest power over a lover's heart*, and upon the authority of most poets from Homer downwards, that of a light colour receives the highest admiration. Venus, Helen, Dido, Briseis, &c. were *flavicomæ omnes*. The golden hair of Jason inflamed the heart of Medea: Paris, Menelaus, Patroclus and Achilles were all yellow-haired. In England she whose hair was *like threads of gold*, and in Scotland *the lassie wi' the lint white locks* have been equally celebrated.

This Madrigal is also set by Pilkington, A.D. 1612.

CCLII.

Camilla fair tripp'd o'er the plain,
 I followed quickly after;
 Have overtak'n her I would fain,
 And kiss'd when I had caught her.

* "O Helen, fair beyond compare!
 "I'll make a garland of thy hair
 "Shall bind my heart for evermair."

Scotch Ballad, Helen of Kirconnell.

See also No. CCLIV.

But hope being past, her to obtain,
Camilla, loud I call :
She answer'd me with great disdain,
I'll not kiss thee at all.

CCLIII.

Cupid in a bed of roses
Sleeping, chanced to be stung
Of a bee that lay among
The flowers, where he himself reposes :
And thus to his mother weeping
Told, that he this wound did take,
Of a little winged snake,
As he lay securely sleeping.
Citherea smiling said,
That if so great sorrow spring
From a silly bee's weak sting,
As can make thee thus dismay'd ;
What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,
Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain ?

This will at once be recognised as a translation, (and by no means an inelegant one,) of the well-known ode of Anacreon. I have not been able to ascertain the author, nor am I aware of an entire English version of Anacreon, bearing date earlier than that by Stanley, anno 1651.

CCLIV.

Her hair's a net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart led by my wand'ring eyes
So fast entangled is, that in no wise
It can or will again retire ;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die,
Than break one hair to gain its liberty.

The two last lines are neatly turned. Having already commented (vide No. CCLI.) upon the power of Ladies' hair in binding the heart of Man, I shall merely illustrate the present Madrigal by a translation from an old writer. "The hairs are Cupid's nets to catch all comers ; a brushy wood in which he builds his nest, and under whose shadow all loves a thousand several ways sport themselves."

CCLV.

Fond love is blind, blind therefore lovers be ;
But I more blind, who ne'er my love did see.
Pygmalion loved an image, I a name ;
I laugh'd at him, but now deserve like blame.
Thus foolishly I leap before I look,
Seeing no bait, I swallow'd have the hook.

Ah, Cupid ! grant that I may never see
Her, who thus thro' mine ear hath wounded me ;
If thro' mine eyes another wound she give,
Cupid, alas ! then I no longer live :
But die, poor wretch, shot thro' and thro' the liver*,
With those sharp arrows she stole from thy quiver.

* Vide No. CXCIV.

The poet here seems to have fallen in love from the report of others.

RICHARD ALISON

Was the author of a Publication entitled

“ An Hour’s Recreation in music, apt for instruments
 “ and voices, framed for the delight of gentlemen and
 “ others which are well affected to that quality. All for the
 “ most part with two trebles, necessary for such as teach
 “ in private families ; with a prayer for the long preserva-
 “ tion of the King and his posterity, and a thanksgiving for
 “ the deliverance of the whole estate from the late conspi-
 “ racy* ; by Richard Alison, Gentleman, and Practitioner
 “ in the Art. London: printed by John Windet, the assigne
 “ of William Barley, and are to be sold at the Golden An-
 “ chor in Paternoster-row, 1606.” Dedicated to

“ The right worthily honoured and most free respecter
 “ of all virtue, my esteemed and singular good Patron, Sir
 “ John Scudamore, Knight.

“ How noble, how ancient, and how effectual the Art
 “ of Music is, many excellent discourses of theorists, deeply
 “ learned in the science, have already so confirmed and
 “ illustrated, that it might seem as much arrogancy in me
 “ to attempt the praise thereof, as it argues malice or igno-
 “ rance in such as seek to exclude it out of divine or hu-
 “ man society. I will only allege one testimony out of an
 “ epistle, which that ancient Father Martin Luther did
 “ write to Senfelius the Musician ; which is so ample in
 “ commendation of his Art, that it were superfluous to add
 “ any other. ‘ Music,’ saith he, ‘ to Devils we know is
 “ ‘ hateful and intolerable, and I plainly think, neither am

* The Gunpowder Plot.

“ ‘ I ashamed to aver it, that next to Theology, there is no
 “ ‘ Art comparable with Music ; for it alone, next to Theo-
 “ ‘ logy, doth effect that which otherwise only Theology
 “ ‘ can perform ; that is, a quiet and cheerful mind.’ Now
 “ if Music merits so high a place as this holy man hath
 “ given it, can we deny love and honour to them that with
 “ their grace and bounty raise the professors thereof ; or
 “ to whom shall we that labour in that quality better re-
 “ commend our works, than to our patrons and bene-
 “ factors ?

“ Receive therefore, most honoured Knight, the fruits of
 “ your bounties, and the effects of those quiet days, which
 “ by your goodness I have enjoyed. And as the glory of
 “ a new finished house belongs, not so much to the work-
 “ man that built it as to the Lord that owns it, so if any
 “ part of this new work of mine can excite commendation,
 “ the grace is chiefly yours, tho’ the labour mine ; but be-
 “ cause there is no man more distrustful of his own endea-
 “ vours than I am myself, I beseech you receive my labours
 “ into your protection, whose worth can best countenance
 “ them from misfortune. I will only assist you with a poor
 “ man’s bounty, I mean my many humble prayers to the
 “ highest protector, beseeching him to bless you with long
 “ life and prosperity, to his glory, and our comforts, that
 “ must ever owe you our service and love,

“ Your worship’s wholly devoted,

“ RICHARD ALISON.”

CCLVI.

O heavy heart ! whose harms are hid,
 Thy help is hurt, thy hap is sad :
 If thou shouldst break, as God forbid,
 Then should desert want his reward.

Hope well to have—hate not sweet thought,
Foul cruel storms fair calms have brought.
After sharp showers the sun shines fair ;
Hope comes likewise after despair.

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long :
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong :
In hope the ploughman sows his seed ;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
Then faint not heart among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Tho' wit bids will to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as wit would wish ;
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish.
When cities burn with fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same ;
If will and fancy be agreed,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift,
To follow will and leave the wit :
The wanton horse that runs too swift,
May well be stay'd upon the bit.
But check a horse amidst his race,
And out of doubt you mar his pace ;
Thus wit and reason doth men teach
Never to climb above their reach.

Although these four stanzas are doubtless by the same

author, there is no connexion between the two first and two last, the one subject being Hope, the other a sort of amplification of the Madrigal, No. XXVIII., *Wedded to will is witless*. I should say they were the offspring of no common muse.

CCLVII.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain ;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain :
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeys the hammer's stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set ;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net.
The greatest fish in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

There are two stanzas more in the original, but Alison has only adapted the foregoing to music. The Poem will be found entire in Percy's Reliques. It is taken from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, A.D. 1576, where it is subscribed M. T., which Ritson judges to be the initials of M. Thorn, whose name is elsewhere printed at length. Without at all detracting from Dr. Percy's merit as an antiquary, I hope I may here be allowed to smile at a very silly remark, made by him in his note upon this poem, wherein he says "that Richard Alison's *Hour's Recreation* is usually "bound up with three or four sets of Weelkes' Madrigals." Now the fact of the matter is this ; the Doctor most likely

had in his possession an *odd* alto part of Madrigals by sundry composers, accidentally bound in the same volume, (now in the British Museum,) among which are those by Alison and Weelkes, and he therefore took it for granted that there was some connexion between them.

In equal ignorance, I suspect, of ancient musical matters, Ritson and others after him speak of a book which they call *The Aberdeen Cantus*, as being something very valuable; but which as far as I can understand is nothing more than a single *Cantus* or treble part book (being one voice only out of three or four) of a collection, printed in that town about the middle of the seventeenth century, and as far as music is concerned, utterly worthless.

CCLVIII.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies show ;
A heav'nly Par'dise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.
There cherries hang, that none may buy,
Till *cherry ripe* themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearls a double row ;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till *cherry ripe* themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand :

Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh;
 Till *cherry ripe* themselves do cry.

The ancient *cry* of *Cherry ripe* has of late years obtained much celebrity from what most people suppose to be a modern song by that name, and written by the author of Paul Pry; but which is taken from Herrick's Hesperides. The following is the original.

"Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
 "Full and fair ones; come and buy;
 "If so be you ask me where
 "They do grow? I answer, there;
 "Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 "There's the land, or cherry isle;
 "Whose plantations fully show
 "All the year where cherries grow."

PAMMELIA*.

"Musick's Miscellanie, or mixed varietie of pleasant
 "Roundelays, and delightful Catches of three, four, five,
 "six, seven, eight, nine, ten parts in one. None so ordi-
 "nary as musical; none so musical as not to all very plea-
 "sing and acceptable. London: printed by William Barley
 "for R. B. and H. W., and are to be sold at the Spread
 "Eagle at the great north door of St. Pauls, 1609.

"To the well disposed to read, and to the merry disposed
 "to sing.

* From two Greek words signifying *Miscellaneous Harmony*.

“ Amongst other liberal arts, music for her part hath al-
“ ways been as liberal in bestowing her liberal gifts as any
“ one whatsoever ; and that in such rare manner for diver-
“ sity, and ample measure for multiplicity, as more cannot
“ be *expected*, except it were more than it is *respected* : yet
“ in this kind only, it may seem somewhat niggardly and
“ unkind in never as yet publicly communicating, but al-
“ ways privately retaining, and as it were envying to all,
“ this more familiar mirth and jocund melody. But it may
“ be music hath hitherto been defective in this vein, be-
“ cause this vein indeed hath hitherto been defective in
“ music : and, therefore, that fault being now *mended*, this
“ kind of music also is now *commended* to all men’s kind
“ acceptation. This did I willingly undertake, and have
“ easily *effected*, that all might equally partake of that
“ which is so generally *affected*. *Catches* are so generally
“ affected, I take it, *quia non superant captum*, because they
“ are so consonant to all ordinary musical capacity, being
“ such indeed as all such whose love of music exceeds their
“ skill cannot but commend ; such also, as all such whose
“ skill in music exceeds their love of such slight and light
“ fancies, cannot either contemn or condemn : good art
“ in all for the more musical ; good mirth and melody for
“ the more jovial ; sweet harmony mixed with much va-
“ riety ; and both with great facility. Harmony to please,
“ variety to delight, facility to invite thee. Some toys, yet
“ musical without absurdity ; some very musical, yet plea-
“ sing without difficulty ; *light*, but not without music’s *de-*
“ *light* ; music’s pleasantness, but not without easiness :
“ what seems old is at least renewed ; art having *reformed*
“ what pleasing tunes injurious time and ignorance had
“ *deformed*. The only *intent* is to give general *content*,
“ *composed* by art to make thee *disposed* to mirth. Ac-
“ cept, therefore, kindly what is done willingly, and pub-
“ lished only to please good company.”

This and the following collection called Deuteromelia are evidently compiled by the same person. If that person be Ravenscroft, as has been asserted, (see the account of that composer,) the fact must have been ascertained either from a later edition of one or other of these works, or from some source with which I am unacquainted. I have here given *entire* the title-pages and dedications as printed in the earliest editions extant, in which no clue to the editor's name is given, unless the letters R. B. and H.W. in the title of Pammelia have reference thereto, neither of which will agree with the name of Ravenscroft.

Pammelia is said to be the earliest printed collection of catches, rounds, and canons in this country, and contains one hundred such compositions, which were no doubt those in highest favour at the time of its publication, the *élite* of all that had been written during the preceding half century. Several of them are now attributed to Tallis and Byrd; I know not by what authority, except it be that of a later edition as stated above, or of old manuscripts which may possibly be yet in existence. I have a manuscript book about seventy years old containing, amongst other catches, several of those in Pammelia, which by a memorandum in a different handwriting are stated to have been collected in 1580 by one John Lant, organist of Winchester Cathedral, who died 1615. Of these are Nos. CCLIX., CCLXII., CCLXIV., CCLXXI., and CCLXXIII., in this book. The records of that church do not even enable me to ascertain whether such a person was organist; but the writer of the memorandum must no doubt have seen the fact stated somewhere.

After all, the works being mere collections, it is a matter of little consequence who was the compiler.

CCLIX.

Hey, ho !
To the greenwood now let us go ;
Sing heave and ho !
And there shall we find
Both buck and doe ;
The hart and the hind,
And the little pretty roe.
Sing heave and ho !

Canon in the Unison.

“Heave and ho ! and a rumbelow,” was a favourite burden to old ballads. The music of this is printed in Webbe’s “Convito Armonico,” and attributed to W. Byrd.

CCLX.

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many a one,
And a good old man was he :
And Jinkin was his journey-man,
And he could tipple of every can,
And thus he said to me :
To whom drink you ?
Sir Knave, to you.
Then, hey ho ! jolly Jinkin,
I spy a knave in drinking.
Come trole the bowl to me.

Round.

The word *trole* is from the French *trôler*, to draw or lead, and is usually applied to singing : as in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, where Caliban says, "Will you *trole* the catch?"

CCLXI.

The old dog, the jolly old dog,
As he lay in his den a ;
Huffa, buffa,
Trolilo, trolilo,
As he lay in his den a.

Round.

The words *huffa, buffa*, I suppose are meant to represent the barking of *the jolly old dog*.

CCLXII.

As I was walking,
In a May morning,
I heard a bird sing
Cuckoo !

She nodded up and down,
And swore all by her crown,
She had friends in the town ;
Cuckoo !

All you that married be,
Come learn this song of me,
So shall we all agree :
Cuckoo !

All young men in this throng,
To marry that think it long,
Come learn of me this song.

Cuckoo !

Round.

For particulars about the Cuckoo, vide No. CLII.

CCLXIII.

The white hen she cackles
And lays in the puddle ;
Sing hey ! cock without a comb,
Cockadle luddle.

Round.

CCLXIV.

Jack, boy, ho ! boy,—news ;
The cat is in the well.
Let us ring now for her knell,
Ding, ding, dong, bell.

Round.

Shakspeare evidently alludes to this catch in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where the following dialogue occurs between Curtis and Grumio :

“ *Curtis*. Therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

“ *Grumio*. Why, *Jack, boy, ho ! boy*, and as much news
“ as thou wilt.

“ *Curtis*. Come, you are so full of *coney-catching*.”

CCLXV.

Banbury ale !

Where, where, where ?

At the blacksmith's house :

I would I were there.

Round.

During the reign of Henry the Sixth there was a petition to Parliament against "that wicked weed called hops," from which we may infer that ale was introduced about that period. Many songs have been written in its praise, the best of which perhaps is one supposed to be by Beaumont, called "The Ex-ale-tation of Ale." Absurd as the foregoing little stanza may appear, there is yet a touch of nature about it. The blacksmith's house is to this day the gossiping shop of many a country village (although ale may not be *drunk on the premises*). It is easy to fancy with what a smack of the lips some jolly yeoman would exclaim, while anticipating a draught of his favourite beverage, "I would I were there."

CCLXVI.

Farewell, mine own sweet heart,

Farewell, whom I love best ;

Since I from thee must part,

Adieu, all joy and rest !

Round.

CCLXVII.

To Portsmouth, to Portsmouth,—
It is a gallant town ;
There we will have a quart of wine,
With a nutmeg brown.
Diddle down.

The gallant *Ship*, the *Mermaid*,
The *Lion* hanging stout,
Did make us to spend there,
Our sixteen pence all out.

Round.

Penned in the true spirit of a British tar, never happy while there remains a single shot in the locker. I am not aware that any such signs as the *Ship*, *Mermaid*, or *Lion* exist in Portsmouth at the present time.

CCLXVIII.

Come drink to me,
And I to thee,
And then shall we
Full well agree.

I've loved the jolly tankard
Full seven winters and more ;
I loved it so long,
That I went upon the score.

Who loveth not the tankard,
He is no honest man ;
And he is no right soldier,
That loveth not the can.

Tap the cannikin, trole the cannikin,
 Toss the cannikin, turn the cannikin.
 Hold now, good son, and fill us a fresh can,
 That we may quaff it round from man to man.

Round.

This is the only round from Pammelia which Hilton has reprinted in his *Catch that catch can*, 1652; in the index to which Byrd's name is given as the composer. A snatch of an old ditty, sung by Iago, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Othello*, is in a similar vein :

“ Then let me the cannikin clink, clink,
 “ And let me the cannikin clink ;
 “ A soldier 's a man,
 “ A life 's but a span,
 “ Why then let a soldier drink.”

CCLXIX.

Let 's have a peal for John Cooke's soul,
 For he was an honest man :
 With bells all in order, the cruse with the bowl,
 The tankard likewise with the can ;

 And I my own self will ring the treble bell,
 And drink to you every one.
 Stand fast now, my mates, ring merrily and well,
 Till all this good ale is done.

Round.

These two verses form a round for four voices. The two first lines are separately set for nine voices, and were lately sung (accompanied with appropriate action) at Mr. Bellamy's Concert in the Hanover Square Rooms.

John Cooke was probably a boon companion of the jolly bell-ringers and ale-tippers of yore: the name occurs again in another round from Deuteromelia.

“J. C. U. B. A. K.,
 “And evermore will be,
 “Though John Cooke he says nay,
 “Oh! what a knave is he.”

The letters of the first line I presume represent the words,

“I see you be a knave.”

Bell-ringing was formerly a most scientific pastime, but has fallen much out of repute during the last half century, although we still occasionally hear of a *triple bob major* being performed by *tintinnabulary* enthusiasts.

Hentzner, in his Itinerary, A.D. 1598, states that the English are “vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear; “such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, and ring-
 “ing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them
 “that have got a glass in their heads to get up into some
 “belfry, and ring for hours together for the sake of ex-
 “ercise.”

CCLXX.

Sing after, fellows, as you hear me,
 A toy that seldom is seen a;
 Three country dances in one, they be
 A pretty conceit I ween a.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John,
 Come dance before the Queen a;
 In a red petticoat, and eke a gown,
 A white hose, and a green a.

Now foot it as I do, Tomboy, Tom;
 Now foot it as I do, Swithen a:
 And, Hick, thou must trick it all alone,
 Till Robin come leaping between a.

The cramp is in my purse full sore,
 No money will bide therein a:
 But if I had some salve therefore,
 O lightly then would I sing a.
 Hey ho! the cramp a!

Round.

As the first stanza intimates, this round is composed of three different airs upon a bass or ground. They resemble much the old tunes, *Cold and raw*, or *Up in the morning early*, and a *Cobler there was*.

CCLXXI.

All in to service,
 The bells toll
 Ding dong bell.

Round.

This is often sung at the present day, and I have no doubt many people suppose it to be modern.

CCLXXII.

Now thanked be the great god Pan,
 Which thus preserves my loved life;
 And thanked be that I keep a man,
 Who ended hath this bloody strife.

For if my man must praises have,
What then must I who keep the knave?

Tho' the pale moon the eye doth please,
With gentle beams, not hurting sight;
Yet hath sir Sun the greatest praise,
Because from him doth come her light.

So if my man must praises have,
What then must I who keep the knave?

Round.

These lines will be found in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, where they are sung by Damoetas, on the occasion of his *loved life* Pamela being rescued from a bear by the intrepidity of his serving-man Dorus.

CCLXXIII.

Sing we now merrily,
Our purses be empty—hey ho!
Let them take care
That list to spare,
For I will not do so.
Who can sing so merry a note
As he who cannot change a groat?
Hey ho! tro-li-lo.

Round.

DEUTEROMELIA,

“ Or the second part of Music’s Melodie, or melodious
 “ music of pleasant roundelays; K. H. mirth, or Freeman’s
 “ songs, and such delightful catches. *Qui canere potest,*
 “ *canat.* Catch that catch can. *Ut mel os, sic cor melos*
 “ *afficit et reficit.* London: printed for Thomas Adams,
 “ dwelling in Paul’s Church-yard, at the sign of the White
 “ Lion, 1609.

“ Mirth and music to the cunning catcher,
 “ Derth and physic to the coney-catcher.”

“ *Secundæ cogitationes* are ever, they say, *meliores*, and
 “ why may not then *secundæ cantiones* as well be *dulciores*?
 “ I *presume* they are so; and that makes me *resume this*
 “ *vein*, with hope that I shall not *consume in vain* my la-
 “ bour therein. For, first, the kind acceptation of the for-
 “ mer impression, is as a new invitation to this latter edi-
 “ tion; though not of the same things, yet of things of the
 “ same condition: full of the same delectation, made to
 “ please as the other were; made truly musical with art
 “ by my *correction*, and yet plain and capable with ease by
 “ my *direction*.

“ Neither can he that is the most able musician say, but
 “ that of these most men, almost all men are capable, that
 “ are not altogether unmusical; neither can he that is most
 “ spiteful say, but they are very delightful, aye, and some-
 “ way *gainful* too (yet more *painful* to me, I am sure, than
 “ *gainful*); but tho’ there be but little to be *gotten* by them,
 “ yet pity were it such mirth should be *forgotten* of us:
 “ and therefore, to make an end, I say no more, but

“ Si quid novisti dulcius istis,
 “ Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum;

“either *commend* me or *come mend* me, and so I *end* me,
“as *resolute* as thou art *dissolute*.”

From the foregoing preface it is, I think, quite clear that *Deuteromelia* is a second publication by the editor of *Pammelia*. The terms *K. H. mirth* and *Freemen's songs* have given rise to considerable discussion. It is supposed that the former stands for *King Henry's mirth*; that is, songs or catches of a merry nature, which were favourites with that jovial prince. I think it likely to be so, but am not aware of any thing either for or against the matter, except conjecture.

How the meaning of *Freemen's songs* could ever appear doubtful, I know not, nor can I imagine how Warren could be guilty of such a stupid mistake as to suppose that *Freeman* was the name of a composer; for in his collection is inserted *Of all the birds that ever I see*, (which is one of the three part *Freemen's songs* in *Deuteromelia*,) with the name prefixed of *Nicholas Freeman*, 1667! nearly sixty years after the original publication. Ritson has some absurd notion of *Freemen* being a mistake for *Three-men*, because Shakspeare speaks of *Three-men-song men*, that is, men who could sing songs of three parts: but if he ever saw the book of which I am now writing, he must there have found also *Freemen's songs* to *four voices*, which sets that matter at rest. Drayton, in his “Legend of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,” puts the following verses in that nobleman's mouth:

“Of *Freemen's Catches* to the Pope I sing,
“Which wan much license to my countrymen;
“Thither the which I was the first to bring,
“That were unknown in Italy till then.”

He went to Italy in the year 1510.

CCLXXIV.

We be soldiers three ;

Pardona moy je vous an pree :

Lately come forth of the low country,

With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee ;

Pardona moy je vous an pree :

To all good fellows, wherever they be,

With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,

Pardona moy je vous an pree :

Pays for the shot whatever it is,

With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,

Pardona moy je vous an pree :

As long as there is any ink in thy pen,

With never a penny of money.

This may possibly have been written during the war in the Low Countries, where Sir Philip Sidney lost his life, A.D. 1586. I have retained the original orthography of the French line.

CCLXXV.

We be three poor mariners,

Newly come from the seas ;

We spend our lives in jeopardy,

While others live at ease.

Shall we go dance the round, the round,
 Shall we go dance the round?
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on the ground.

We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain;
 But we care for the merchant men,
 Which do our states maintain.
 To them we dance this round, around,
 To them we dance this round;
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on the ground.

A *bully* does not here mean a braggart, but a jolly fellow,
 a leader in all manner of fun and frolic.

“What say’st thou, *bully* Bottom?”

Midsummer Night's Dream.

CCLXXVI.

Of all the birds that ever I see,
 The owl is the fairest in her degree;
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night comes, away flies she;
 Te whit, te whoo!
 Sir knave, to you.
 This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.

Nose, nose, nose, nose !
 Who gave thee that jolly red nose ?
Sinamont, and ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,
 And that gave me my jolly red nose*.

A much more satisfactory effect of the spiced cup is mentioned in an anonymous Comedy called *Histrion-mastix*, 1610, where it is said,

“ The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger
 “ Will make a sighing man a singer.”

Some of my readers may recollect poor old Di Giovanni the Stage Manager at the Opera-house some years ago : whether *he* was indebted to the cup of sack for his *vocal* powers I know not, but his was certainly the *beau ideal* of a *jolly red nose*.

CCLXXVII.

Three blind mice, three blind mice !
 Dame Julian, the Miller, and his merry old wife,
 She scrap'd her tripe ; lick thou the knife.

Round.

This absurd old round is frequently brought to mind in the present day, from the circumstance of there being an instrumental Quartet by Weiss, through which runs a musical phrase accidentally the same as the notes applied to the words *Three blind mice*. They form a *third* descending, C, B, A.

* Vide No. CCCXXXVIII.

CCLXXVIII.

The great bells of Osney
 They ring,
 They jing;
 The tenor of them goes merrily.

Round.

The Bells of Osney Abbey, an ancient Monastery near Oxford, were at one time the most celebrated in England; they had each different names; vide Sir J. Hawkins's History of Music. The christening of bells used to be a sort of religious ceremony, and even so late as the year 1782, we have the following account in *The St. James's Chronicle*, 13th September.

“ This day the lovers of ecclesiastical solemnities are
 “ running in crowds to the Church of St. Sulpitius* to
 “ see the ceremony of christening the new bells of that
 “ parish. The Godfather and Godmother of the first bell
 “ are the King and Queen, who have sent their proxies;
 “ of the second, *Monsieur* and *Madame* in person; of the
 “ third, the Prince of Condè and Mademoiselle his daughter,
 “ ter,” &c.

CCLXXIX.

O my love!
 Lov'st thou me?
 Then quickly come and save him
 That dies for thee.

Round.

* In Paris.

CCLXXX.

Martin said to his man,
Fie ! man, fie !

Martin said to his man,
Who 's the fool now ?

Martin said to his man,
Fill thou the cup, and I the can ;
Thou hast well drunken, man,
Who 's the fool now ?

I saw a sheep shearing corn,
And a cuckold blow his horn ;
I saw the man in the moon
Clouting of St. Peter's shoon :
I saw a hare chase a hound,
Twenty miles above the ground :
I saw a goose ring a hog,
And a snail bite a dog :
I saw a mouse catch a cat,
And the cheese eat the rat.

A satire, I suppose, upon those who love to tell wonderful stories. The burden *Fie ! man, fie !* and *Who's the fool now ?* occurs between every alternate line.

CCLXXXI.

Who liveth so merry in all this land,
As doth the poor widow that selleth the sand?
And ever she singeth, as I can guess,
Will you buy any sand, mistress?

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying brooms from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing?

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away;
Yet when he comes home, altho' he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done;
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say;
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The marchant man doth sail on the seas,
And lies on shipboard with little ease,
Always in doubt the rock is near;
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The husbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
He moileth and toileth all the long year;
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The serving-man waiteth from street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet;
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 't is impossible to make good cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorer sort?
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one two and three;

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many ? (bis.)

CCLXXXII.

As it fell on a holyday,
And upon a holytide a ;
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a ;
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France a :
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merry men and for me a :
And all the churls in merry England
I'll bring them bound to thee a.

And Nichol was then a Cornish man
A little beside Bohyde a ;
He manned him forth a goodly bark,
With fifty good oars of a side a.

Run up, my boy, into the main top,
And look what thou canst spy a ;
Who, ho ! who, ho ! a good ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory a.

They hoist their sails, both top and top,
The mizen and all was tried a.
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were plied,
And dub-a-dub went the drum a:
The braying trumpets loud they cried,
To courage both all and some a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The brown bill and the sword a:
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board a.

Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, A.D. 1602, calls John Dory an old Three-man's song, and gives a statement in accordance with the legend of the ballad, which is this; that being a sea captain, or perhaps a pirate, John Dory engaged to the King of France to bring the crew of an English ship bound as captives to Paris, but was himself taken prisoner in the attempt.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of the Chances, Antonio a humorous old man receives a wound which he will not suffer to be drest, but on condition that the song of "John Dory" shall be sung the while.

MELISMATA.

In 1611 appeared a work of a similar description to the foregoing, entitled

"Melismata, Musical Phansies fitting the court, city, and
country humours, to three, four and five voices.

“ To all delightful, except to the spiteful ;
 “ To none offensive, except to the pensive.”

“ London, printed by William Stansby, for Thos. Adams,
 “ 1611.

Epistle dedicatory, “ To the right worshipful the true
 “ favourers of music and all virtue, Mr. Thomas Ravens-
 “ croft and Mr. William Ravenscroft, Esquires.

“ Right worshipful, I have been so much obliged to the
 “ courteous regard you have always had of me, that if I
 “ should not owe unto you my best endeavours, I should
 “ much contrary your kindnesses, and deservedly incur the
 “ shame of ingratitude; let it therefore stand with your
 “ good likings that by these harmless musical phansies, I
 “ may show the world and hereby confess how much I am
 “ bound unto you; and when it shall further seem good to
 “ your worships to command me, I will not have ability or
 “ life that shall not be at your service. London, 16 April,
 “ 1611.

“ Your worships’ affectionate kinsman,

“ T. R.”

“ To the noblest of the court, liberalest of the country,
 “ and freest of the city.

“ You may well perceive by the much variety herein
 “ composed, that my desire is to give contentment in this
 “ kind of music to the skilful and most judicious of all
 “ sorts, and being little or much beholden to some of each
 “ rank, I study and strive to please you in your own ele-
 “ ments. Now, if my *pains* prove your *pleasures*, you
 “ shall still keep me in *pains* to *please* you, and so I rest
 “ yours.

“ T. R., B. M.”

From the first section of this dedication there can be

little doubt that the letters T. R., B. M., are the initials of Thos. Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Music, who was the editor of "The Brief Discourse," but there appears no proof except what may be inferred from a similarity in the style of the works, that he had anything to do with Pammelia and Deuteromelia.

Amongst the twenty-three pieces in this work I know none that, considered as music, offer any inducement to rescue them from oblivion. "Canst thou love," has been reprinted in the *Convito Armonico*, but in my opinion it is a sorry specimen of Ravenscroft's abilities.

CCLXXXIII.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be;
The one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we our breakfast take?
Down in yonder greeny field
There lies a knight slain under his shield;
His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep:
His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There is no fowl dare him come nigh.

Down there came a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go;
She lifted up his bloody head,
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red:
She got him up upon her back,
And carried him down by yon lake;

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere ev'n-song time.

God send every gentleman

Such hawks, such hounds, such a leman*.

Not to interfere with the continuity of the lines, I have omitted the tiresome burden *Down a down*, which occurs nearly between every one.

I scarcely know a ballad wherein the story is told in such artless and affecting language. It is a perfect picture! The stillness of the scene, broken in imagination only by the croaking voices of the ravens; the hounds faithfully lying at the feet of him dead, whose steps they had oft followed to the chase when alive; the very hawks that used to perch upon his fist, awaiting the signal to soar on high, now of their own accord defending their master from other birds of prey—are all exquisite. The remainder of the description I will not venture to enlarge upon. The apparent calmness with which a woman's devoted affection enables her to go through scenes of horror, and the after desolation of a widowed and broken heart, are here portrayed with a fidelity that Shakspeare himself could not have surpassed.

CCLXXXIV.

It was the frog in the well,
Humble dum, humble dum;
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog he would a wooing ride,
Sword and buckler by his side;

* From the French *L'amante*.

When he was on his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet;
When he came to the merry mill-pin,
Lady Mouse beene you within?
Then came out the dusty mouse,
I am lady of this house ;
Hast thou any mind of me?
I have e'en great mind of thee.
Who shall this marriage make?
Our lord, which is the rat.
What shall we have to our supper?
Three beans in a pound of butter.
When supper they were at,
The Frog, the Mouse, and eke the Rat ;
Then came in Gib our Cat,
And catch'd the Mouse all by the back :
Then did they separate,
The Frog leapt on the floor so flat ;
Then came in Dick our Drake,
And drew the Frog unto the lake ;
The Rat ran up the wall,
A goodly company, the Devil go with all.

Many different versions of this ballad are in use in the present day, but I dare say few people think that it afforded entertainment to the good folks 260 years ago. A ballad entitled "a moste strange weddinge of the Frogge and the " Mouse" was licensed by the Stationers' Company in 1580.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

Was the author, or rather principal editor (being assisted by Edward Pears and John Bennet) of a book, entitled “A brief discourse of the true but neglected use of charactering the degrees by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution in measureable music, against the common practice in these times. Examples whereof are expressed in the harmony of four voices, concerning the pleasure of five usual recreations; Hunting, Hawking, Dauncing, Drinking, Enamouring. London, printed by Edw. Allde, for Thos. Adams, 1614.”

Amongst sundry laudatory verses prefixed to this work by Martin Pearson, John Dowland, lutenist to the King's Sacred Majesty, and others, are the following:

“De ingenuo Juvene, T. R. (annos 22 nato) Musicæ studiosissimo, hujus libelluli auctore.”

“Rara avis est Auctor (pene est pars nominis una)

“Namque annis juvenis; moribus, arte senex.

“Non vidit tria lustra puer, quin arte probatus,

“Vitâ laudatus, sumpsit in arte gradum.

“R. L. L.”

Two facts are here ascertained, viz., that Ravenscroft took his degree as Batchelor of Music (I believe at Cambridge) before he had completed his fifteenth year, and that he was twenty-two years of age when he wrote the *Brief Discourse*, which in the preface he calls the fourth and last work of Ionic Harmonies*, and refers to former

* “The Ionic mood was for light and effeminate music, as pleasant
“amorous songs, corantos, sarabands and jigs, used for honest mirth
“and delight at feasts and other merriments. It had its derivation from

harmonies, published by him in his infancy, which he says "were for the most part not composed by himself, "but by divers and sundry authors which he compiled, "in regard of the general delight men took in them." *Melismata*, published in 1611, is unquestionably one of these compilations, but I know not upon what authority *Pammelia* and *Deuteromelia*, both printed in 1609, are distinctly entitled Ravenscroft's works by a certain most noble member of a far-famed Club ycleped *the Roxburghe*. (see more on this point, under their respective titles.) Having here referred to The Duke of Marlborough's Publication (dedicated to the aforesaid Club An. 1822) of what he calls "A Selection from the works "of Thomas Ravenscroft," I feel bound as a faithful Chronicler to add, that in spite of exterior show, wide margins, pompous title pages, and expensive printing, His Grace's *Presentation* betrays on the part of its editor or his assistants, the grossest ignorance of that which constitutes the chief value of the works in question, viz. the music: the blunders made by them are truly ludicrous, and in fact, the whole is perfectly unintelligible and worse than useless, inasmuch as it might lead people to suppose that the music of that period was a species of unknown tongue, an incomprehensible jargon. I am only sorry to think that the name of Bartleman, which I revere, should be handed down in the preface as one of the assistants; for I do not believe that he could have been in any way accessory to such wilful murder upon a species of music that he so much admired, and with which (I speak from the authority of those who knew him well) few people were better acquainted.

As is before stated, Edward Pears and John Bennet were partners in this work. The former, under whom Ra-

"Ionia, a situation full of all pleasure, where plenty and idleness turned "honest mirth into wantonness."—*Playford's Introduction to Music*.

venscroft was brought up, had been Master of the boys at St. Paul's: Ravenscroft's opinion of the latter will be found under the name of that individual.

"Hunting and hawking," the preface goes on to say, "have the first place as the most generous and worthy kinds of recreations; in the performance of which, such are the times, numbers, and measures observable, not in man alone that uses this pastime, but even in the creatures also, that either make the game or pursue it; as being duly composed, beget an excellent harmony, and require the singer's skill to utter them, as if he were abroad at their performance."

CCLXXXV.

Chor. The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up.

Verse. The birds they sing, the deer they fling,
Hey nony nony no.
The hounds they cry, the hunters fly,
Hey tro-li-lo li lo.

The wood resounds to hear the hounds,
The rocks report this merry sport.
Then hie apace unto the chase,
Whilst every thing doth sweetly sing.

Music by J. Bennet.

A hunt is up, or *Hunt's up*, used as a substantive, was a sort of generic term for hunting songs long before the time of Ravenscroft; perhaps I should rather describe it as an early song to rouse the party for the chase, something

equivalent in signification to the French *Réveillée*, or as the Highland pipers, by a corruption of the word, still term their morning salutation—*Travaillée*.

In an old Scotch song called “The Life and Death of Habbie Simson the Piper of Kilbarchan,” are the two following lines ;

“ Now, who shall play *the day it daws*,
“ Or *hunt’s up*, when the cock he craws ? ”

An illustration from Drayton is also appropriate ;

“ And now the cock, the morning’s trumpeter,
“ Play’d *hunt’s up* for the day star to appear.”

CCLXXXVI.

A Hawk’s up, for a Hunt’s up.

Such is the title of the following ditty.

Awake, awake, the day doth break,
Our spaniels couple them :
Our hawks shall fly, low, mean, or high,
And truss* it if they can.

Chorus.—Hey trolilo.

Arise, arise, for Phœbus dyes
In gold the dawn of day :
And coveys lie in fields hard by,
Then sing we care away.

Chorus.—Hey trolilo.

Music by Ravenscroft.

* “ *Trussing*, is when a hawk raiseth any fowl aloft, and soaring with it, at length descendeth with it to the ground.”—*Coxe’s Gentleman’s Recreation*.

“What innocent and natural delights are they,” says the author of *The Gentleman’s Recreation*, “when the huntsman seeth the day breaking forth those blushes and roses which poets and writers of romances only paint, but he truly courts; when he heareth the chirping of small birds perching upon their dewy boughs; when he draws in the fragrancy and coolness of the air! How jolly is his spirit when he suffers it to be imported with the noise of bugle horns, and the baying of hounds, which leap up and play round about him!”

An exhilarating description I confess; but can all these innocent delights be purchased by nought but the destruction of the gentle partridge or timorous hare? is it not possible to enjoy the brightness and freshness of a summer morn, without the prospect of returning home besmeared with the blood of an hecatomb of inoffensive creatures? If the sport consisted in bagging a wild boar or two before breakfast, or bringing home a royal Bengal tiger for supper, I grant you it would be worthy of the name; but the modern *Battue* ought to come next to manslaughter, in the scale of punishable offences.

CCLXXXVII.

Lure, Falconers, lure: give warning to the field;
 Let fly, let fly; make mounting hearns to yield.
 Die, fearful ducks, and climb no more so high,
 The Nyass* hawk will kiss the azure sky:
 But when our soar hawks fly, and stiff winds blow,
 Then long too late we Falconers cry, hey lo!

Music by J. Bennet.

The passion for hawking appears to have been carried to

* Nyass, from the French *Niais*, a young bird in the nest.

as great a pitch of extravagance in former days as that for horse-racing in our time, and a falconer's duty must have been a very laborious one. Night and day he lived amongst his feathered scholars, and was obliged to be constantly on the alert in regard to feeding, physicking, and teaching them. In fact, the situation of a mother with six small children is a sinecure compared with his. If the books on the subject are to be believed, he sometimes watched three or four nights with some particularly valuable bird (whose education was of great consequence), perched upon his fist.

The hereditary title "Grand Falconer of England" still exists, and appertains to his Grace the Duke of St. Albans, but the unerring accuracy of a double-barrelled *Joe Manton* has entirely superseded the use of any other agent for the slaughter of the *mounting hearn* or *fearful duck*.

Dancing.

"The next recreation is Dancing, but that with some
"difference from the common exercise now-a-days of it in
"our masks and revels: as not grounded on the dancing
"of measures, and accordingly bound to some particular
"rules and numbers, proper to the nature of that dance
"only which is then afoot; but fashioned like those an-
"tique dances which the poets would have us believe the
"fairies and satyrs, and those other rural natures fre-
"quented; and having in them much more variety and
"change than any other composition, so that in singing,
"cunningly and sprightly to resemble them must needs
"give the performance high commendation, and the hearer
"the most pleasing delight that may be."

CCLXXXVIII.

The Fairies' Dance.

Dare you haunt our hallow'd green?
 None but fairies here are seen.
 Down and sleep,
 Wake and weep,
 Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,
 That seeks to steal a lover true.
 When you come to hear us sing,
 Or to tread our fairy ring,
 Pinch him black, and pinch him blue;
 Thus our nails shall handle you.

Music by Ravenscroft.

The pranks of the good people have been the subject of many a tale from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* down to *Tam o' Shanter*. For my own part I will have nothing to do with them, in case the penalty should be the same for speaking *of* them as *to* them, as Sir John Falstaff says,

"They be fairies—he that speaks to them shall die."

CCLXXXIX.

The Satyrs' Dance.

Round a, round a, keep your ring;
 To the glorious sun we sing—ho, ho!
 He that wears the flaming rays,
 And th' imperial crown of bays:
 Him with shouts and songs we praise—ho, ho!
 That in his bounty he'd vouchsafe to grace
 The humble sylvans and their shaggy race.

Music by Ravenscroft.

A dance of satyrs was frequently introduced in masques and other stage performances. Vide *Winter's Tale*, act iv. s. 3.: "Enter servant, with twelve rustics habited like satyrs: they dance, and then exeunt."

CCXC.

The Urchins' Dance.

By the moon we sport and play,
 With the night begins our day:
 As we frisk, the dew doth fall;
 Trip it, little urchins all:
 Lightly as the little bee,
 Two by two, and three by three,
 Thus about, about go we.

Urchin in its original signification is a hedgehog, but came to be applied to a little elf or goblin of a mischievous kind, and thence to a child of a similar disposition.

CCXCI.

The Elves' Dance.

Round about in fairy ring a,
 Thus we dance and thus we sing a:
 Trip and go, to and fro,
 Over this green a.
 All about, in and out,
 Over this green a.

Music by J. Bennet.

An elf was a genius, good or bad, pertaining to mountains, woods, &c.

“Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves.”
Shakspeare.

Drinking.

“Drinking is our fourth recreation, for so it is become
“at least, if not the first, by the use and delight that men
“now take in it: they especially who, for want of skill and
“reason in that which they perform, set their strength and
“spirits to search it out of the other elements; chiefly out
“of these two, fire and water, well composed and brewed
“together, wherein they are resolved to grow exceedingly
“skilful, or else it shall cost their brains a firing, and their
“bowels a drowning; in which elements they hover unlike
“men, so long, so desperately; that at last, in their miserable
“end, they scarce get earth honestly to cover them.

“The composer hopes that the perfect presentation of
“this illaudable demeanour will turn this sport into so much
“earnest, as shall cause the innocent auditor to loath them,
“if perhaps not to reclaim the guilty.”

Amen! say I.

CCXCII.

Trudge away quickly, and fill the black bowl,
Devoutly as long as we bide:
Now welcome good fellows, both strangers and all,
Let madness and mirth set sadness aside.

Of all reckonings, I love good cheer,
With honest folk in company:
And when drink comes, my part to bear,
For still methinks one tooth is dry.

Masters, this is all my desire,
 I would no drink should pass us by ;
 Let us now sing and mend the fire,
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
 Of your best drink so gently :
 A jug or twain, and make no waste,
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.

Mr. Butler, of this take part ;
 You love good drink as well as I :
 And drink to me with all your heart,
 For still methinks one tooth is dry.

Music by Ravenscroft.

This and the following song certainly do set forth in glowing colours what Ravenscroft calls “this illaudable
 “demeanor.”

CCXCIII.

Chor. Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
 And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry :
 We take no thought, we have no care,
 For still we spend and never spare :
 Till of our money our purse is bare,
 We ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

We drink, carouse, with heart most free ;
 A hearty draught I drink to thee :
 Then fill the pot again to me,
 And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

And when our money all is spent,
 Then sell our goods, and spend our rent ;
 Or drink it up with one consent,
 And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

When all is gone, we have no more,
 Then let us set it on the score ;
 Or chalk it up behind the door,
 And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all lost,
 Then may we go and kiss the post :
 And eat brown bread instead of roast,
 And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,
 And toss the pot from man to man ;
 And drink as much now as we can,
 And ever toss the pot.

Chorus.—Toss the pot, &c.

Music by Ravenscroft.

A toss-pot came to be a name for a toper, or drunkard.

Enamouring.

“ The last recreation is that they term *Enamouring*, a
 “ passion as more or less possessing and affecting all ; so
 “ truly expressed by none but music ; that is, song or po-

“etry. I have heard it said that love teaches a man music
 “who never before knew what pertained thereto; and the
 “philosopher’s three principal causes of music, *first* dolour,
 “*second* joy, *third* enthousiasm, are all found by him within
 “Love’s territories.”

Ravenscroft, no doubt, had here in his eye the quotation
 from Erasmus, *Musicam docet amor, et poesin*, which Bur-
 ton thus enlarges upon; “Love maketh them musicians,
 “and to compose ditties, madrigals, elegies, sonnets; and
 “to sing them to pretty tunes. Without question, so many
 “gentlemen and gentlewomen would not be so well quali-
 “fied in this kind if love did not incite them. Who would
 “learn to play, or give his mind to music, or make so many
 “rhymes and love-songs as most do, but for women’s sake?
 “because they hope by that means to purchase their good
 “wills, and win their favour. We see this daily verified in
 “our young women and wives; they that being maids took
 “so much pains to sing and play, with such cost and charge
 “to their parents to get those graceful qualities, now, being
 “married, will scarce touch an instrument; they care not
 “for it.”

Merely adding that Burton’s last remark is quite as ap-
 plicable to ladies of the present time, I shall proceed with
 Mr. Ravenscroft’s ditties.

CCXCIV.

The Servant to his Mistress.

My mistress is as fair as fine;
 With milk-white fingers, golden hair:
 Her eyes the radiant stars outshine,
 Lighting all things far and near.
 Fair as Phœbe, tho’ not so fickle,
 Smooth as glass, tho’ not so brickle.

My heart is like a ball of snow,
 Melting at her glances bright;
 Her ruddy lips like night-worms glow,
 Sparkling in the pale twilight.
 Neat she is, no feather lighter,
 Bright she is, no daisy whiter.

Music by John Bennet.

Having been the means of rescuing from oblivion, and bringing before the public the very elegant music of this Madrigal, I deem it correct to state that I have given the ditty its present dress. If in order to avoid the ridiculous I have weakened the force of the original, I humbly apologize to the lovers of such beauty as is therein described; it runs thus:

“ My mistress is as fair as fine,
 “ Milk-white fingers, *cherry nose** :
 “ *Like twinckling day stars looks her eyne,*
 “ *Light'ning all things where she goes.*
 “ Fair as Phoebe, &c. (*ut supra*).
 “ My heart is like a ball of snow,
 “ *Melting at her lukewarm sight* :
 “ *Her fiery lips like night-worms glow,*
 “ *Shining clear as candle light.*
 “ Neat she is,” &c.

As a strong contrast to the *cherry nose*, &c., of the above, I would recommend the perusal of a passage from Thomson,

* In the burlesque tragedy, performed by Messrs. Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, &c., in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Thisbe speaks of

“ The lily brows,
 “ The *cherry nose*,
 “ The yellow cowslip cheeks,”

of Pyramus.

(Summer, line 1582,) descriptive of the daughters of Britannia, wherein is an exquisite summary of the component parts of Beauty:—

“The faultless form
 “ Shaped by the hand of harmony,” &c.
 “The parted lip
 “ Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
 “ Breathing delight.....
 “ The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 “ And by the soul inform’d ; when drest in love
 “ She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.”

*

CCXCV.

The Mistress to her Servant.

Love for such a cherry lip
 Would be glad to pawn his arrows ;
 Venus here to take a sip,
 Would sell her doves and team of sparrows.
 But she shall not so,
 Hey nony, nony no !
 None but I this lip must owe.

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
 Ganymede should wait no longer ;
 Phoebe, his good-will to buy,
 Would change her face, and look much younger.
 But she shall not so, &c.

Music by E. Piers.

This I find in a comedy by Thomas Middleton, A.D. 1602,
 called *The Spaniard's Night Walk*.

CCXCVI.

Hodge Trillindle to his Zweethort Malkyn.

Vurst bart.

Come Malkyn, hurle thine oyz at Hodge Trillindle,
And zet azide thy distave and thy zpindle;
A tyny vit let a ma brast my minde
To thee, which I have vownd as ghurst* as ghinde;
Yet loave me, sweet, a little tyny vit,
And we a little wedelocke wooll gommit.

Y'vaith wooll we, that we wooll y'vaith, lo!

Zegund bart vollowes.

Malkyn's answer to Hogde Trillindle.

Yo tell ma zo,—but, Roger, ich ha' vound
Your words but wynde: thon not for vorty pound,
Wooll I beleave you vurther thon ich zee
Your words and deeds loyke beeans and beacoan gree:
But if you loave me long a little vit,
Thon wedelocke ich a little wooll gommit.

Y'vaith wooll I, thot ich wooll y'vaith, lo!

Dthurd bart vollowes.

Their Goncluzion.

Ich con but zweare, ond that I chill,
Unbonably to loave a thee ztill:
That wooll I, lo!—Thon, Roger, zweare
Yo wooll be virmer thon yo weare.

* Curst, *i. e.* mischievous, shrewd. "Kate the *curst*." (*Taming of the Shrew*, act ii.)

By thease ten boans*—Zo Roger zweare an oape,
By thea†—hold, hold, Hodge ! oie too wyd yo gape :
By thea—hold, hold ! thoul't bite, I zweare, my wozen.
 Whoy thon beleave ma when ich zwear ; zo do thon.
 Ich do, good Hodge ; thon zweare no more ;
 Ich wooll be thoyne, and God beevore ;—
 Then geat we growdes and boagpipes, harbs and daboris,
 To lead us on to end our loave's great labors.

The Wedelocke.

A borgen's a borgen, ich hard long agoe,
 Be merry, and a vig vor woe :
 Zing gleare, zing zweet and zure,
 Our zong zhall be but zhort.
 Musicke, foun and dancing,
 O 'tis faliant zport.
 Then let this burden zweetly zung be ztill,
 A borgen's a borgen, be 't good, be 't ill :
 A borgen's a borgen, vor weale or vor woe,
 Zo ever led dis bleasing burden goe.

Except to *West-country folk* this ballad must be nearly as incomprehensible as the unknown tongues : it is, however, well entitled to rank high amongst descriptions of rustic courtship. Nothing can be more natural than the manner in which Malkyn (spite of all her former prudent resolutions), is induced to consent ; being partly satisfied with Hodge's swearing, and partly frightened into compliance by his mode of backing the affidavit.

The Music of the first and second parts is by Ravenscroft ; that of the conclusion and wedlock by Bennet.

* Bones, sc. fingers.

† We must here suppose that Hodge is enforcing his oath by a salute upon the fair lips of Malkyn.

ORLANDO GIBBONS

Was born at Cambridge in 1583, and died of the small-pox, to the great reluctance of the court, (as Anthony Wood expresses it,) at Canterbury, whither he had gone in his capacity of Royal Organist, to be present at the marriage of Charles the First. This occurred in 1628.

In 1612 he published his "First set of Madrigals and Motetts, of five parts, apt for viols and voices, newly composed by Orlando Gibbons, Batcheler of Music, and Organist of His Majesty's Honorable Chapel in ordinary," and dedicated to "The Right worthy my much honoured friend Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight of the Honorable Order of the Bath.

" Sir,

" It is proportion that beautifies every thing ; this whole universe consists of it, and Music is measured by it, which I have endeavoured to observe in the composition of these few airs, but cannot in their dedication ; for when I compare your many favours with my demerits, your curious ear with these harsh notes, there appears so plain a disproportion between them, that I am afraid, lest in offering to your patronage songs in *some* tune, my action herein should be out of *all* tune ; yet have I made bold to honour them with your name, that the world may take notice, rather of my want of ability than good will to be grateful ; by which little outward demonstration you may easily guess at the greatness of my inward affection, as skilful geometricians do observe the true stature of the whole body by sight of the foot only.

" Experience tells us that songs of this nature are usually esteemed as they are well or ill performed ; which excellent grace I am sure your unequalled love unto music will not suffer them to want, that the author (whom you

“no less love) may be free from disgrace. They were
 “most of them composed in your own house, and do there-
 “fore properly belong unto you, as lord of the soil: *the*
 “*language they speak, you provided them*; I only furnished
 “them with tongues to utter the same: they are like
 “young scholars newly entered, that at first sing very
 “fearfully; it requires your patience therefore to bear
 “with their imperfections: they were taught to sing only
 “to delight you; and if you shall take any pleasure in
 “them, they have their end, and I my wish; a full re-
 “compense for my past labours, and a greater encourage-
 “ment to present you with some future things more worthy
 “your patronage; till which opportunity,

“I rest, yours ever to command,

“ORLANDO GIBBONS.”

It has been generally supposed (and indeed asserted, without due caution, as a positive fact) that Sir Christopher Hatton was the author of the poetry to these Madrigals.

The assertion is founded upon a passage in the above dedication which I have printed in Italics, and I confess that the inference is plausible; so much so indeed, that I must plead guilty to having been one of those who coincided in that opinion, which perhaps was strengthened by another slight blunder, viz. supposing (without proper consideration) that Sir C. Hatton was *The* Sir Christopher, the great Lord Chancellor of England; who, honest man, died twenty years before the publication of Gibbons's book! The Sir Christopher in question was his nephew who died in 1619, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

These circumstances first induced me to doubt, and having in the course of my researches connected with the illustration of these pages, discovered the authors of several of the Madrigals in the present set, I fear we must strip the laurel crown from the brow of the worthy Knight of the

Bath, and consider him as the mere *provider* and not *composer* of the words. Amongst the numerous collections of the poetry of that age, I do not find a stanza attributed to any individual bearing the name of Hatton.

There are twenty Madrigals in this set.

CCXCVII.

The silver swan, who living had no note ;
 When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat.
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more :
 Farewell all joys,—O death ! come close mine eyes ;
 More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

The fabulous notion of the swan singing immediately before its death has been a favourite one with all poets.

The three first lines of the above are closely imitated from Ovid.

“ Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis

“concinit albus olor.”

Epist., Dido to Æneas.

See also Shakspeare ;—

“he makes a swan-like end,

“ Fading in music.” *Merchant of Venice.*

“this pale faint swan

“ Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;

“ And from the organ pipe of frailty, sings

“ His soul and body to their lasting rest.”

King John.

The following beautiful lines on the same subject, bearing date 1625, are equal to any poetry I ever met with.

" Look how the dying swan on Tagus' shore,
 " Singing a lullaby to her last sleep,
 " Ties to her golden tongue the leaping oar,
 " And binds th' ashamed water-nymphs to keep
 " Eternal silence—while the dumb waves stay,
 " And dare not with their murm'ring pebbles play;
 " Or through the rushes take their wonted way."

Sonnet on Mr. W. Browne, Author of Britannia's Pastorals.

A modern German writer (W. A. Schlegel), in a dialogue between the Swan and the Eagle, makes the former (with due allowance for the weakness of my translation) speak thus.

" How calm, when these bonds shall be riv'n,
 " I'll hear the glad summons of death;
 " And with the soft music of Heav'n,
 " In melody yield my last breath!"

Influenced no doubt by the extraordinary beauty of Gibbons's music, there is something almost affecting in the idea, even of a swan taking a final leave of the world with such calm serenity, and consoling itself with the reflection that there now live "more fools than wise."

All his geese are swans is an old saying, applied to a person who is always boasting of what relates to himself.

CCXCVIII.

O that the learned poets of this time,
 Who in a love-sick line so well can speak;
 Would not consume good wit in hateful rhyme,
 But with deep care some better subject *seek**;

* The rhyme seems to require this alteration. The original is *find*.

For if their music please in earthly things,
How would it sound, if strung with heav'nly strings.

This appears to be a squib against the poets of the day, for wasting their talents on *hateful rhyme*, i. e. poetry upon trivial subjects, instead of stringing their lyres with *heavenly strings*; but alas! public approbation (more's the pity) is not meted out according to a graduated scale, rising progressively with the subjects treated of. The finest poetry in the world, unsupported by fashion, will scarce command a purchaser; but let an author season his book with a good sprinkling of vulgar slang, (alias modern fashionable conversation,) not forgetting the *sauce piquante* of a little quiet scandal and immorality, for the *benefit* of juvenile readers; and he is then qualified to take his place on the same shelf with the "Mighty Masters" of the olden time. A single sheet of Don Juan probably produced more to its author than the immortal Milton received for Paradise Lost.

CCXCIX.

I weigh * not fortune's frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style,
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

Second Part.

I tremble not at noise of war,
I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I shrink not at the blazing star,
I sound † not at the news of wrack;

* *Weigh not*, i. e. *value not*.

† Swoon.

I fear no loss, I hope no gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

Third Part.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starve in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see each Midas gape for more :
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough 's a feast, content is crown'd.

Fourth Part.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great for grace ;
I prize a happy, mean estate,
Ne yet too lofty, nor too base :
This is all my choice, my cheer,—
A mind content, and conscience clear.

Each of these stanzas is set to music by Gibbons, and forms a separate number in his table of contents. The author is one Mr. Joshua Sylvester, who died about 1618. In his earliest publication he styles himself a merchant adventurer. (vide Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 330.)

A very similar style of writing will be observed in the little poem, *My mind to me a kingdom is*, (vide *Byrd's Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of sadness and pietie*.) But I am afraid that the authors of both describe a paragon of perfection, not to be met with in this sublunary world.

CCC.

Dainty fine bird, that art encaged there,
 Alas! how like thine and my fortunes are!
 Both pris'ners be, and both still singing thus,
 Strive to please her that hath imprison'd us:
 Only in this we differ, thou and I,
 Thou livest singing, but I *singing die*.

This very elegant apostrophe to "The bird in yonder cage confined," is also set to music by Thomas Vautor, 1620, from whose Madrigals I have made the alteration *singing die*, instead of *sing and die* as Gibbons has it. The first is a much stronger antithesis to *livest singing*.

CCCI.

What is our life? a play of passion;
 Our mirth? the music of division:
 Our mothers' wombs the tyring houses be,
 Where we are drest for this short comedy.
 Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,
 That sits and marks whoe'er doth act amiss:
 Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun,
 Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
 Thus march we playing to our latest rest,
 Only we die in earnest,—that's no jest.

The allegory here is well kept up, from the commencement of the play to the final drawing of the curtain; and for quaintness of expression might pass for a versified passage out of old Baxter's *Saint's Rest*. One phrase requires a little explanation as connected with theatrical matters.

Music of division means airs with a number of variations (or divisions as they were called) upon a ground bass, much in vogue at that period, and probably played by way of interludes.

As witnesses to the truth of the picture, I appeal to such of my readers as have lived even half the time allotted to mankind. Will ye not be ready to exclaim with Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and "women merely players?"

CCCII.

Ah! dear heart, why do you rise?
The light that shines comes from your eyes.
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.

This pretty conceit, which reminds one of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, was written by Dr. Donne, who lived from 1573 to 1631. Three stanzas more are in the original poem, but they are inferior to the above.

CCCIII.

Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold;
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old:
The lily's white, yet in one day 't is done,
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress' face,
Yet alter'd quite within one short hour's space.
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.

This and the following Madrigal ought to be constantly upon the toilet-table of every young lady who is too fond of her glass (mirror, I beg pardon) as an illustration of the advice given by the Latin poet, *nimum ne crede colori*.

CCCIV.

Trust not too much, fair youth, unto thy feature ;
 Be not enamour'd of thy blushing hue :
 Be gamesome, whiles thou art a goodly creature,
 The flowers will fade that in thy garden grew.
 Sweet violets are gather'd in the spring,
 White primit falls withouten pitying.

Poets make a terrible fuss about beauty ! In short, the dangers attending its possession, as well as the *désagrémens* incident to its loss, are so great, that I begin to think she has the greatest chance of happiness who can say with Audrey, in *As You Like It*, " 'Thank the Gods, I am foul*."

JOHN WARD.

I know of no printed work by this composer, except his "First set of English Madrigals of three, four, five, and six parts, apt both for viols and voices, with a mourning song in memory of Prince Henry. Printed by Thos. Snodham, 1613." And thus dedicated,

"To the Honourable Gentleman, and my very good
 "Maister, Sir Henry Fanshawe, Knight.

* Ugly.

“ Worthy Sir,

“ Among many patrons of Art, and musical endeavours,
 “ I am emboldened to rank your name, as I know you not
 “ inferior to the best, as well for a lover of music, as a
 “ competent judge of that noble faculty ; so I present you
 “ here with such numbers best fitting your innated har-
 “ mony, and I hope not unworthy your patronage. And
 “ though I know the excellent variety of these compositions
 “ hath fed time with fullness, and bred many censors, more
 “ curious than perhaps judicial ; and since no science car-
 “ ries so sufficient authority in itself, but must needs sub-
 “ mit to that monster *opinion*, half truth, half falsehood ;
 “ yet these of mine being thus fronted with your coun-
 “ tenance, digested by your ear, and allowed in your know-
 “ ledge ; should they prove distasteful with the queasie-
 “ palated, or surfeited delight ; yet with the sound, unsub-
 “ ject to such disease of humour and appetite, I presume
 “ they will pleasingly relish, and maintain me against the
 “ corrupted number of time-sick humourists. These, ho-
 “ noured Sir, are the *primitiæ* of my muse, planted in your
 “ pleasure, and cherished by the gentle calm of your fa-
 “ vours. What I may produce hereafter is wholly yours ;
 “ (as who hath more right to the fruit than he that owneth
 “ the stock ?) If then you accept instead of real worth,
 “ this my humble tribute of affection, I shall study to use
 “ that grace with my time to the best advantage, and till I
 “ may better deserve you, in my utmost abilities ever rest,

“ Your Worship’s in all serviceable

“ endeavour and devotion,

“ JOHN WARD.”

The set contains twenty-eight Madrigals.

CCCV.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his ;
 By just exchange, one for the other given ;
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven.
 His heart in me keeps me and him in one ;
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides ;
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his, because in me it bides.

From Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. There is a second part in the same style, but it is not worth copying. The laborious efforts to produce an effect by a sort of logical argument in every line become very fatiguing.

CCCVI.

O say, dear life, when shall these twin-born berries,
 So lovely ripe, by my rude lips be tasted ?
 Shall I not pluck (sweet, say not *nay*) those cherries ?
 O let them not with summer's heat be blasted.
 Nature, thou know'st, bestow'd them free on thee ;
 Then be thou kind—bestow them free on me.

A poetical circumlocution for "Give me a kiss."

CCCVII.

Go, wailing accents, go
 To the author of my woe !

Say, dear, why hide you so from him your eyes,
Where he beholds his earthly paradise?
Since he hides not his heart from you,
Wherein love's heaven you may view.

CCCVIII.

Fly not so fast, my only joy and jewel;
Pity at least my tears, O be not cruel!
Ah! me, alas! she's gone and left me,
Die, die, my heart—all joy is now bereft me.

CCCIX.

A satyr once did run away for dread,
At sound of horn which he himself did blow;
Fearing, and fear'd thus from himself he fled,
Deeming strange ill in that he did not know.

Such causeless fears when coward minds do take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have;
As this poor beast, who did his rest forsake,
Thinking not *why*, but *how*, himself to save.

From Sir P. Sidney's Sonnets and Translations. The
first four lines only are set to music by Ward.

CCCX.

O my thoughts, my thoughts, surcease !
 Your delights my woes increase ;
 My life melts with too much thinking.
 Think no more, but die in me ;
 Till thou shalt revived be,
 At her lips sweet nectar drinking.

From "Astrophel and Stella," a poem by Sir P. Sidney.

CCCXI.

Sweet pity, wake, and tell my cruel sweet,
 That if my death her honour might increase ;
 I would lay down my life at her proud feet,
 And willing die—and dying, hold my peace.
 I only live; and living, mercy cry ;
 Because her glory in my death would die.

These are the concluding lines of a Sonnet to Pity, by Francis Davison, son of William Davison, the unfortunate Secretary to Queen Elizabeth; whose name is so well known in reference to the inhuman murder of Mary Queen of Scotland.

CCCXII.

Love is a dainty mild and sweet,
 A gentle power, a feeling fine and tender ;
 So that those harms, and pains unmeet,
 Which I do passe*, thou only dost engender :

* *Suffer*. From the Latin.

Only to him, his torments love deviseth,
That scorns his laws, and all his rites despiseth.

A translation by B. Yonge, 1598, from a Spanish work called *Diana*, by George De Montemayor.

CCCXIII.

How long wilt thou with mournful music stain
The cheerful notes this pleasant valley yields;
Where all good haps a perfect state maintain?
O cruel hap! now hateful be the fields
Where first mine eyes were causers of my pain.

This is part of a dialogue in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia* between two shepherds, Plangus and Basilicus. Ward has altered the two last lines. The original runs thus:—

“Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build
“Their hopes on haps, and do not make despair
“For all those certain blows, the surest shield.”

CCCXIV.

Sweet Philomel, cease thou thy song awhile,
And will thy mates their melodies to leave;
And all at once attend my mournful stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave.
If you desire the burden of my song,
I sigh and sob, for Phillis I did wrong.

Ye sylvan nymphs, that in these woods do shroud,
To you my mournful sorrows I declare;
Ye savage satyrs, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my woe your sacred selves prepare.

Trees, herbs, and flowers, in rural fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

These beautiful stanzas bear a strong resemblance to the style of Michael Drayton, from whose writings Ward has taken the words of several of his Madrigals; but I do not find them amongst his works. They afford an unusual instance of a shepherd mourning for his own faithlessness, instead of that of his false love; the complaint is generally *vice versa*.

CCCXV.

Phillis the bright, when frankly she desired
Thirsis her sweetheart to have expired;
Sweet, thus she fell a crying,
Die, for I am a dying.

These words are from the Italian, and are to be found in Morley's Selection of Madrigals to four voices, 1597. I am astonished that Ward, who has shown so much good taste in his choice of poetry, should ever have set such nonsense. The music being beautiful and frequently sung at the Madrigal Society, I have thought myself bound to give the words a place.

CCCXVI.

Hope of my heart!
Oh! wherefore do the words
Which your sweet tongue affords,
No hope impart?

But cruel without measure
 To my eternal pain,
 Still thunder forth disdain
 On him, whose life depends upon your pleasure.

This is the second stanza of an Ode by Francis Davison, addressed to his mistress, wherein "Being by his absence
 "in Italy deprived of her looks, words, and gestures; he
 "desireth her to write unto him." The first stanza is as follows:

"My only star,
 "Why, why, are your dear eyes,
 "Wherein my life's peace lies,
 "With me at war?
 "Why to my ruin tending
 "Do they still lighten woe
 "On him, that loves you so:
 "That all his thoughts in you have birth, and ending?"

The remainder is not worth transcribing.

CCCXVII.

Upon a bank with roses set about,
 Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill;
 And gentle springs steal softly murm'ring out,
 Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill.
 There little Love sore wounded lies,
 His bow and arrows broken:
 Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
 Oh! grievous to be spoken!

A portion of M. Drayton's Second Eclogue. Also printed

in *England's Helicon*, under the title of the *Shepherd's Anthem*.

No really sentimental love ditty would be considered complete without the introduction of turtle doves,

“ mira là quel colombo

“ Con che dolce susurro lusignando,

“ Bacia la sua compagna.”

Tasso. (Aminta, Atto 1.)

The *joining bill to bill* is thus given by Joannes Secundus, (Basium 16.)

“ Quales Chaoniæ garrula motibus

“ Alternant tremulis rostra columbulæ.”

Venus, by the way, was not always so tenderly disposed towards Cupid as to bedew him with tears, for she is described by Lucian, (Dial. Deor.) as complaining how rudely her son had used her; and although she threatened to break his bow and arrows, to clip his wings, and whipped him besides with her sandal, on that part of the body where schoolboys are wont to suffer punishment; yet all would not serve, he was so headstrong and unruly.

I wish Ward had included in his Madrigal the four following lines from the Eclogue above-mentioned:—

“ His hearse shall be a mournful cypress shade,

“ His dirge sad Philomela's sweetest lay :

“ And prayer shall constantly be made

“ By pilgrim lovers passing by that way.”

CCCXVIII.

Retire, my troubled soul ; rest, and behold
Thy days of dolour, dangers manifold :

See, life is but a dream, whose best contenting,
 Begun with hope,
 Pursued with doubt,
 Enjoy'd with fear—ends in repenting.

A homily would be rather out of character with this book, otherwise here is a text worthy of being treated by Jeremy Taylor. The bent of Ward's mind, if we may judge from the choice he has made of the words of most of his Madrigals, is towards melancholy; or, as the manager of a theatre would call it, the *serious business*. All his compositions appear to me to be beautiful, although I *have* heard them called dull and heavy by some people who have no more soul than a mahogany table, nor taste for any kind of music superior to a pot-house glee.

CCCXIX.

Oft have I tender'd tributary tears,
 Mixed with grief and melancholy fears;
 And sometimes frolic hope, sad woes beguiling,
 Hath shin'd on my desires; but she from smiling
 Of late so chang'd, my sorrow not resenting,*
 Bids me despair, sigh, groan, and die lamenting.

CCCXX.

O divine Love, which so aloft can raise,
 And lift the mind out of this earthly mire;
 And doth inspire us with such glorious praise,
 As with the heav'ns doth equal man's desire!

* Sympathizing in.

Who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine
 With Venus' myrtle, and Apollo's tree?
 Who will not say that thou art most divine,
 At least confess a deity in thee?

From Drayton's Second Eclogue.

CCCXXI.

If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
 Of a poor wretch with miseries opprest,
 For whose complaints tears never could suffice,
 Have not the power your deities to move,
 Who shall e'er look for succour from above?
From whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

There's not a grove that wonders not my woe,
 There's not a river weeps not at my tale;
 I hear the echoes, wand'ring to and fro,
 Resound my grief thro' ev'ry hill and dale:
 The birds and beasts all in their simple kind,
 Lament for me;—no pity else I find.
And tears, I find, do bring no other good,
But as new show'rs increase the rising flood.

These very beautiful stanzas are from Drayton's Tenth Eclogue. The lines printed in italics are taken by Ward out of their proper order, which accounts for the ungrammatical construction of the first couplet.

CCCXXII.

Die not, fond man, before thy day ;
 Love's cold December
 Will surrender
 To succeeding jocund May.
 And then, oh ! then sorrow shall cease ;
 Comforts abounding,
 Cares confounding,
 Shall conclude a happy peace.

In the music of this Madrigal will be found a happy mixture of the grave Doric with the sprightly Ionic measure. It is one of Ward's master-pieces.

 CCCXXIII.

I have intreated, and I have complain'd,
 I have disprais'd, and praise I likewise gave ;
 All means to win her grace I tried have ;
 And still I love, and still I am disdain'd.
 Oh ! that my sighs might purchase some relief,
 Or in her heart my tears imprint my grief !
 But cease, vain sighs—cease, cease, ye fruitless tears ;
 Tears cannot pierce her heart, nor sighs her ears.

Part of a sonnet written A.D. 1608 by Walter Davison,
 son of Secretary Davison, mentioned above in No. CCCXVI.

CCCXXIV.

Come, sable night, put on thy mourning stole,
 And help Amintas sadly to condole.
 Behold, the sun hath shut his golden eye,
 And shadeth from the world fair light's supply.
 All things in sweet repose,
 Their daily labours close ;
 Only Amintas wastes his hours in wailing,
 Whilst all his fond hopes faint, and life is failing.

Night with her ebon wand and mourning mantle has perhaps afforded more materials for fine descriptive poetry than any other appearance or object in nature ; and many a little gem on the subject still sparkles unseen in the neglected mine of English literature. The following, for instance, by Mr. Sackville (England's Parnassus, 1600) :

" Midnight was come, when ev'ry vital thing
 " With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest ;
 " The beasts were still ; the little birds that sing,
 " Now sweetly slept beside their mothers' breast.
 " The waves were calm'd, the cruel storms did cease ;
 " The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace."

CCCXXV.

Weep forth your tears, and still lament—He's dead,
 Who living was of all the world lov'd :
 Let dolorous lamenting still be spread
 Through all the earth ; that all hearts may be mov'd
 To sigh and plain,
 Since death hath slain
 Prince Henry.

Oh ! had he liv'd, our hopes had still increas'd ;
But he is dead, and all our joy 's deceas'd.

This is a mourning song for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First, who died in the flower of early youth, to the inexpressible grief of the whole court and kingdom. Anthony Wood (Fasti, 1606) calls him the people's darling, and the delight of mankind.

The mourning songs for his death are numerous, but I attach more interest to a pamphlet still in existence, giving an account of his baptism, as it shows the advanced state of musical science in our northern capital, even at that early period. It is entitled, "A true representation of the most triumphant accomplishment of the Baptism of the most excellent, right high and mighty Prince Henry, by the Grace of God, Prince of Scotland. Solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594."

After a vast number of devices and pageants of various kinds, "then began there music of green holyne howboys in *five* parts : after that followed viols with voices, in plain counterpoint : after which ensued a shril noise of recorders and flutes : and for the fourth, a general consort of all the best instruments. When all the banquet was done, after thanks being given, there was sung with most dulce voices and sweet harmony in *seven* parts, the 128th Psalm with *fourteen* voices."

Let no one, after reading this extract, presume to say that music was in a rude state in the 16th century. It is no such easy matter even at this time of day, to bring together *fourteen dulce voices*, far less to make them sing *sweet* harmony in *seven* parts.

JOHN HILTON

Was a Bachelor of Music, and chiefly known as the author and publisher of two works. The first is "Ayres, or Fa-las, for three voices. Printed in 1627," and dedicated to "The Worshipful William Heather, Doctor of Music*." I am rather puzzled as to Hilton's chronology; for if he be the same individual who composed one of the Orianas in 1601 (he is then styled Bachelor of Music), it seems singular that he should call this present work (printed twenty-seven years after), "the unripe first fruits of his labours, "being but a *drop* that he received from him (Heather) "the fountain."

These Fa-las are twenty-six in number, and the poetry is for the most part very trifling. The five following are selected as the best.

CCCXXVI.

I heard a wither'd maid complain,
Who wish'd that she were young again;
She would not then man's love despise:
In time be, therefore, young ones, wise.

To such as thus *in doleful dumps* cry,

"Oh me, that I were young again!"†

I recommend the perusal of a very clever, tho' but little known, Scottish song:

"Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie,
"Thinking, gin she were a wife,
"The sun o' joy would ne'er gae down,
"But warm and cheer her a' her life?

* Query—Dr. William *Heyther*, who in 1627 founded the Musical Lectureship at Oxford?

† Vide No. CXCIH.

“ Saw ye ne’er a weary wifie,
 “ Thinking, gin she were a lass,
 “ She would aye be blyth and hearty,
 “ Lightly as the day would pass ?

“ Wives and lasses, young and aged,
 “ Think na on each other’s fate ;
 “ Ilka ane it has its crosses,
 “ Mortal joy was ne’er complete.

“ Ilka ane it has its blessings,
 “ Peevish dinna pass them by :
 “ Seek them out like bonnie berries,
 “ Tho’ amang the thorns they lie.”

CCCXXVII.

Faint not, lovers, for denials,
 Women’s *nays* are but your trials ;
 From one to two or three they ’ll move,
 To try which is the surest love.

CCCXXVIII.

Though me you disdain to view,
 Yet give me leave to gaze on you :
 The sun as yet did never hide him,
 When a Moor or Tartar ey’d him.

The same idea will be found in No. CCCLXIV.

CCCXXIX.

As Flora slept, and I lay waking,
 I smil'd to see a bird's mistaking ;
 For from a bough it down did skip,
 And for a cherry peck'd her lip.

CCCXXX.

If it be love to sit and mourn,
 To grieve, and sigh, as all forlorn ;
 I love—but if in 't joy there be,
 I do not—for there's none in me.

Hilton's second work is "Catch that catch can," or a "choice Collection of catches, rounds, and canons, for three or four voices, collected and published by John Hilton, Batchelor in Music. London, printed for John Benson, and John Playford, and to be sold in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, and in the Inner Temple, near the Church door, 1652."

It may not be out of place here to observe, that in old musical works the terms catch, round, and canon, are used very vaguely. We moderns consider the first to be a composition wherein is some joke or play upon the words, the which is not discovered until all the voices come into action, such as Dr. Calcott's well-known catch, "Ah! how Sophia;"* but only two of that kind are in Hilton's Collection, and none at all in the earlier ones. In fact, there was then no specified distinction between a catch and a

* When uttered rapidly, "a house on fire."

round ; nay more, in Pammelia, even canons in the unison come under those titles. A catch therefore was then considered a generic name for little songs to several voices, in which the parts were *caught*, or taken up in succession ; and which being always written out in a single line, had certain marks prefixed for the guidance of the performers. The greater part of those which in Pammelia are designated *Canons in the Unison*, we should now call mere *Rounds* ; for in them each voice succeeds the foregoing at an equal interval of time ; which interval is an aliquot part of the whole composition, corresponding to the number of voices for which it is written. For example, *Let's have a peal for John Cooke's soul*, which is styled a canon for nine voices, is nothing but a round containing nine bars, in which each individual takes up the point one bar after his neighbour*.

A composition wherein each voice sings the same strain, but follows the leader at intervals which are not aliquot parts of the whole, is a very different affair, and is what *we* now call a canon in the unison ; such as “ Hey ho ! to the green-wood now let us go,” &c.

In this collection, according to all accounts, *first* appeared the well known canon, *Non nobis, Domine*, in the fourth and eighth below (vide remarks upon W. Byrd). It is also worthy of notice, that Hilton thus concludes his dedication addressed to Mr. R. Coleman : “ So being enriched by your courteous patronizing of these, you and I will sing *Non nobis, Domine*.” Here follows a canon in the *fourth and eighth above*, which, with regard to intervals, is the counterpart of the other, but in *moto contrario*, and in a different key. From the way in which it is introduced I think it probable that Hilton was its composer.

* In modern times many rounds are also erroneously dignified with the name of canons. See the works of Padre Martini, the *Perfida Clori* of Cherubini, and the *O nume benefico* of Rossini.

The following lines are prefixed by way of address to the reader :

“ Catches are catches, be they better or worse ;
“ And these may prove hopeful, if not spoil'd at nurse :
“ It's therefore desired if any do halt,
“ That the judicious may set right the fault ;
“ In time, by this means, they may walk without crutches,
“ And merrily please for your charge, which not much is.”

CCCXXXI.

Here lies a woman, who can deny it ?
She died in peace, tho' she liv'd unquiet.
Her husband prays, if o'er her grave you walk,
You would tread soft—for if she wake, she 'll talk.

Music by J. Hilton.

CCCXXXII.

A boat, a boat, haste to the ferry ;
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh, and sing, and drink old sherry.

The music of this was composed by Mr. John Jenkins, of whom Anthony Wood speaks as being “a little man “with a great soul.” It is often sung even now, but few are aware of its claims to antiquity.

CCCXXXIII.

Come hither, Tom, and make up three,
And sing this merry catch with me ;
 Tho' the tune be old,
 I dare be bold,
'T is good, if we all agree.

So—now comes in my noble Jack,
Keep time, my boy, upon his back ;
 If he miss, I do swear
 I 'll pull him by th' ear,
Until I do hear it crack.

Now listen to the bass,
For he will us disgrace ;
 I fear the lout
 Will first be out,
He makes such an ugly face.

*Music by W. Cranford, one of the
Singing-men of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

CCCXXXIV.

How merrily looks the man that hath gold,
He seemeth but twenty, tho' threescore years old.
How nimble the bee that flieth about,
And gathereth honey within and without :
But men without money,
And bees without honey,
Are nothing better than drones.

Music by E. Nelham.

CCCXXXV.

Ne'er let a man take heavily
The clamour of his wife ;
But be rul'd by me,
And lead a merry life.
Give her her will in every thing ;
If she scolds, then laugh and sing ;
Hey derry, derry ding.

Music by William Lawes, Chamber Musician to Charles the First. He was killed in his master's cause at the siege of Chester, 1645.

CCCXXXVI.

She that will eat her breakfast in bed,
And spend the morning in dressing her head ;
And sit at dinner like a maiden bride,
And nothing do all day but talk of pride ;
Jove, of his mercy, may do much to save her,
But what a case is he in that shall have her !

Music by John Hilton.

CCCXXXVII.

If any so wise is
That sack he depises,
Let him drink his small beer and be sober ;
Whilst we drink sack and sing,
As if it were spring,
He shall droop like the trees in October.

But be sure overnight,
 If this dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a warning :
 Soon as out of your bed,
 To settle your head,
 Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And be not so silly
 To follow old *Lilly*,
 For there 's nothing but sack that can tune us ;
 Let his *ne assuescas*
 Be put in his cap case,
 And sing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

Music by Mr. William Child.

I find an old French version of the above cure for a debauch, in a book of *chansons*, printed at Antwerp, 1543. The music by Clemens (non Papa).

“ Si par trop boire lendemain,
 “ Vous tremble teste, pied, ou main ;
 “ Prenez bientôt sans contredit,
 “ Du poil du chien qui vous mordit.”

CCCXXXVIII.

Good Simon, how comes it your nose looks so red,
 And your cheeks and lips look so pale ?
 Sure the heat of the toast,
 Your nose did so roast,
 When they were both sous'd in ale.

It shows like the spire
 Of Paul's steeple on fire,

Each ruby darts forth such flashes ;
 While your face looks as dead
 As if it were lead ;
 And cover'd all over with ashes.

Now to heighten his colour
 Yet fill his pot fuller,
 And nick it not so with froth :
 Gramercye ! mine host,
 It shall save the toast ;
 Sup, Simon, for here is good broth.

Music by W. Howes.

Good Mr. Simon, if thou wast not a near kinsman of that knight of the burning lamp, that everlasting bonfire light, that *ignis fatuus* Bardolph, there's no purchase in money ; and as Sir John Falstaff said of his worthy adherent, the description of thy physiognomy reminds one of " Dives " that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes—burning, " burning."

THOMAS VAUTOR

Was a Bachelor of Music, and Composer of a set of " songs " of divers airs and natures, of five and six parts, apt for " viols and voices." Dedicated to " the Marquis of Buckingham."

They are twenty-two in number.

CCCXXXIX.

Fair are the words that cover deep deceit,
 As next sweet honey lies the poison'd sting ;
 The crooked hook is hid in pleasant bait,
 Which unforeseen too late repentance bring.

So George Turberville in one of his sonnets, A.D. 1560.

“ Think, when thou seest the bait,
 “ Wherein is thy delight ;
 “ That hidden hooks are hard at hand,
 “ To bane, when thou dost bite.”

Still more elegant are the following anonymous lines from England's Helicon :

“ All is not gold that shineth bright in show,
 “ Not ev'ry flow'r so good as fair to sight ;
 “ The deepest streams above do calmly flow,
 “ And strongest poisons oft the taste delight.
 “ The pleasant bait doth hide the harmful hook,
 “ And false deceit can lend a friendly look.”

 CCCXL.

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight,
 With feathers like a lady bright ;
 Thou sit'st alone, singing by night
 Te whit, te whoo !
 Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
 With shrill command the mouse controls,
 And sings a dirge for dying souls*,
 Te whit, te whoo !

* “And eke the owl that of death bode bringeth.”—*Chaucer*.

CCCXLI.

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
 For all those rosy ornaments in thee :
 Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
 Nor fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me.
 I will not soothe thy fancies, thou shalt prove
 That beauty is no beauty without love.

This stanza is written in the same spirit with Wither's well-known distich ;

“ If she be not so to me,
 “ What care I how fair she be ? ”

'T is a good doctrine to recommend, but not altogether so easy to put in practice.

 CCCXLII.

Blush, my rude present—blushing yet say this ;
 That he who sent thee, meant a better thing :
 Best meaners oft of their best purpose miss,
 Best runners sometimes fail to hit the ring.
 Tell my sweet mistress, saint of womankind,
 What wants in show, he doth supply in mind.

 CCCXLIII.

Shepherds and nymphs, that trooping
 Were wont to fetch home May with hey and whooping
 Why sit you dead and drooping ?

Up up, for shame, and leave this heavy mourning,
 For Orian is not dead, but lives renowned :
 Beyond all human honour base earth scorning,
 Fair Orian now a saint in heav'n is crowned.
 Both bonfires and bell ringers
 She left us, and good singers ;
 Then sing, ye nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
 Farewell, farewell, fair Oriana.

This is one of the Madrigals coming under the denomination of Oriana's Farewell.—(*See Triumphs of Oriana.*)

The bringing home of the May is thus described by E. Spenser :

Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
 I saw a shole of shepherds outgo
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer ;
 Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
 That to the many a horn-pipe play'd,
 Whereto they dancen each one with his maid.
 To see these folks make such jouissance,
 Made my heart after the pipe to dance.
 Then to the greenwood they speeden them all,
 To fetchen home May with their musical :
 And home they bring him in a royal throne
 Crowned as king ; and his queen attone
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely nymphs—O that I were there,
 To helpen the ladies their May bush to bear !

Shepherds' Calendar.—Eclogue 5.

And by Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, A.D. 1595.

“ Against Mayday, Whitsunday or some other time of
 “ the year, every parish, town, or village assemble them-
 “ selves, both men, women and children ; and either alto-

“gether, or dividing themselves into companies, they go
“some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and
“mountains, some to one place, some to another, where
“they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes ; and in the
“morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs
“and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal :
“but their chiefest jewell is the maypole, which they bring
“home with great veneration, as thus : they have twenty
“or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay
“of flowers tied to the tip of his horns, and these oxen
“draw home the maypole, which they cover all over with
“flowers and herbs, bound round with strings from the top
“to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable co-
“lours, having two or three hundred men, women, and chil-
“dren following it with great devotion ; and thus equipped,
“it is reared with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on
“the top. They strew the ground round about ; they bind
“green boughs about it ; they set up summer-halls, bowers,
“and arbours hard by it ; and then fall they to banqueting
“and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it, as the
“heathen people did at the dedication of their idols.”

On the 30th of May, in the fourth year of Queen Mary's reign, there was a goodly May-game in Fenchurch Street, with drums, and guns, and pikes ; and there was also a Morris-dance, and an Elephant and Castle ; and the Lord and Lady of the May appeared to make up the show.

Robin Hood and Maid Marian occasionally presided over the sports of the day.

HENRY YOULL

Was, as he styles himself, a practitioner in the art of music ; and in 1608 published a “Set of twenty-four Can-

“zonets to Three voices;” dedicated to “the virtuous gentlemen, Mr. Nicholas Bacon, Mr. Philip Bacon, Mr. Nathaniel Bacon, and Mr. Lionel Bacon, sons to the worshipful Mr. Edward Bacon, Esquire.”

CCCXLIV.

Slow, slow, fresh fount; keep time with my salt tears :

Yet slower—yet, O faintly, gentle springs ;

List to the heavy part the music bears,

Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop herbs and flow'rs,

Fall grief in show'rs,

Our beauties are not ours.

Oh ! could I still, like melting snow

Upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, since nature's pride is now

A wither'd daffodil !

From a comic satire by Ben Jonson, called “Cynthia's Revels, or the Fountain of Self-love.” It was acted in 1600 by the children of the Chapel Royal.

CCCXLV.

Once I thought to die for love,

Till I found that women prove

Traitors in their smiling ;

They say men inconstant be,

But they themselves love change we see,

And all is but beguiling.

CCCXLVI.

The shepherds' daughters all are gone,
 Leaving their flocks to feed alone,
 From the greenwood fresh May to bring.

So sweetly they play,

And sing all the way,*

That fields and groves with heav'nly music ring.
 Behold where they return along,
 With Daphne fair their troops among;
 Upon whose golden locks they all have set,
 Of fragrant flow'rs a seemly coronet,
 Sounding on high, in Daphne's praise,
 Pleasant songs and roundelays.

CCCXLVII.

Cease, restless thoughts, to vex my careful mind,
 And bid adieu to vain delights of love;
 Since Phillis, she, alas! has prov'd unkind,
 Whom my complaints cannot to pity move.
 Farewell, unkind! my silly sheep and I
 Henceforth will join in equal sympathy.

The sheep, as in duty bound, invariably sympathize in
 their master's sorrows.

"The feeble flocks refuse their former food,

"And hang their heads as they would learn to weep."

Spenser.—*Shepherds' Calendar.*

* These two lines are in Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar* (April) in
 praise of Elizabeth.

GEORGE KIRBYE.

Besides one composition in the *Triumphs of Oriana*, Kirbye is only known to have published a set of Madrigals for four, five, and six voices, twenty-five in number, printed in the year 1597.

CCCXLVIII.

Lo ! here my heart I leave with her remaining,
 That never yet vouchsaf'd to do me pleasure ;
 And when I seek to move her with complaining,
 She scorns my sighs and tears, alas ! past measure.
 Sweet Love, O turn her heart at last, and joy me,
 Or else her deep disdain will soon destroy me.

CCCXLIX.

What can I do, of the sweet light deprived
 Of thy fair eyes, by which I still have lived ?
 How can my soul endure, thus charged with sadness,
 Exile from thy dear sight so full of gladness ?

CCCL.

Farewell ! my love—I part contented ;
 Since 't is ordain'd that I must leave thee ;
 O might I stay, altho' tormented,
 The pain next death would little grieve me.
 No greater torment can be prov'd
 Than thus to part from my belov'd.

CCCLI.

Sleep now, my muse, and henceforth take thy rest,
Which all too long thyself in vain hast wasted ;
Let it suffice, I still must live opprest,
And of my pains the fruit must ne'er be tasted.
Then sleep, my muse, fate cannot be withstood ;
'T is better sleep, than wake to do no good.

CCCLII.

Ah ! sweet, alas ! when first I saw those eyes,
So rich with crystal majesty,
Their wounding beauty 'gan to tyrannize,
And made mine eyes bleed tears full piteously.
I felt the wound, yet feared not the deed ;
Till, ah ! I found my tears did inward bleed.

CCCLIII.

Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournful'st Muse of nine
Such cause of mourning never had afore ;
Up, grisly ghosts, and up, my rueful line,
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more.
For dead she is that made thee mirth of yore.
Dido my dear, alas ! is dead :
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead,
O heavy hearse !
Let streaming tears be poured out in store,
O careful verse !

Why wail we thus? why weary we the gods with plaints,
As if some evil were to her betight?

She reigns a goddess now among the saints,
That whylom was the saint of shepherds' light,
And is installed now in Heaven's height.

I see, the blessed soul I see,
Walk in Elysian fields so free;

O happy hearse!

Might I once come to thee—O that I might—
O joyful verse!

These stanzas are from Spenser's Eleventh Eclogue, of which *the Argument* is as follows:

“Colin being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself
“by his concern for the death of Dido, the daughter of a
“shepherd of note; whose memory, at Thenot's further
“request, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.”

CCCLIV.

Mourn now, my soul, with anguish of my pain,
Cross'd are the joys which hope did ever give:
Dry are mine eyes with shedding tears in vain;
Dead is my heart, and never more can live.
Hard are my torments, living thus in grief;
Harder her heart, that yieldeth no relief.

CCCLV.

Why should I love, since she doth prove ungrateful,
Since for reward I reap nought but disdain?
Love, thus to be requited, is most hateful,
And reason would I should not love in vain:

Yet 't is in vain, when all is out of season ;
For love hath no society with reason.

CCCLVI.

It is my well-beloved's voice,
That soundeth in mine ear ;
My heart thereat doth much rejoice,
To see him draw so near.

See, see, on yonder mountain top,
On yon same hill so tall ;
How hitherward my love doth hop,
My heart doth skip withal.

This would almost seem to be a paraphrase of part of the song, composed by Solomon on the celebration of his nuptials with "The Shulamite," vide chap. ii. v. 8.: "It is the voice of my beloved ; behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

Set also by Thomas Tomkins for six voices.

JOHN FARMER

Was the author of an elaborate treatise on musical composition, published 1591. He also contributed to the Triumphs of Oriana, and in 1599 published a set of seventeen Madrigals to four voices, dedicated to Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxenford. He therein styles himself "Practitioner in the art of Music."

CCCLVII.

Now each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours :
 One bird reports unto another,
 By the fall of silver show'rs ;*
 While the earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.

Written by S. Daniel, who was Poet Laureat at the beginning of James the First's reign, and died about 1619.

The word *report*, used in reference to music, signifies *answer*. "The Æolian mood is commixt with fugues and "airy reports, one after another." (Playford.)

"Good accords and reports of diapason, diatesseron," &c. (Wedderburn's *Complaint of Scotland*.)

CCCLVIII.

You 'll never leave still tossing to and fro,
 Till at the last you catch a fall ;
 For wav'ring minds do always harbour woe,
 Losing true friendship, love, and all :
 Be constant, then, and thou shalt find it best
 To scorn the world, in hope to live at rest.

The English nation was in former days considered to be of a very wavering and fickle disposition ; a fact of which I was not aware, until I met with the following emblem given by Andrew Boord, in his "Introduction to Know-

* "The chamber had a prospect into a delicious garden, in which all "sorts of birds, enclosed in a cage of crystal, recorded their harmonies ; "whilst the gentle fall of a bubbling fountain seemed to yield a sweet "and murmuring concent to their music."—T. Lodge, A.D. 1590.

“ledge, 1541.” A wooden cut of a figure, naked, holding a piece of cloth over his arm, and a pair of shears in his hand, with these lines below it:

“I am an Englishman, and naked stand I here,
 “Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;
 “For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
 “And now I will wear I cannot tell what.”

CCCLIX.

Cease now thy mourning, cease thy sad lamenting;
 Let hope and pleasure once again delight thee:
 Fair Daphne's heart is now upon relenting,
 Vowing henceforth she never more will spite thee.
 Then harbour not these thoughts that still do grieve thee,
 Since thy sweet mistress vows she will relieve thee.

CCCLX.

Fair Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
 Feeding her flock near to the mountain side;
 The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
 But after her, her love Amyntas hied.
 Up and down he wand'ring, while she was missing;
 When he found her, O then they fell a kissing!

There is an old Scottish Ballad to the tune of “Auld
 “Sir Symon the King,” which runs thus:

“Some say that kissing's a sin;
 “But I say that winna stand,
 “For it is a most innocent thing,
 “And allow'd by the laws o' the land.”

So seemed Amyntas and his nymph to think—but to proceed :

“ If it were a transgression,
 “ The ministers it would reprove ;
 “ But they, the elders and session,
 “ Can do it as weel as the lave*.
 “ It’s lang since it cam into fashion,
 “ I’m sure it will never be done ;
 “ As lang as there is in the nation,
 “ A lad, or a lass, wife, or loon.”

CCCLXI.

Soon as the hungry lion seeks his prey,
 In solitary range of pathless mountains ;
 Soon as the passenger sets on his way,
 Soon as the beasts resort unto the fountains,
 So soon mine eyes their office are discharging,
 And I my griefs with greater griefs enlarging.

CCCLXII.

O stay, sweet love ! see here the place of sporting :
 The gentle flow’rs smile sweetly to invite us,
 And chirping birds are hitherward resorting,
 Warbling their notes full sweetly to delight us.
 Then stay, dear love ! for tho’ thou run from me,
 Run ne’er so fast, yet I will follow thee.

* This fact is confirmed by a snatch of another ancient ditty :

“ The minister kiss’d the fiddler’s wife,
 “ And could na sleep for thinking o’t.”

I thought, my love, that I should overtake you ;
 Sweetheart, sit down under this shady tree ;
 And I will promise never to forsake you,
 If you your constant love will grant to me.
 The nymph then smil'd, and said to me again,
 I am not cruel to my shepherd swain.

In one of Wilbye's Madrigals mention is made of "a pretty grace in saying *nay*." Here we have *yea* expressed with a prettier grace than any heroine of a modern novel ever gave utterance to.

CCCLXIII.

Thirsis, thine absence grieves my wounded heart ;
 Yet I rejoyce to be in thy esteem :
 Ah ! woe is me that now I must depart,
 And my fond hopes must vanish like a dream.
 But if on earth I may not see thy face,
 I'll fly to Heav'n to seek thee in that place.

THOMAS FORD

Was a musician in the suite of Prince Henry, son of James I., and in 1607 published "Music of sundry kinds set forth in two books." Never having seen the work I can say no more of it. He is now chiefly known as the composer of the music to the following Madrigals.

CCCLXIV.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you :
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What? I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, no, my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder ;
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me ;
There, O there, where'er I go
I'll leave my heart behind me.

CCCLXV.

There is a lady sweet and kind ;
Was never face so pleas'd my mind :
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die !
Her gestures, motions, and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile :
Beguile my heart, I know not why ;
And yet I love her till I die !

JOHN MUNDY

Was a composer chiefly of sacred music, but he published one miscellaneous work, entitled "Songs and Psalms composed into three, four, and five parts, for the use of all such as either love or learn music," wherein he is styled, "Bachiler of Music, and one of the Organists of Her Majesty's Free Chapel of Windsor, A.D. 1594." It contains thirty pieces, and is dedicated to "the Right Honourable Robert Devoreux, Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley, Borchier, and Lovaine," &c.

CCCLXVI.

Hey ho ! chil go to plough no more,
 Sit down and take thy rest :
 Of golden groats I have good store,
 To flaunt it with the best.
 But I do love, and whom, think you ?
 The finest lass that e'er you knew :
 Which makes me sing, when I should cry
 Heigh ho ! for love I die.

CCCLXVII.

Were I a king, I might command content ;
 Were I obscure, unknown should be my cares :
 And were I dead, no thoughts should me torment,
 Nor words, nor wrongs, nor loves, nor hopes, nor fears.
 A doubtful choice of three things, one to crave ;
 A kingdom, or a cottage, or a grave.

THOMAS TOMKINS

Was a pupil of the celebrated William Byrd, and a Church Musician of some notoriety. He published a set of twenty-eight songs of three, four, five, and six parts, dedicated to "the Earl of Pembroke." He is therein styled "Organist of his Majesty's Chapel Royal in Ordinary." He also contributed a Madrigal to the Triumphs of Oriana. I find but one specimen in the above set worthy of transcribing.

CCCLXVIII.

Weep no more, thou sorry boy ;
 Love's pleas'd and anger'd with a toy.
 Love a thousand passions brings,
 Laughs and weeps, and sighs and sings ;
 If *she* smiles, he dancing goes,
 And thinks not on his future woes :
 If *she* chide with angry eye,
 Sits down and sighs—ah me ! I die.
 Yet again, as soon reviv'd,
 Joys as much as late he griev'd.
 Change there is of joy and sadness,
 Sorrow much, but more of gladness.
 Then weep no more, thou sorry boy,
 Turn thy tears to weeping joy.
 Sigh no more,—ah me ! I die ;
 But dance, and sing, and cry ti-hy*.

* Vide No. LXX.

DR. JOHN BULL

Was chiefly celebrated as a composer for, and performer on the Organ and Virginals; indeed, says Anthony Wood, "he was so much admired for his dexterous hand, that many thought there was more than man in him;" no doubt alluding to the absurd story of his having, in the course of a few hours, added forty parts to a composition already consisting of that number, which feat induced a foreign organist to exclaim, "that the man who could do that must either be the devil or Dr. Bull." Being possessed, however, with crotchets, as many musicians are, he went beyond the seas, and died, as some say, at Ham-burgh. He was the first Gresham Professor of music, and appointed at the express desire of Queen Elizabeth.

I have extracted the following stanza, the music to which is by him, from an old manuscript set of part books with an engraved title page, entitled "*Tristitiæ Remedium*," the handywork of one Thomas Myrtell, A.D. 1616.

CCCLXIX.

Frail man, despise the treasures of this life;
 Earth's wealth is want; joy, sorrow; peace, but strife;
 Vain fortune's bitter sweets do not affect,
 Her happiest state's unworthy thy respect:
 For like to Jonah's gourd*, ev'n in a night
 Springs up and dies again this world's delight.

* Vide the Book of Jonah, last chapter.

MISCELLANEOUS COMPOSERS.

CCCLXX.

Ah me! when to the air I breathe my plaining,
 To merry fountains my disdain;
 When to rude rocks and pleasant groves
 I tell all my unhappy loves;
 They hear me whilst I thus condole,
 But with their echos call me *fool*.

From a set of twenty Madrigals in five parts, "apt both
 "for viols and voices," composed by Henry Lichfield,
 1613.

CCCLXXI.

Sweet are the thoughts that harbour full content;
 Delightful be the joys that know no care:
 Such those sweet thoughts that on heaven's joys are bent,
 And on celestial bliss still thinking are.
 These joys delight, these thoughts content do send;
 All earthly thoughts and joys in sorrow end!

From a set of sacred hymns of three, four, five and six
 parts, for voices and viols, by John Amner, Bachelor of
 Music, Master of the Choristers and Organist of the Cathe-
 dral Church of Ely. Printed in 1615.

CCCLXXII.

Then sayd the Chief Priest, is it so ?

Ye men and eke bretherne,
And all ye fathers, herke unto
My wordes, and then discern.

There dyd appeare to Abraham
The God of great glorye,
Before that he dwelt in Carran
In Mesopotamye :

And sayd to him, come out of hande
From thy kin and contrè ;
Make hast, and come into the lande
Whiche I shall shewe to thee.

Out of the land then of Caldey
Retourned he with spede ;
The Lord's commaundment to obey,
Dwelt in Carran indede.

The above is given as a specimen of Dr. Christopher Tye's celebrated metrical version of the first fourteen chapters of The Acts of the Apostles, published A.D. 1553, under the following title: "The Actes of the Apostles translated into Englyshe metre, and dedicated to the Kynge's
"moste excellent Maiestye, by Christofer Tye, Doctor in
"Musyke, and one of the Gentylnen of hys Graces most
"honourable Chappell, with notes to eche chapter to synge
"and also to play upon the lute, very necessarye for stu-
"dents after theyr studye, to fyle theyr wyttes ; and also
"for all Chrystians that cannot synge, to reade the good and
"godlye storyes of the lyves of Christ his Apostles."

Having myself just reprinted the Doctor's musical

“notes to eche chapter” adapted to modern paraphrases of scripture; it may be thought the *puff* direct to say that I consider them unrivalled as models for counterpoint. To this I can but answer—I printed them because I thought them so—I do not think them so because I printed them.

CCCLXXIII.

Ev’ry bush new springing,
Ev’ry bird now singing;
Merrily sat poor Nicho
Chanting tro-li-lo, lo-li-lo.

Till her he had espyed
On whom his hopes relyed;
Down with a frown
She pull’d him down.

Music by Michael Cavendish, the composer of one of the Madrigals in the Triumphs of Oriana.

CCCLXXIV.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,
The poor estate scorns fortune’s angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
Peasants enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

I have adapted these lines, which are from Greene’s “Farewell to Follie,” 1590, to a Madrigal by G. Pizzoni.

CCCLXXV.

In these delightful pleasant groves
Let 's celebrate our happy loves ;
Let 's pipe and dance, let 's laugh and sing ;
Thus ev'ry happy living thing
Revels in the cheerful spring.

Music by Henry Purcell, being a chorus from the Masque
of " The Libertine destroyed."

CCCLXXVI.

Ah me ! quoth Venus ; young, and so unkind !
Cold, cold Adonis ! haste not to begone.
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.

I'll make a shadow for thee of my hair ;
Should that too burn, I'll quench it with a tear.
Poor Queen of love ! in thine own law forlorn ;
To love a cheek that smiles on thee in scorn.

From Shakspeare's Poem of Venus and Adonis. The
Music composed in 1827, by William Linley, a member of
the Madrigal Society, and youngest son of the celebrated
Thomas Linley. He died much regretted in 1835.

CCCLXXVII.

Sweet Philomela, breathe thy plaintive lay ;
While radiant Cynthia sheds her silver ray.
Oh ! soothe my pains, and tell the echoing grove,
No voice but thine can soothe the pains of love.

This was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the prize cup given by the Madrigal Society in 1811. The Music is composed by William Hawes, now their Musical Director.

CCCLXXVIII.

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring
With rapture warms ; awake, and sing ;
Awake, and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a song.

To Nannie raise the cheerful lay,
O ! bid her haste and come away :
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

These words have been erroneously attributed to Burns. They are *certainly* not his, but are generally supposed to have been written by a young man of the name of Richard Hewitt, who was amanuensis to the blind poet Dr. Blacklock. They form the second stanza of the well-known Scottish song to the tune of *Roslin Castle*, beginning " 'T was in that season of the year."

The music by W. Beale gained the prize in 1811.

CCCLXXIX.

Hark, every shepherd, hark, on tree and bush,
In notes melodious and clear,
The blackbird, nightingale, and vocal thrush
Proclaim the spring-tide of the year.

Rising, the lark on joyous pinions soars,
Descending, mournfully her tribute pours.
Sing on, ye birds, and gladden grove and plain,
My Amarillis hears your every strain.

Words and Music composed by John Bayley, Member
and Treasurer of the Madrigal Society, A.D. 1832. He
died in the following year.

CCCLXXX.

O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me :
Dance no more on holy-day,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow ;
Bright his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead, &c.

The first stanza only of this most beautiful elegy by
Chatterton, under the name of Rowley, is set to music by
Samuel Wesley, and was one of the unsuccessful candidates
for the Madrigal Prize in 1811. The composer died while
this sheet was in the press, October 1837.

The same words are also set by Paxton.

APPENDIX,
CONSISTING OF
TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN,
WITH A FEW ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS ;
WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF THE OLD
MADRIGALISTS,
BY
THE EDITOR OF THIS WORK.

MOST of the following trifles were written for my own amusement, and for the use of a small private circle of musical amateurs, who met periodically at the house of my good friend Mr. James King, of Foley Place; and from thence having been transferred to the Concerts of the Vocal Society at the Hanover Square Rooms, several have found their way to public approbation, more from the unrivalled style in which this species of music is performed by the above-named Society, than from any intrinsic merit of their own; although I hope I may be allowed to say, (without incurring the charge of vanity,) that I am not afraid to enter the lists with Mr. Thomas Watson, or the editor of the "*Musica Transalpina*, A.D. 1588."

In mitigation of punishment, I shall merely beg the severe critic to peruse the following lines, which are prefixed by George Turberville to his "*Translation of Ovid*, A.D. 1569":

" Altho' the thing but slender be in sight,
" And vain to view, of curious carping skull,
" In mother tongue a foreign speech to write ;
" Yet he shall find he hath a crow to pull,

“ That undertakes with well agreeing file
 “ Of English verse, to rub the Roman stile.”

And so I leave my trifles to their fate.

CCCLXXXI.

Down in a flow'ry vale, all on a summer morning,
 Phillis I spied, fair Nature's self adorning :
 Swiftly on wings of love I flew to meet her,
 Coldly she welcom'd me, when I did greet her.

I warbled thus my ditty,
 O shepherdess ! have pity :
 And hear a faithful lover
 His passion true discover ;
 Ah ! why art thou to me so cruel ?
 Then thus replied my jewel ;
 If gold thou hast, fond youth, 't will speed thy suing ;
 But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a wooing.

The music to this Madrigal is by Constantius Festa, who flourished in the early part of the 16th century. I found it printed along with some others by the same author, amongst a set by Arcadelt, A.D. 1541. Although one of the oldest Madrigals now extant, it has about it all the elegance of a modern melody.

The following are the Italian words :

“ Quando ritrovo la mia pastorella
 “ Al prato con le pecor' in pastura ;
 “ Io mi gl' acost', e presto la saluto,
 “ La mi risponde, tu sia il ben venuto.
 “ E poi gli dic' in quella,
 “ O gentil pastorella !

“ Non men crudel che bella
 “ Sei del mio ben ribella :
 “ Ah ! non esser ver me cotanto dura.
 “ Così rispond’ anch’ ella ;
 “ Disposta son a quel tuo cor desía,
 “ Ma, se non hai denari, va alla tua via ! ”

CCCLXXXII.

Smile not, fair Amarillis,
 On me so sweetly.
 Turn those bright eyes away ; lest I, while gazing,
 Consumed be by Cupid’s torch-light blazing.

A mere imitation of an Italian Madrigal, the music by Giov. Pizzoni, A.D. 1580.

“ Duo begl’ occhi lucente,
 “ Anzi due stelle,
 “ Per pena ch’ ebbi ardir mirarli un poco,
 “ Esca m’ han fatto d’ invisibil fuoco.”

CCCLXXXIII.

Sigh not, fond shepherd, thus in sad despairing :
 Arise, why sleepest thou ? take heart, be daring.
 And tho’ thy nymph of boldness may accuse thee,
 “ Put money i’ thy purse,”—she ’ll not refuse thee.

Adapted to the music of Giovanni Ferretti, A.D. 1570, being an imitation of the original words.

“ Siat’ avertiti, O voi cortesi amante ;
 “ Se volet’ alle Donne esser voi cari,
 “ Habbiate pur in man spesso denari.”

The little plagiarism from Shakspeare makes a good translation of the last line. Until the Vocal Society set the example of singing this Madrigal with due regard to the lively epigrammatic sense of the words ; it used, when performed in Italian, to be drawled out in the time of the old hundredth Psalm, and even yet some of our Madrigalists cannot see the absurdity of such a violation of common sense—so great is the force of habit !

CCCLXXXIV.

Stay one moment, gentle river ;
Should'st thou see my lovely sweeting,
Tell her, that time like thee is fleeting,
And once past—returneth never !

Merely an old poetical idea, clothed in a dress imitative of the antique, to which I adapted music of my own, after the same fashion, and passed it off at the Anniversary Festival of the Madrigal Society, in 1837, as the composition of Blasio Tomasi, who flourished at the beginning of the 17th century.

This practical joke (after the authorship was announced) amused some, and, I believe, offended others ; but as it fully satisfied my mind upon a point I wished to ascertain, and which I leave to the conjecture of my readers, Signor Tomasi's Madrigal may (for what I care) be consigned to the " tomb of all the Capulets."

CCCLXXXV.

Ah me ! where is my true love ;
 Why comes not Damon nigh me ?
 Alas ! I fear some new love
 Has caus'd my dear to fly me !

Sigh not, sigh not, my true love ;
 Nor let my absence grieve thee :
 Oh ! think not that a new love
 Can make thy Damon leave thee.

The original words (to which the above have no relation) are "Caggia fuoco dal cielo. The Music is by Felice Anerio, who according to some accounts was Maestro di Capella, at Rome, shortly after the death of Palestrina.

Morley has taken the leading feature of this Madrigal, and called it his own. See one of his Canzonets for two voices, "Fire and Lightning."

CCCLXXXVI.

Damon to Cynthia fair a rose presented,
 With April's fragrant perfume sweetly scented :
 While her soft cheek such beauties did disclose,
 It seem'd twin sister to that blushing rose.

Ah me ! I needs must languish !
 Quoth he, and sigh'd in anguish :
 For tho' my gift her breast adorneth,
 Fair Cynthia still the giver scorneth.

After many vain attempts to translate the beautiful expression *rosa donatrice*, in the last line of the Italian version,

I was obliged to change the idea of the sonnet in some small degree, by making Damon the giver. Luca Marenzio is the composer of the music; the original Italian is as follows:

“ Donò Cynthia a Damone una rosa
 “ Cred’ io di Paradiso :
 “ E si vermiglia in viso
 “ Donandola si fece, e si vezzosa ;
 “ Che pareva rosa che donasse rosa.
 “ Allor diss’ il pastore,
 “ Con un sospir d’amore,
 “ Perchè degno non sono,
 “ D’ haver la rosa donatrice in dono ? ”

CCCLXXXVII.

When April, deck’d in roses gay,
 Leads on the cheerful spring ;
 Merrily on the greenwood spray,
 In varied notes the birds do sing.

But sweeter far it is to hear,
 When Phoebus high is mounting,
 In yonder grove my Clora dear
 Her tale of love recounting.

The original Italian with a more literal translation will be found under No. XLVII. My version is adapted to the music of Luca Marenzio.

CCCLXXXVIII.

All ye who music love,
 And would its pleasures prove ;
 O come to us, who cease not daily
 From morn till eve to warble gaily.

Fa la la.

Come lads and lasses all,
 Obey the tuneful call ;
 O come to us, who cease not daily
 From morn till eve to warble gaily.

Fa la la.

Imitated from one of the "Canzone alla Napolitana,"
 music by B. Donato, 1558.

"Chi la galliarda, Donne, vo imparare ;
 "Venite a noi, chi siamo maestri fini :
 "Chi di sera e mattutini
 "Mai manchiamo di sonare."

Tan tan ta ri ra.

CCCLXXXIX.

Hence dull care and sadness !
 Welcome joy and gladness !
 Sly Love with skilful art,
 Had well nigh caught my heart ;
 Now it in peace reposes,
 Spite of his flatt'ring gloses ;
 Shoot, Love, thine arrows spare not,
 For all thy darts I care not.

From the following ballet, Music by Gastoldi, A.D. 1570.

“ Viver lieto voglio
 “ Senza alcun cordoglio.
 “ Tu puoi restar, Amor,
 “ Di saettarmi il cor.

“ Spendì pungenti strali
 “ Ove non paian frali :
 “ Nulla ti stimo poco,
 “ E di te prendo gioco.”

CCCXC.

With sad sorrow wasting,
 The live-long day I wander all alone :
 At night no slumber tasting,
 To Cynthia pale I make my love-sick moan.
 Deep sighs my bosom rend,
 My tears in show'rs descend :
 Yet all my grief is vain,
 Nor sighs, nor tears can cure my pain.

Founded upon a Madrigal, (Music by Luca Marenzio,) the first words of which are “ Consumando mi vo.”

CCCXCI.

Two nymphs well skill'd in Cupid's wiles—
 By silent art the one beguiles ;
 The other, when she speaks and sweetly smiles :
 Both equal are in beauty,
 And worthy of all duty.
 Once I sigh'd for sweet Phillis,
 Now I burn for Amarillis.

Thus love beguiles my poor deluded heart,
Alas ! no charm avails against his art :

For if perchance
I 'scape the glance
Of Phillis' sparkling eye ;
Unhappy wight !
In woful plight
By Amarillis' frown I die.

Paraphrased from a Madrigal, (Music by Luca Marenzio)
beginning "Coppia di Donn' altera."

CCCXCII.

O Lady dear, that sparkling eye
With hope and fear my soul entrances :
Darting around such changeful glances ;
For when you smile—my hope advances :
But when you frown,—ah me ! I die.
Since then I live or die,
Fair lady, by a glance from thee ;
O, may that sparkling eye
For ever sweetly smile on me.

Music by Luca Marenzio.

A paraphrase from the following sonnet :

Occhi lucenti e belli,
Com' esser puo ch' in un medesm' istante,
Nascan da voi si nove forme e tante ?
Lieti, vaghi, superb', humili, altieri,
Vi mostrat' in un punto, onde di speme
E di timor m' empiete ;
E tanti affetti dolc', acerb', e fieri,
Nel cor arso per voi vengono insieme ;

Ad ogn' hor che volete.
 Hor poi che voi mia vita e morte sete,
 Occhi felici, occhi beat' e cari,
 Siate sempre seren', allegr', e chiari.

CCCXCIII.

No din of rolling drum, nor trumpet sounding,
 In Cupid's warfare rouse the foe to arms :
 But kisses sweet, with gentle sighs abounding,
 Alternate signal give for love's alar'ms.
 No winged darts we use, nor swords nor lances :
 No wounds we fear—save when a bright eye glances ;
 Then on to glory—and the *word* shall be,
 “ *Faint heart ne'er yet did win a fair Ladye.* ”

In these lines I have only imitated the commencement of Alessandro Striggio's Madrigal, “Non rumor di tamburi” and therefore do not insert the original. The music was written about the year 1560.

CCCXCIV.

Now tune the viol, and the sprightly lute ;
 The joyous tabor, and soft breathing flute :
 And while the world reposes
 In slumber's dreamy trance ;
 Till day its light discloses,
 We'll merrily sing and dance.

Music by Giuseppe Caimo, 1560.

These words were suggested to me by the two first bars of the music, wherein one voice begins alone upon G, and

at an interval of half a bar is responded to by another upon C the fifth below ; thereby producing the effect given by tuning a violin. The original lines are totally different in idea, and not worth transcribing.

CCCXCV.

Stay, limpid stream, thy winding course,
 Fly, sparkling fountain, back unto thy source :
 Hush'd be all nature far and near,
 Breathe not a sound, until our Queen appear :
 Then sing, ye nymphs and shepherds of Diana,
 Long live our gracious queen, fair Oriana.

Written in imitation of the Triumphs of Oriana, and adapted to a Madrigal composed by Luca Marenzio, commencing "*Rive e fontane.*"

CCCXCVI.

Can I live without the heart
 Which thou hast stol'n from me ?
 My dearest dear, did I not part
 With mine likewise to thee ?
 Then since I've thine
 And thou hast mine ;
 We need not die
 Nor you nor I.

Adapted to the music of G. Converso, A.D. 1570, but the words are not a translation of his Madrigal. I do not now recollect from whence I borrowed the *conceit* : it is not mine.

CCCXCVII.

O mistress mine, thy two fair eyne
 Have wrought me all my miserie;
 For had I ne'er their brightness seen,
 This captive heart had still been free.

Till now I thought that one so fair
 Must needs be pitiful and kind;
 That outward grace and beauty rare
 Were emblems of the inward mind:

I thought thy truth and constancy
 Too sure to be so lightly broken;
 I thought thy lips would ne'er deny
 What thy bright eyes so oft had spoken.

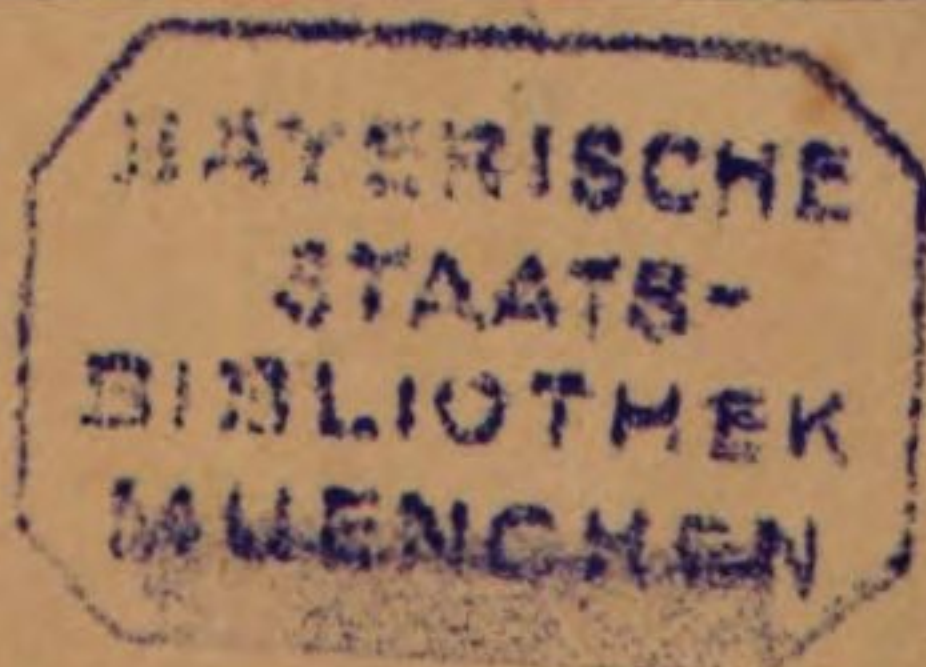
'T was but a dream! go, lady, go;
 And my last pray'r, since now we part,
 Shall be, that thou may'st never know
 The anguish of a broken heart.

The above stanzas were suggested by the commencement of a very ancient Scottish ballad which runs thus:

"Alace! I wyte zour twa fayre eyne,
 "For all the dule quhilk's fa'n on me:
 "Alace! I wyte zour beautie sheen,
 "For all the wanhope I maun dree."

THE END.

Printed by R. and J. E. Taylor, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.



1870

Oliphant, Thomas

La Musa Madrigalesca or a collection of madrigals, ballets, roundelays,
etc., chiefly of the Elizabethan age

London 1837

P.o.angl. 253

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10747995-0